The Bat Flies Low a new novel **By Sax Rohmer**

March 30, 1935

Collier's

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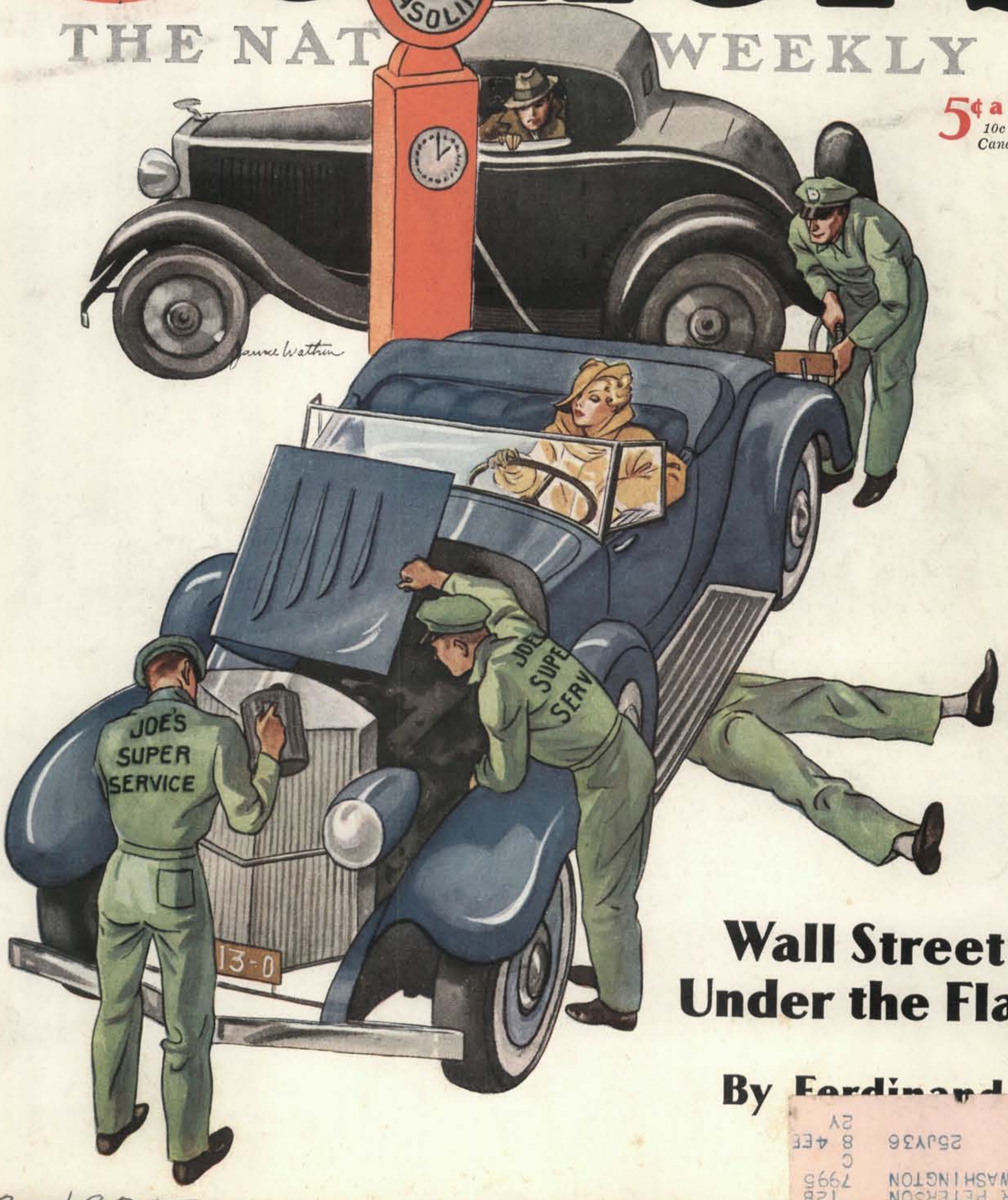
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Wall Street Under the Flag

By Ferdinand

MRS G R PETERSON 128
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March 30, 1935

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"One Look at My Collection of Blow-out Shots and You'd *Never Gamble on Tires*"

says A. J. SARNO *Staff Photographer of International News Photos, Inc.*

BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS HAPPEN ALTOGETHER TOO OFTEN

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

NEW TIRE INVENTION SAVES MOTORISTS' LIVES

PICTURES don't lie. And A. J. SARNO, of the International News photographic staff, has plenty of them to prove that a blow-out is something you can't "laugh off." Read what the man who has snapped thousands of accident "shots" has to say about blow-outs.

"If you think blow-out accidents don't happen altogether too often, you ought to take a look at my collection of tragic blow-out 'shots.' Hardened as I am to that sort of thing, I always feel a cold shiver run up my spine when I think of how treacherously a blow-out works. One minute you're sailing along smoothly. The next instant, without any warning, BANG! Your tire blows out—your car is snatched out of your control, and luck determines the rest. Believe me, I don't want the boys taking pictures of my 'last ride.' That's why my car's equipped with Goodrich Silvertowns."

The very next time you buy tires, remember this—every new Goodrich Silvertown is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. And here's how this remarkable Goodrich invention saves lives.

What Causes Blow-outs

At today's speeds, terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. You can't see it, but rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms—grows bigger and bigger and, suddenly, BANG! A blow-out! But in Silvertowns, the Golden Ply resists this heat—the great, unseen cause of blow-outs. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form, and these blow-outs are prevented before they get started.

You need this real blow-out protection now — today — every day. Go to your Goodrich dealer. Press your hand on the extra-thick, deep-grooved Silvertown tread. Feel the big, husky cleats grip. Then you'll know why Silvertowns stop so quickly—why they give you such positive protection against those "tail-spin" skids that are always so dangerous. Notice the ruggedness of this extra-thick tread—*this Silvertown tread that gives* months of extra mileage at no extra cost.

When you buy, be sure to get the Goodrich Certificate of Warranty. And remember this—Goodrich Silvertowns with the Life-Saver Golden Ply cost no more than other standard tires.

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 461, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

SILVERTOWN SAFETY LEAGUE

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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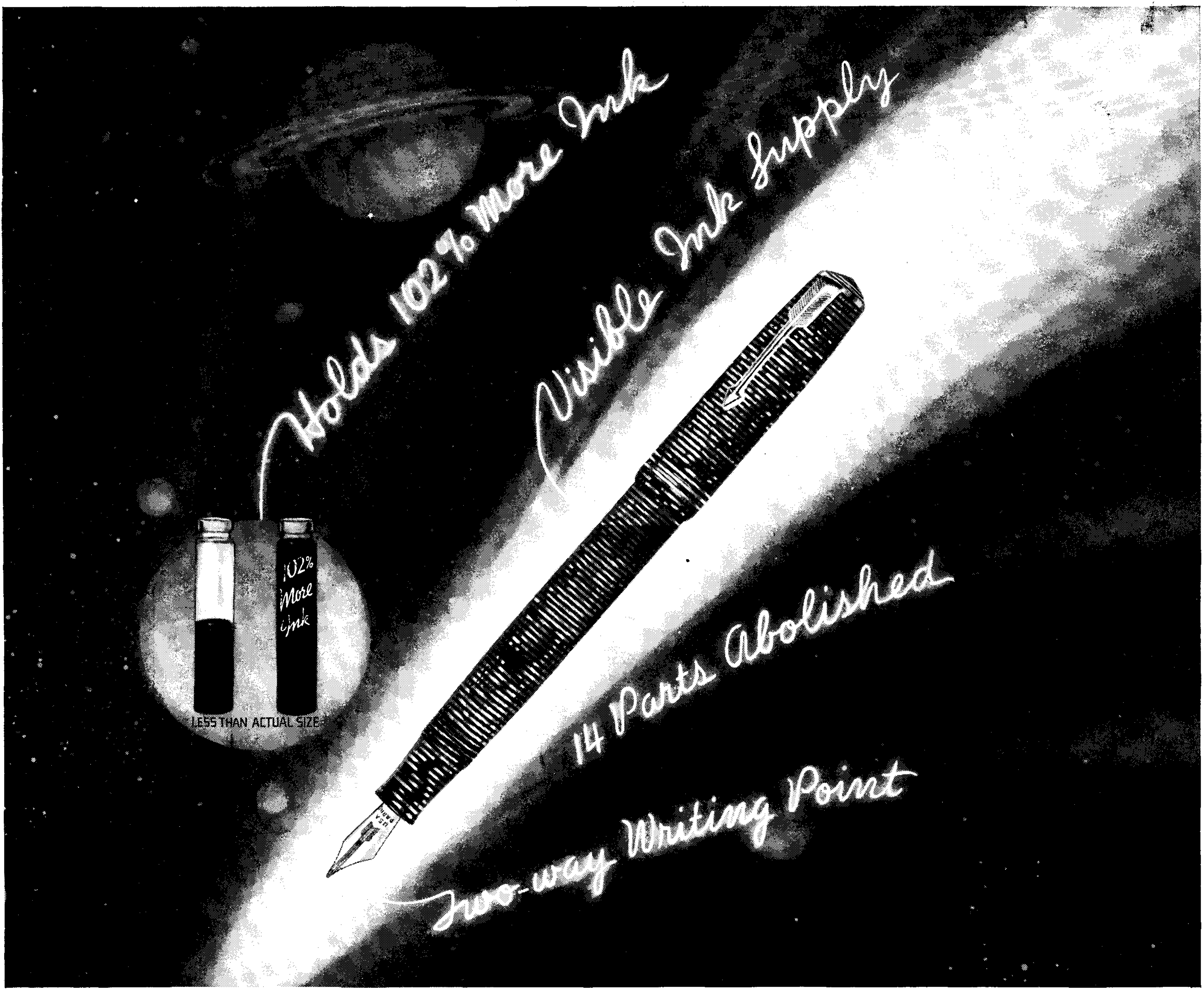

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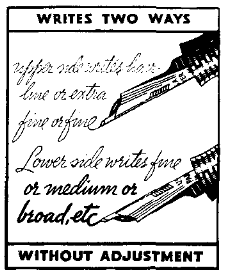
Come to Give You a Flying Start While the Year is Yet Young!

102% Greater Ink Capacity—A VISIBLE Ink Supply—A Twice as Useful Point—A Twice Greater Beauty and Distinction

In order to hold as much ink as this sacless marvel, an ordinary rubber sac pen the same length would have to be as big around as a cane. For this new creation eliminates 14 old-time parts, including not only the rubber ink sac, but the squirt-gun piston pump found in other sacless pens. The Parker Vacumatic contains none of these—that's why it's guaranteed mechanically perfect!

So don't confuse this miracle writer with so-called vacuum fillers built on outworn principles. And remember this is the only pen that has all the shimmering Beauty of Laminated Pearl and Jet—the only transparent style that doesn't *look* transparent.

WRITES TWO WAYS


upper side writes hair-line or extra fine or fine
Lower side writes fine or medium or broad, etc

WITHOUT ADJUSTMENT

Court Reporter B. B. Barnett of Atlanta, Ga., says: "Since I've had my Parker Vacumatic, I've forgotten what it means to run out of ink—something that used to cause me a lot of grief when taking testimony with old-type rubber sac pens."

And Emil Wm. Steffens, Buick-Pontiac dealer, Rutherford, N. J., adds: "This pen's Visible column of ink is just as useful as the gas gauge on my car."

Believe it or not—thousands more people every day are replacing their old-type pens with this utterly new creation because it does what no other pen can do for them.

One salesman lost a $25,000 contract by handing an empty pen to a man about to sign up. The Parker Vacumatic, which this salesman carries now, would have saved the day, by showing him whether it needed refilling before he presented the contract for the other man's signature.

Don't penalize your earning or learning by clinging to an obsolete pen. Stop today at the nearest pen shop, department, stationery, drug, or jewelry store, and see this wonder of science. See how this pen takes in ink vacumatically—a *double* supply and a *visible* supply!

Try its Two-way Point of Platinum and Gold. Try writing your regular hand with the lower side; then turn it over and write hair line figures or fine notes with the upper side. Polished like a jewel, and slightly turned up at the tip, it can't scratch or drag, even under pressure. Go and try it today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

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REG. T. M.

Junior, $5;
Over-Size, $10

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Pencils, $2.50
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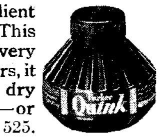
Parker Qu*ink*—a new discovery in writing ink—makes a pen a self-cleaner—a Parker, or any other pen. Qu*ink* cleanses it as it writes. The secret of this invention is a harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left by ordinary ink. This keeps your pen from clogging. It starts quickly—every time. And due to Qu*ink's* special affinity for fibers, it dries on paper 31% faster than others, yet does not dry in your pen. Get Qu*ink* at any store selling ink—or write for 20,000-word bottle FREE. Address Dept. 525.



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

CAPTAIN BOTTOM'S schooner was named Get There. It got firmly stuck on a coral reef in the Malay Archipelago and proceeded to go to pieces. Captain Bottom had sent the crew off in the longboat for help. There was a hurricane shortly after, and no more was heard of them.

That left Captain Bottom pretty much by himself. The adjacent island was marked "uninhabited" on the chart, but at night the captain could hear the talking rhythm of distant drums and he couldn't help remembering that of all musicians those who play upon drums have the sharpest eyes and the sharpest teeth.

In "Bottle Post," a vivid story of the South Seas, Gouverneur Morris tells what became of him.

NOT everyone in Texas approves of the policy. There are even some who think that natural resources are a public trust, and that to blow billions of feet of natural gas into the air in an outburst of bad temper is a childish if not a criminal procedure. They must be a minority, for the Lone Star State is going right ahead with its policy of purposeful waste so that now the Department of Commerce has been forced to warn aviators not to fly over the Panhandle for fear of blowing themselves and the countryside into very small pieces. The inside story of this legal vandalism is told by Owen P. White in "Texas Cuts Off Her Nose."

ALMOST overnight Janet Talcott's face became famous. You saw it all over the country, all over the world, wherever American magazines are sold. And then, even more suddenly, it disappeared. Other girls were advertising cigarettes and gowns and hair waves. Between those two times romance found Janet Talcott and love that was "Not for a Year." Teresa Hyde Phillips writes the story.

GOLF widows, they say, sometimes get a chance to meet their husbands socially when the snow is deep, but the trout widow rarely gets to know her better half at all. And if one season is worse than another, spring is it. With the vision of a hooked monster charging downstream toward white water, Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain get ready for "Opening Day."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM brings to a satisfactory conclusion the much-thwarted romance between Violet Joe and Lucie Mott. Sax Rohmer and W. R. Burnett continue the serials. Frank Leon Smith, George Creel and a few other headliners complete the program. Stand up and cheer.

This Week

●

March 30, 1935

Cover by Janice Wathen

SAX ROHMER
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Nervous Breakdown. Suppressed excitement in Hollywood. Page 10

FERDINAND PECORA
Wall Street Under the Flag. What the Stock Exchange Act will do to business. Page 12

RICHARD THRUELSEN
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Ladybird. Aviation gets a lift—from Pilot Richey. Page 16

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The Other Letter. A hanging matter. Page 17

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LUCIA ALZAMORA
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T. R. YBARRA
Almost as Good. Substitutes—made in Germany. Page 25

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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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JAMES CANNON
Natural Causes. A short short story. Page 62

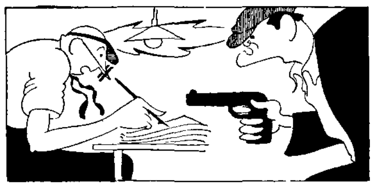
EDITORIAL
No Dictators Need Apply. Page 66

●

Any Week

A TOLERANT man is Mr. F. H. Marshall of Fredonia, Kansas. But when Author C. S. Montanye's hero recently handed his straight man "a flat automatic revolver" Mr. Marshall took pen in hand. "A revolver," says he, "gets its name from the cylinder which revolves in action and is not flat. An automatic is flat but not a revolver; it is a pistol." And having got that off his chest Mr. Marshall concludes: "Even so, Collier's is the one magazine you can buy without thumbing through to see whether you're going to get your nickel's worth."

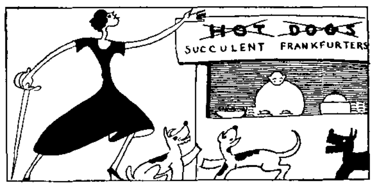
NEVERTHELESS the criticism reminds us of what a friend of ours, a retired gunman, had to say about writers and his own craft. "I," said he, "spend a lot of time wondering whether these modern gun squirts get their ideas from you writing guys or if you get your ideas from them. Now, if I wasn't getting along in years I'd—"



WE'LL have to be a little stern with Mrs. A. G. Lindquist of Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Lindquist admonishes us for "omitting from a crumb-cake recipe the most important ingredient—flour." Although we have never been fortunate enough to meet a crumb cake we'd look at twice, we made painstaking investigation. We find that the Misses Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown, young women with whom we have never hesitated to trust our very all, wrote the article and that, like the fine, home-loving girls they are, stipulated no less than three cups of flour. And now, Mrs. Lindquist, if you will read the penultimate paragraph of column three of that article you will see your flour all mixed up with light brown sugar and cinnamon and please let us hear no more about it.

YOU can see, of course, how every moment of our time is absorbed. Being so busy we must have missed our own "complete surrender to Wall Street and the multi-millionaire class" which, according to Mr. Theodore A. Gorfinkle of Lincoln, Nebraska, must have occurred some time in January. Mr. Gorfinkle does not give us any further clue whereby we may learn how, when and why we surrendered. But if he'd just tip off the banker from whom we tried unsuccessfully to borrow a few dollars a few days ago we'd be pretty grateful.

THE other day we were visited by a gentleman named Christian Oggerton. Mr. Oggerton is from San Diego, California, and is by profession a "Memory Engineer and Thought Producer." He told us that for a very nominal retainer he would devote Mondays and Thursdays to us. "I know," said he, "that you have so many problems that you cannot devote enough time to all. I will gladly take the bulk of them off your shoulders, producing new thoughts and ideas as I go along."



WE HAVE not retained Mr. Oggerton. Perhaps he may be of service to Mrs. B. Mary Souders of Youngstown, Ohio, who for many years has devoted her time to "elevating the dog, man's best friend, to the dignity he deserves." Mrs. Souders requests us to "refrain in the future from using the term hot dog when referring to frankfurters. This," says she, "may sound trivial to you, but I assure you it works untold hardship upon the most loyal friend of man—the dog."

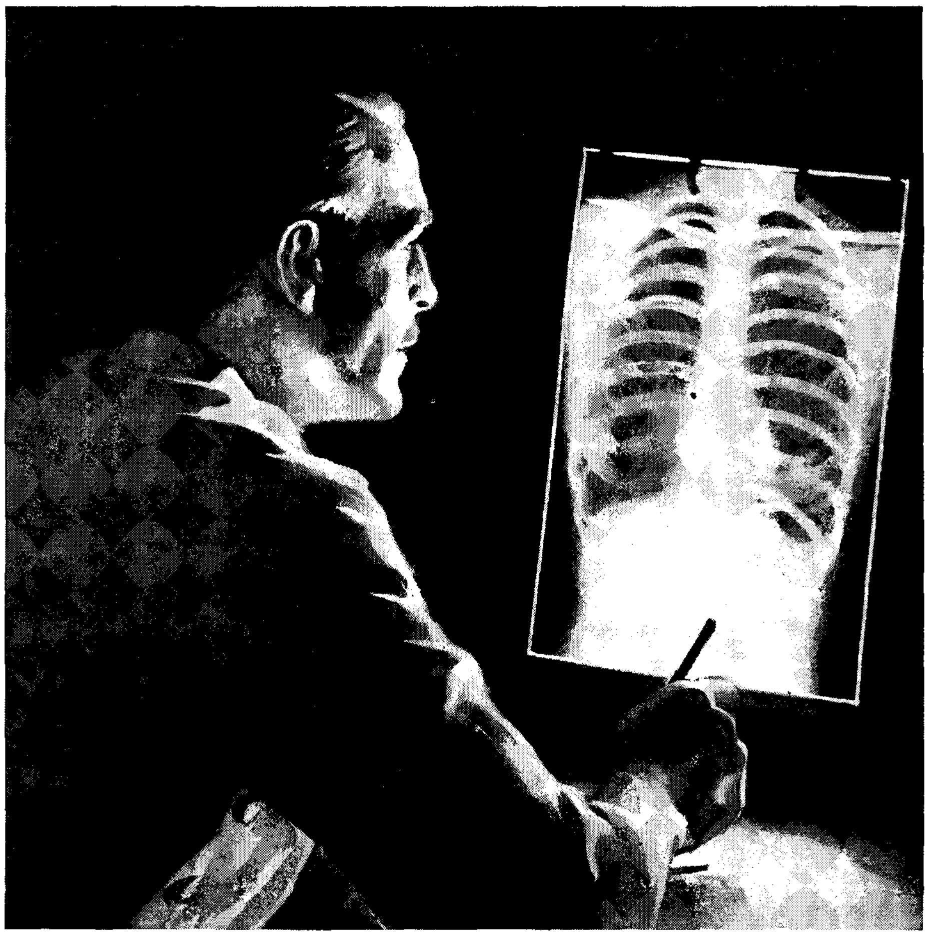
MR. JIM CHILTON, writing from Little Rock, Arkansas, tells us that he rode recently in a Pullman to Memphis. While so engaged he heard three men bragging. "One," says he, "bragged of the money he'd make not raising cotton. Another of the money paid him for killing and wasting his hogs. And the third boasted of having been paid for four days' work when he only worked three." Mr. Chilton continues: "I'm working harder than I ever did in my twenty-five years on the road, making less. I've paid a state income tax and a federal income tax. I pay a sales tax on what I buy and my taxes on my home are very heavy. Thirty cents of every dollar I make is paid out in taxes. I'm paying for cotton that isn't grown, for hogs that aren't raised and for work that isn't done. Excuse me for taking your time but those three fellows have me thinking."

NO RETICENCE numbs the pen of Mr. Joseph Torimino of Atlanta, Georgia. Shouts he: "I'm through with you. You are against the working class, the soldier's bonus, our dole, cancellation of mortgages and you dishonor your father and mother by sneering at pensions." But we have to quit here. Also Mr. Torimino forgets—

WE ALSO poison wells.

Vol. 95, No. 13. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Fight Tuberculosis with modern methods



If there are hidden shadows of the disease, they are revealed by the penetrating eye of the X-ray.

THERE were fewer new cases of tuberculosis in 1934. The deathrate from this disease in this country was lower than ever before. But this good news from those who are resolutely fighting tuberculosis should not blind one to the fact that about 70,000 persons died last year from tuberculosis and that it is still the leading cause of death between the ages of fifteen and forty-five.

When the suspicious symptoms begin to appear—undue fatigue, chest pains, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, blood spitting—no time should be lost in getting an expert diagnosis. The value of such early diagnosis, aided by laboratory tests, X-rays or fluoroscope, is reflected by the increase in the number of complete recoveries.

Since Dr. Trudeau blazed the trail fifty years ago and proved that "consumption" could be arrested, untold thousands have been restored to health by following the treatment of fresh air, sunshine, nourishing food and REST.

Physicians, today, have at their command another ally—pneumothorax or lung-collapsing treatment which is proving of great value in many cases, though not suitable for all. The expert can, if he thinks wise, collapse an infected lung as long as is necessary and let the other lung do the breathing. The infected lung heals more quickly during its enforced rest. This treatment, under competent and continued medical care, is speeding a steadily increasing number of recoveries in sanatoria and homes.

Tuberculosis, recognized and treated in its early stages, can be arrested and controlled in most cases. Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Tuberculosis." Address Booklet Department 435-C.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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"If I had a Million Dollars

I'd still pick Plymouth!"

FRANK H. HANKINS, JR., Apprentice Pilot, Pan American Airways, Inc. . . . looked at "All Three" . . . the safety of genuine Hydraulic Brakes sold him a 1935 Plymouth.

SAFETY IS THE flyer's gospel, and safety sold Plymouth to Frank H. Hankins, Jr., apprentice pilot of Pan American Airways, who gave us this certified interview.

"In flying, we place safety first," he said, "so it's only natural that safety placed Plymouth first with me."

Many other Plymouth features impressed Mr. Hankins, a graduate of Dartmouth and Massachusetts "Tech." For one thing, the Safety-Steel Body . . . and the Correct Weight Re-distribution based on the famous "Airflow" cars.

"But it was the safety of Hydraulic Brakes that made Plymouth stand out among the low-priced cars," he declared. "And I tried All Three!"

Safety . . . that's important to any one. But you'll also be thrilled by Plymouth's alert speed . . . you'll marvel at the smoothness of the "Floating Ride" . . . you'll be proud of Plymouth's streamlined beauty.

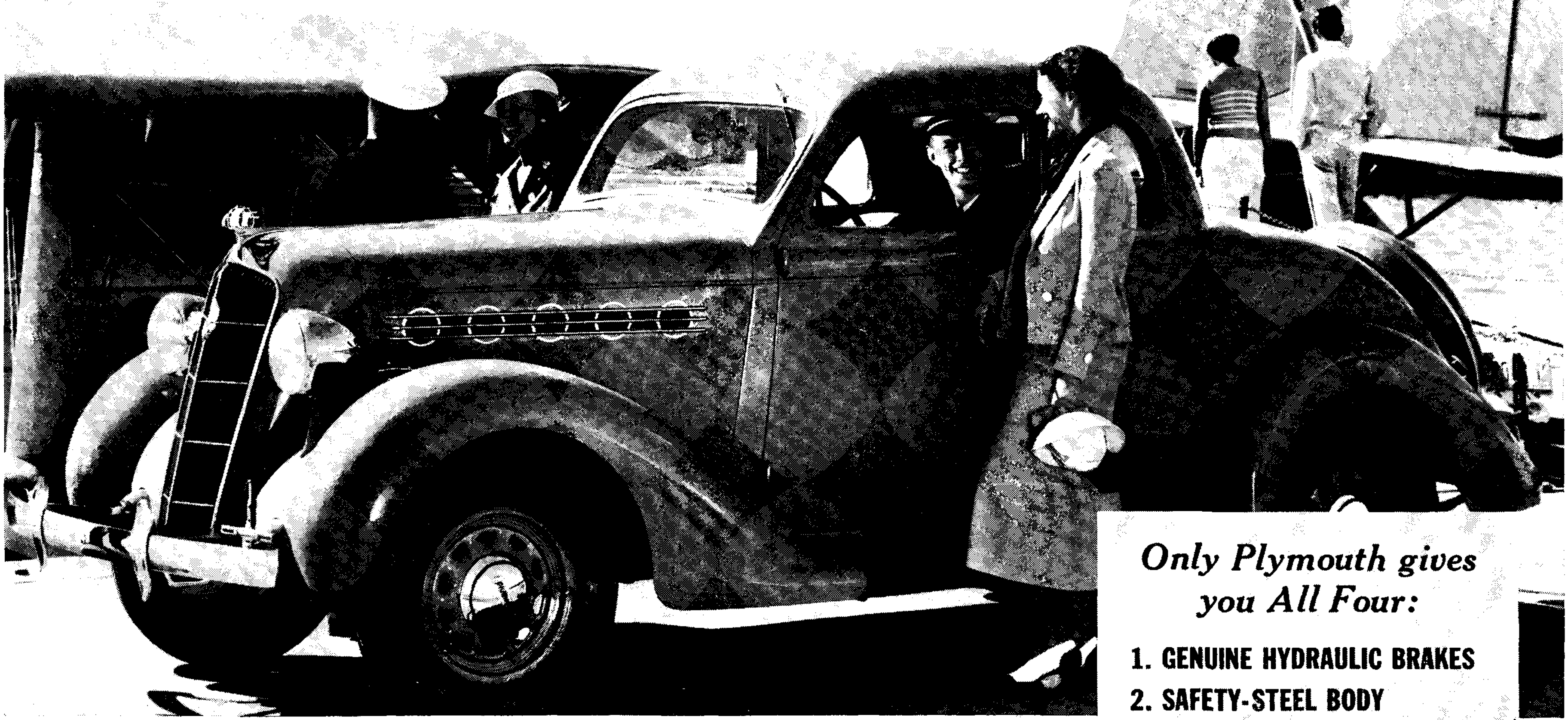
• • •

SEE AND DRIVE the new Plymouth before you buy any low-priced car. At all Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. The official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan makes purchase easy.

"PLYMOUTH seemed to me a more finished product in all details . . . a better buy."

"FROM EVERY ANGLE, I found Plymouth engineering ahead of the low-price field."

(*Below*) MR. HANKINS, Jr. at the wheel of his smart new Plymouth DeLuxe Coupe. It's hard to believe such beauty comes in one of the lowest-priced cars built today.



Only Plymouth gives you All Four:

1. GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES
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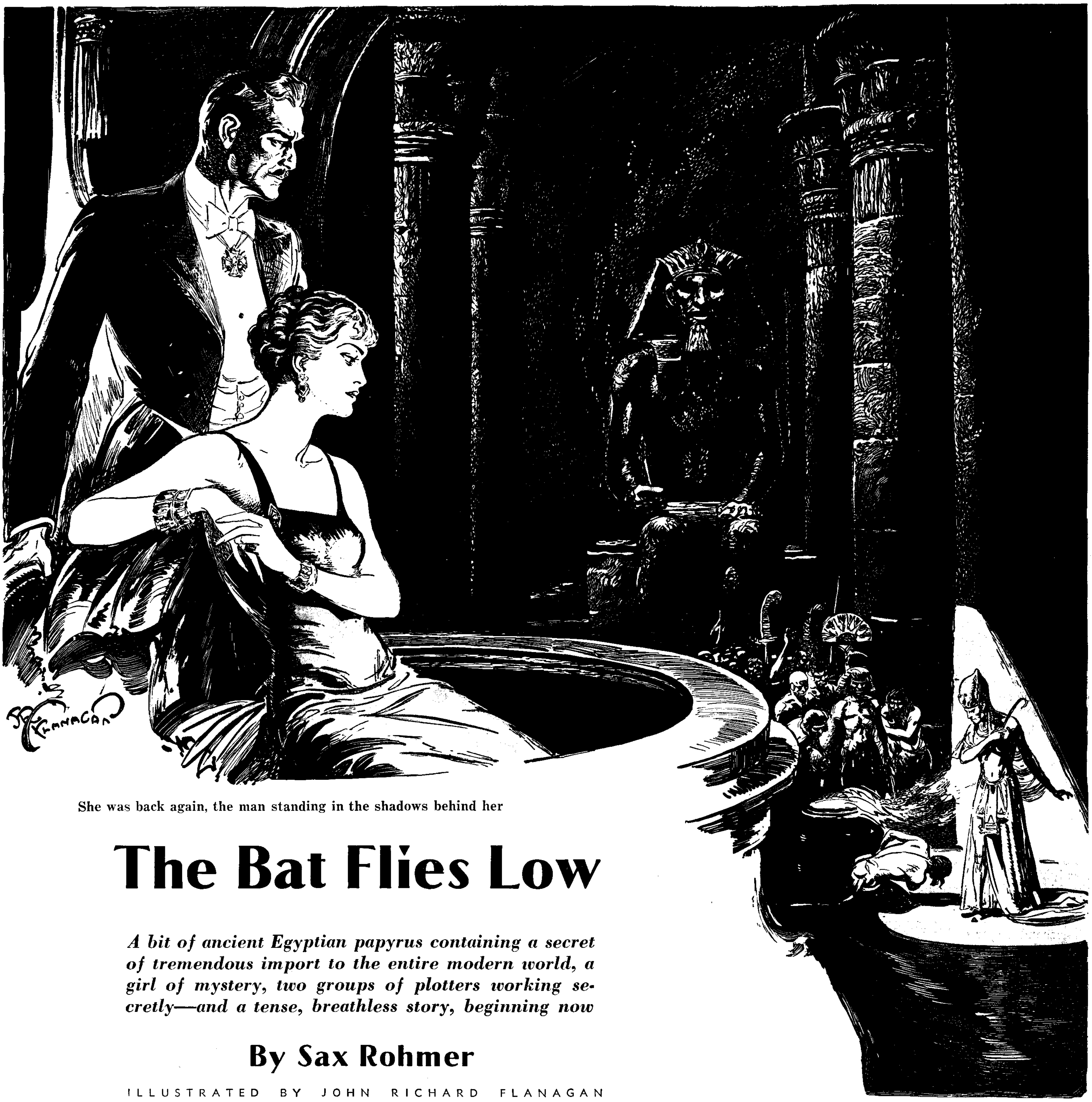
PLYMOUTH NOW ONLY $510 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY DETROIT

Collier's The National Weekly for March 30, 1935



She was back again, the man standing in the shadows behind her

The Bat Flies Low

A bit of ancient Egyptian papyrus containing a secret of tremendous import to the entire modern world, a girl of mystery, two groups of plotters working secretly—and a tense, breathless story, beginning now

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

LINCOLN HAYES drew back into the shadows of the box.

The house lights had been lowered. The curtain rose on the last act of False Gods. A great actor's performance as the renegade priest had held the audience. But it was the character of the play and its Ancient Egyptian setting which had urged Hayes to accept this invitation to a first night.

The setting of the temple scene was weirdly impressive; it met with an ovation. But Hayes, after one glance at the stage, turned his regard in the direction of the opposite box. An interest deeper than this strange play could induce had claimed him.

Yes, she was back again, the man standing in the shadows behind her.

Even in the dim light her hair was like a subdued flame. Hayes had feared that they had left; he was glad it was not so. She was watching the stage intently. Hayes was watching the eyes of the man who stood behind her.

Could it be merely some trick of reflected light? No, this time he was all but satisfied that it could not be. It was then phenomenal. Who was this man and who was the woman?

He watched intently. Not even the entrance of a famous English actor in the rôle of the high priest distracted his watching. The man stood motionless at the back of the opposite box.

But in the darkness his eyes shone greenly like the eyes of a cat. . . .

Then, either he took a seat or moved farther back. The glittering eyes became invisible. Hayes wondered if others had noticed this phenomenon. The women of his party had not failed to discuss the dark man's companion, but the eerie quality of those eyes seemed to have escaped them. Even now he might be mistaken. Some queer arrangement of the stage lights might be responsible. It was possible.

He watched the bent head of the woman, trying in the dimness to distinguish that flowerlike face. Except for gleaming shoulders and the fire of her hair, he could get only misty outlines. He thought of flame on an ivory altar.

"Still interested, Lincoln?" his hostess whispered.

Lincoln Hayes looked down at her (he was standing) with his slow, thin-lipped smile. But he did not speak.

Mrs. Mornington Dobbs, one of the prettiest and smartest widows in New York society, turned around yet farther and touched his arm.

"Have you really seen your ideal at last?" she went on, still in a whisper, which, however, was unpleasantly audible in a house hushed by the quiet action of the play. "Perhaps she'll come around backstage. They must be somebodies or they wouldn't be here tonight."

Hayes was embarrassed, but he did not regret having come. He was always embarrassed by women who called men by their abbreviated Christian names, however slightly they might know them. He had never forgiven Mrs. Mornington Dobbs for exclaiming to him at a gathering in Rome: "Why, there's Ben, and looking so pensive. Of course you know dear Mussolini—?"

Nevertheless, he hoped that these mysterious "somebodies" would join the party backstage, and for that reason, although he had intended not to go, he now determined that he would.

On their way to the reception:

"All New York would quiver, Lincoln," said his hostess, "if you presented them to a barbaric girl friend." She hugged his arm very tightly. "You have had every kind of adventure—except adventures with women; or so everybody says. Don't miss that thrill, Lincoln."

EVERY once in a while Mrs. Mornington Dobbs hit the nail on the head. It was not a rumor but a fact that Lincoln Hayes, president of Western States Electric and one of the wealthiest men in New York, had never loved any woman since the death of his mother. At the age of thirty-five, with millions at his call, the dignified old Hayes mansion with its historic treasures still lacked a hostess. Tall, lean, grim, taciturn Lincoln Hayes, whose disconcertingly frank gray eyes had fluttered many a feminine heart, remained unmarried.

He smiled at the pretty widow but made no reply.

Except for this slow smile, anything identifiable as an expression rarely disturbed the sun-browned mask which was the face Lincoln Hayes showed to the world. As he entered with his party the room where first-night guests were being entertained, no one would have supposed that he was excited. As a matter of fact, the cold eyes did not miss a person present, and somewhere in Hayes' brain a quiet voice kept asking: Is she here? Is she here?

Then, on the opposite side of the room, he saw the man.

Impossible to mistake him, although now he wore slightly tinted spectacles. He was tall, as tall as Hayes, and as lean, but yet in some subtle way of a totally different leanness. He was notable for profuse coal-black hair brushed straight back from a high yellow brow, for his classically regular features, for the unruffled perfection of his evening dress. He wore a large scarab ring upon the second finger of his left hand.

But the woman—his companion? A glance told Lincoln Hayes that she was not present. Yet no one would have known that he was disappointed.

THE man, then, was an Arab, or possibly an Egyptian. He was talking with a sort of aloof, dignified courtesy to the actress who had shared the honors of the evening.

"What a shame, Lincoln!" The voice was that of Mrs. Mornington Dobbs. Hayes forced himself to listen. "I have found out who the man is; the Pattersons know him well: he's a diplomat. Come and be introduced. He is a romantic person from Egypt with the delightful name of Mohammed Ahmes Bey. The girl is his *niece*." She emphasized the word spitefully. "These uncles and nieces who travel together are so old-fashioned. She has gone back to the hotel to finish packing. They are leaving in the morning. Isn't it disappointing?"

The words were barbed, for assiduous gossip-mongers had failed to discover any trace of a woman in Hayes' life. He was a most annoying man. Following in the footsteps of Lincoln Hayes, Senior, his father, recently deceased, he had excavated in Egypt, adding to the treasures of the Hayes Bequest in the Metropolitan Museum. He had shot big game in Nairobi. He had taken to Europe the team which had won the world's fencing championship. He was a magnificent horseman. He piloted his own planes, of which he had a fleet of four. And only a month earlier, driving an American car, he had narrowly missed a first prize at Monte Carlo.

But Lincoln Hayes' subconscious mind had assumed control again. He heard Mrs. Mornington Dobbs' words as through a mist. Mentally he had removed the spectacles from the hawklike face, had set a crown above those majestic features. The result was an Ancient Egyptian god. But in spite of his knowledge of the subject, he could not determine with which of the many headdresses to crown this god.

She had gone, and they were leaving in the morning.

He was introduced to Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

"Dear Lincoln is so disappointed"—Mrs. Mornington Dobbs again— "He had so hoped to meet your niece. She is very beautiful, isn't she? And such a delightful name!"

Mohammed Ahmes Bey slightly inclined his head.

"I accept the compliment on behalf of my niece, Mrs. Mornington Dobbs." He spoke perfect English. His voice had a quality rarely heard in those untrained in elocution. "As you say, she is beautiful." He turned to Hayes. "We know you well in Egypt, Mr. Hayes, and respect you because you love our ancient past. My niece who bears a strange name, or one strange to modern ears—"

"Oh, yes! Ahmes Bey," Mrs. Mornington Dobbs interpolated, "please *do* tell him her name. It's so fantastically adorable—"

"—The name," Mohammed Ahmes Bey continued, "of Hatasu, was so called because her family, of which I am a member, traces its pedigree back to the real or so-called Ancient Egyptians."

"ISN'T that too sweet?" said the leading lady.

"I am doubly disappointed," continued Mohammed Ahmes Bey, contriving with a courtesy which would have graced a king to ignore the remark, "first, that you could not meet my niece, who will be disappointed; and second, that an urgent telegram which awaited me when I arrived this morning in New York demands that I shall leave tomorrow for Washington. I had counted, Mr. Hayes, upon seeing the treasures of my country which are contained in your home. And also those others which your father and yourself have given to the nation in the Hayes Bequest."

Lincoln Hayes was watching the speaker's eyes. Except that they were very large and held a compelling regard, they seemed, otherwise, behind the tinted glasses, to be normal.

"The Hayes Bequest," he replied in his slow, somewhat monotonous voice, "difficult. Don't think even personal influence could open the Metropolitan Museum tonight. But the private collection, Mohammed Bey, more than happy to show you, if you have time to come back now."

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Hayes. I shall be delighted."

"You may wonder how some things got here—" Lincoln Hayes' slow smile rippled for a moment over his stoic features. "But don't ask me—ask my agent, Captain Rorke."

"Captain Rorke? But of course, I know of Captain Rorke. He acted for your father."

"He did."

"He is a brilliant Egyptologist. If my government has failed to take toll of his discoveries, then my government is at fault. . . ."

There was a dry humor in the words which Hayes immediately detected, and appreciated. He wanted to like Mohammed Ahmes Bey, but perhaps for the first time in his adventurous life he was conscious in this man's presence of something unpleasantly resembling fear.

Mohammed Ahmes Bey had a dominating personality which his gently courteous manner could not mask. Many eyes were turned upon him. The presence of the famous Lincoln Hayes usually was a lodestone, but even when the great actor came in there were many visitors, male and female, who continued to watch Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

HAYES contrived to slip away early on the plea of urgent business, taking the distinguished Egyptian with him. Slim, his town chauffeur, was waiting at the stage door. Hayes had inherited his father's genius for appointing the right man to the right job, and Slim was a traffic wizard. Guided, apparently by some extra sense, he rose superior to lights. They never seemed to be against him. And he could insinuate the big French car into narrow gaps which one would have sworn inadequate to accommodate a perambulator.

"Your driver is uncannily skillful, Mr. Hayes."

The Egyptian spoke without seeming effort, yet his voice was clearly audible above the agonizing din of Broadway.

Lincoln Hayes nodded.

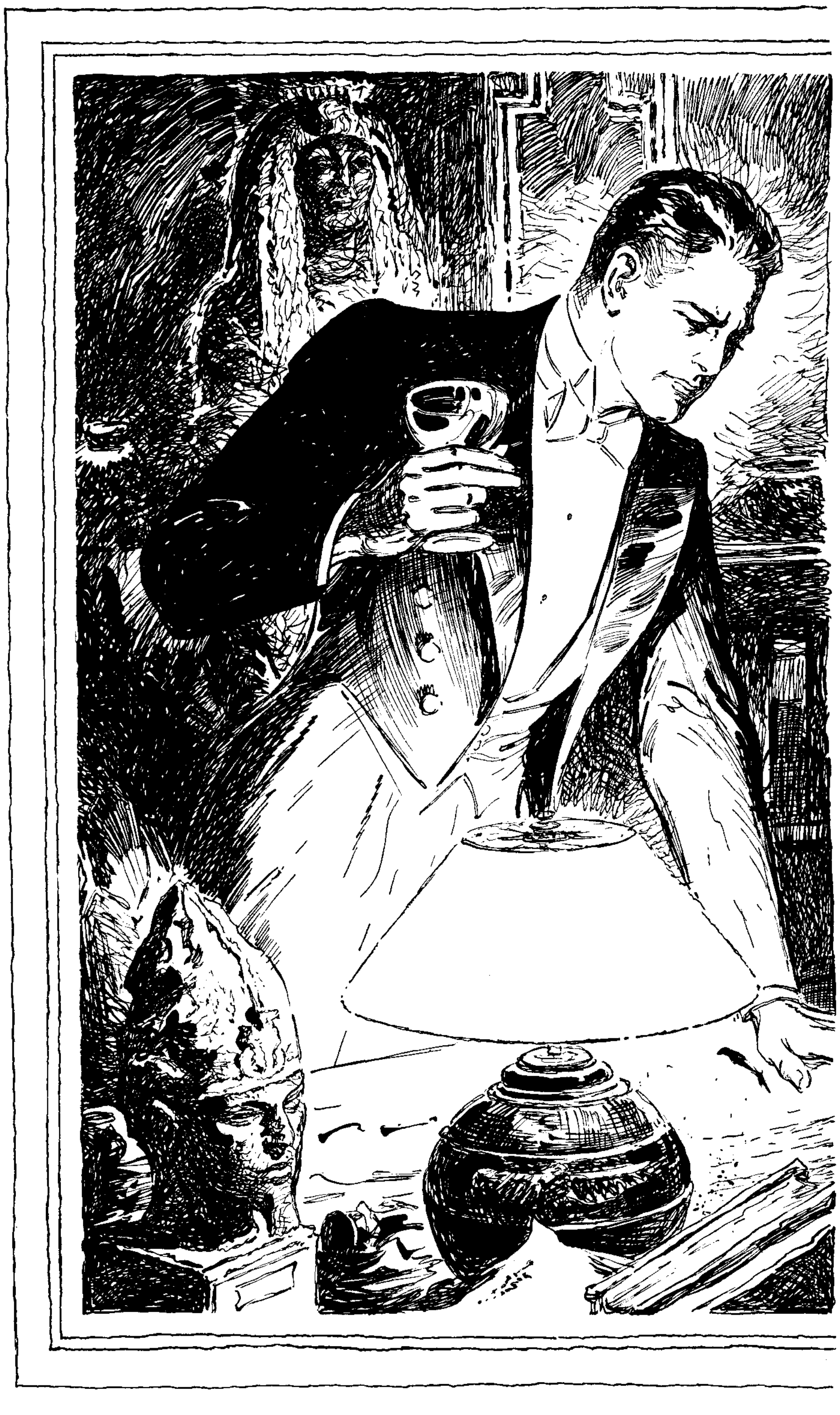
"What I have him for."

They reached the Hayes home, a rather somber, stone-faced building, a relic of an older, a more dignified New York, in roughly the same time that a fast car could have done it if, instead of the after-theater traffic, the streets had been quite empty.

The door was opened by an English butler so perfectly in character that he seemed unreal. He might have been any age between forty and fifty. His straight, dark brown hair showed no trace of graying; his short side whiskers, sometimes called "pantry panels," were razor-squared to perfection. He was pale and thoughtful. His dark eyes were expressionless.

They stepped into the warmly lighted lobby, one of New York's show places. Stairs led up right and left to a gallery broken by pointed arches. The staircase and the gallery had come from the Gandolfo Palace in Venice. There was a piece of all-but-priceless tapestry on one wall, and the silver standard lamps which occupied the two recesses as one entered were converted candelabra, from the workshop of Benvenuto Cellini.

Immediately facing the door was a Correggio which had been insured for $250,000. The mosaic floor was from a



Roman villa in Capri; the Persian and Arab carpets were unique, each designed and loomed to the order of the late Lincoln Hayes, Senior, and never repeated. It was a very beautiful place, but quite unhomelike. It resembled a stage-set for Othello; but Hayes' father had devoted years to assembling it, and had loved it. And so it remained as it had been in his lifetime.

Mohammed Ahmes Bey surrendered a fur-lined coat and a silk hat to the butler. He was looking about him speculatively.

"One has heard of your Venetian lobby, Mr. Hayes," he said, his musical voice echoing about the lofty place, "but it is something one must see to appreciate."

"Frankly, theatrical," Lincoln Hayes replied, his rather harsh, monotonous voice a strange contrast to the music of the Egyptian's. "But my father worked to build it—here it is—here it stays."

"It is very beautiful."

The butler reappeared, bowed, and:

"A cold buffet in the oak room, sir," he said, addressing Hayes. "Are you expecting other guests?"

"No."

"Captain Rorke is in the library."

"Yes?"

"And Miss Wayland would like a word with you at your convenience, sir."

"It is possible," said the Egyptian with delicate courtesy, "that I find myself here at an inconvenient moment. Please, Mr. Hayes, do not hesitate to say so."

"My dear Mohammed Bey, you shall not be detained more than a few minutes."

Hayes turned to the butler:

"Lurgan—Miss Wayland to join us in oak room. Please come this way, Mohammed Bey. I will see you are taken care of until I return."

THEY walked along a short corridor to an oak-paneled room. Heavy curtains were drawn before the windows. But the room was well lighted by standard lamps set upon a refectory table, upon which a cold repast was spread.

"Would suggest a glass of wine, Mohammed Bey—"

"But you fear I am a Moslem? Although I am not a Moslem, Mr. Hayes, I am, nevertheless, a total abstainer. Thank you. Here, I see, are tomato sandwiches, and here is dry ginger ale."

"Cigar?"

"I thank you, but I never smoke."

At which moment Ann Wayland came in. She was quite simply dressed. She was very attractive, with her wavy chestnut hair, peachlike skin and slender, athletic figure.

Such a secretary, for she was Lincoln Hayes' secretary, in any bachelor household but that of Lincoln Hayes must have created comment. She was the daughter of a lifelong friend of Hayes' father, and belonged to a family which without patchwork could trace back to the Mayflower settlers.

At first, it was true, when Lincoln Hayes had employed her she had been conscious of pique. She was no slave of vanity, but she was used to attention from almost any man with whom she came in contact. Sometimes Hayes would squeeze her shoulders appreciatively when she had done something particularly clever, or self-sacrificing, but he seemed to be blankly unaware of the fact that she was a very pretty girl. She had nearly been in love with him—as later she realized. But now she had settled down to the truth, as she saw it: that Lincoln Hayes was an adorable monk; a sort of charming young uncle. No doubt this frame of mind had been induced, or assisted, by the arrival of someone else. . . .

On the threshold of the oak room she pulled up suddenly, looking from face to face. Her eyes, which were dark blue, appeared black in the dim lighting.

"Come in, Ann," said Hayes. "Mohammed Ahmes Bey. And as I am going to leave you to this young lady's mercies for a while, I think you should know she is Ann Wayland, daughter of a very old family friend, and the best secretary in New York City."

Mohammed Ahmes Bey bowed deeply.

"Want to see me alone?" Hayes went on.

"No, not at all. I only wanted to tell you that Paddy . . . Rorke—"

The interval between the two names she had been unable to mask.

Lincoln Hayes reached out a long arm, and squeezed her shoulder. Ann colored up like a blush-rose and went on hurriedly:

"That is—he asked me directly he arrived . . ."

"How long here?"

"Not more than fifteen minutes. The steamer was docked tonight, after all, and he asked me to tell you to see him the moment you returned, and to phone for Ulric Stefanson. I phoned at once."

"Rorke wants him tonight?"

"Yes. He was out, but I left a message."

"Right, Ann."

THERE was nothing in the voice or in the appearance of Lincoln Hayes to suggest that he was moved in any way. One watching closely and knowing him as well as Ann Wayland knew him, for instance, might have noted that he brushed imaginary cigarette ash from the lapel of his dress coat. He turned to Mohammed Ahmes Bey.

"If I leave you I leave you in good company. Whenever you please, Miss Wayland will show you around the museum. Originally built for ballroom; museum during my late father's lifetime. Rejoin you very soon."

He inclined his head and turned to go, when:

"There *was* something else I wanted to mention," said Ann rather breathlessly.

Hayes glanced back.

"What?"

Lurgan came in and, stepping behind the table, began to officiate.

"There is no hurry," said Ann; "it will do later."

"Whisky and soda and sandwiches are served in the library, sir," Lurgan murmured.

"Thank you."

Lincoln Hayes went out.

A FEW moments later he entered the library, one of the two finest rooms of the kind in New York City. The volumes, in massive mahogany cases which lined the walls, were many of them unique first editions. There were specimens of early printing; rare bindings; a Shakespeare First Folio; a Book of Hours which had belonged to Marguerite de Valois, and a hundred and one other rare pieces in addition to the normally fine books which comprised this magnificent collection.

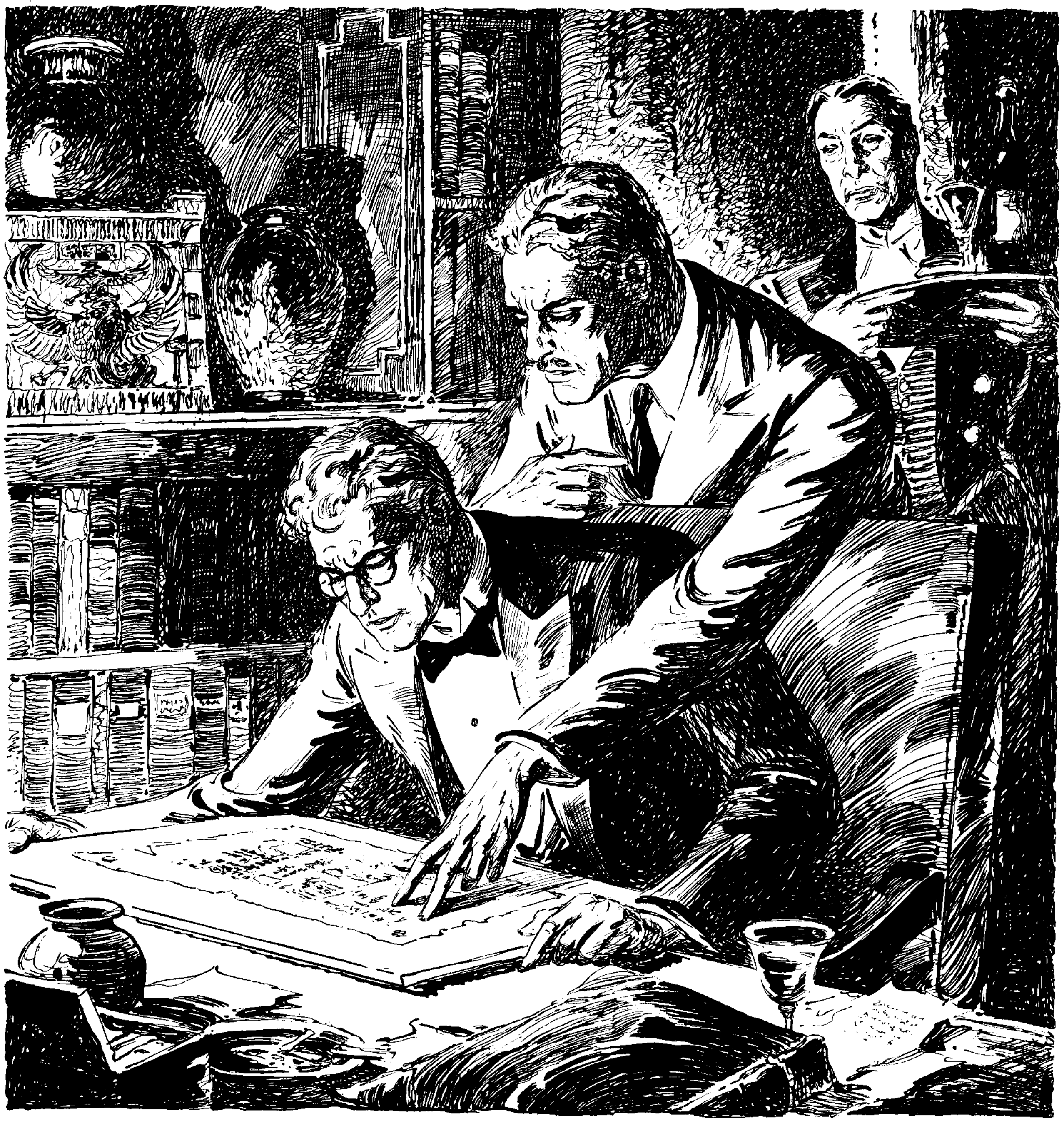
Although absent from the lobby, the queer, mystic note of Egypt might be heard here. There were busts and statuettes from that home of ancient learning; fragments of mural decorations framed upon those walls not occupied by bookcases.

A log fire blazed on the open hearth.

Upon a large writing-table, littered with books, there was a steel dispatch box, and a man was standing on the hearth, kicking a burning log back into the fire. He turned as Lincoln Hayes entered.

He was dressed in a well-worn but well-cut flannel suit; and, as he came about, his eyes opened widely and his

(Continued on page 53)



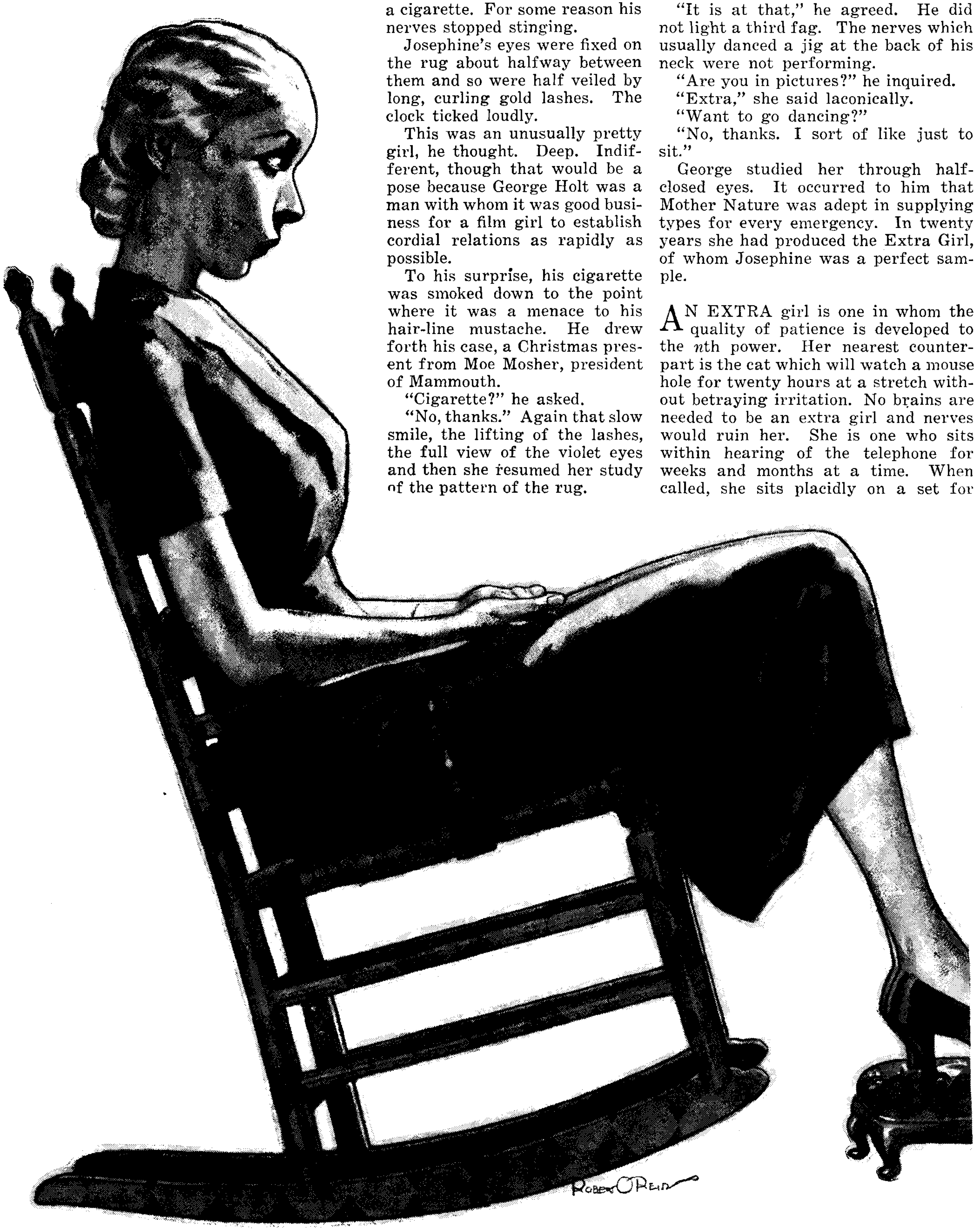
"The man from whom I got the thing—he wanted the money to escape from Egypt—was hauled out of the Nile the same night"

Nervous Breakdown

By Fred MacIsaac

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

When a man goes to sleep while a girl is talking to him, what's to be done about it? We submit this story of a man who snored once too often



AS SOON as he could spare the time, George Holt intended to have a nervous breakdown. He wanted to get more money in the bank because, if he indulged in a nervous breakdown, he might as well resign from Mammouth Films.

Mammouth was a madhouse where you had to keep your face to your associates, since, if you turned your back, you were apt to get a few knives in it. Motion pictures get made no matter who makes them and there were at least six good men palpitating for a chance to take over the George Holt production unit.

George was thirty years old, a Broadway playwright with one hit to his credit. This had secured him a film job and, as George doubted that he could put over another Broadway hit, he decided to make motion pictures his profession. Having ability, energy and determination, he had delivered the goods. If he didn't slow up, if he didn't trip, well, he could go on until he did.

A situation like that does things to a fellow's nerves and it was getting so that being courteous to his confreres was almost more than he could bear. So, when the daily grind was over George couldn't relax—he had to keep traveling and he needed lively companions.

And, on a night when his nerves were crying out loud, he called on one Jane Green, who lived in a Bungalow Court on Sunset. This Jane Green was a spirited girl who always had a jug of gin and who could dress to go places faster than a fireman can slide down the pole when the alarm goes off.

Jane, all dolled up, yanked open her front door just as George was reaching for the doorbell.

"Why didn't you call up?" she asked petulantly. "I'm off. There's a girl inside spending the night. Oh, Josephine, this is George Holt. By-by."

As Jane kept ahead of a nervous breakdown by traveling too fast for it to catch up with her, she wasn't the best company in the world for a man in George's condition. But he was disappointed. However, he stepped into the room and took a look at Josephine—last name still unknown.

She was sitting in an armchair. Her hands were folded and rested in her lap and her feet rested on a footstool. He said "Hello." She said "Hello."

He sat down opposite her. She was a girl with yellow hair parted in the middle and tied in a knot at the back of her head. She had a very white satinlike skin, a small nose, a small mouth with a full underlip, and a round, smooth little chin. Her feet were small and clad in black slippers which would have looked better if shined. Her ankles were slim and her calves were very nice. She gave him a slow smile. Excellent teeth. Her most striking features were a pair of large violet eyes set wide apart. Her attitude was one of complete relaxation. She didn't say anything and he could hear the clock tick.

"Why haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"I wouldn't know," she drawled. She had a soft sweet sort of drawl.

GEORGE, who usually had a flow of words, couldn't think of anything to say. So he lighted a cigarette. For some reason his nerves stopped stinging.

Josephine's eyes were fixed on the rug about halfway between them and so were half veiled by long, curling gold lashes. The clock ticked loudly.

This was an unusually pretty girl, he thought. Deep. Indifferent, though that would be a pose because George Holt was a man with whom it was good business for a film girl to establish cordial relations as rapidly as possible.

To his surprise, his cigarette was smoked down to the point where it was a menace to his hair-line mustache. He drew forth his case, a Christmas present from Moe Mosher, president of Mammouth.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

"No, thanks." Again that slow smile, the lifting of the lashes, the full view of the violet eyes and then she resumed her study of the pattern of the rug.

"Dumb cluck," thought George. He smoked. Make an excuse and scram. But he was comfortable and sort of relaxed. It was peaceful here. With Jane at home the little apartment usually sizzled with electricity. It occurred to George that he rarely heard a clock tick. There was something soothing about it.

The girl spoke.

"If you want a drink, there's gin and ginger ale in the kitchen."

"Want one?"

"No, thanks."

"I don't believe I do," said George to his surprise. A fellow who traveled at top speed absolutely had to have stimulants in the evening. It took four or five drinks to pull him through till bedtime. But he didn't want one. He wasn't low, for some reason; just comfortable.

The second cigarette was a thing of the past.

"You smoke a lot," she observed.

"Don't inhale. Burn 'em. Nervous habit."

"Sort of silly."

"It is at that," he agreed. He did not light a third fag. The nerves which usually danced a jig at the back of his neck were not performing.

"Are you in pictures?" he inquired.

"Extra," she said laconically.

"Want to go dancing?"

"No, thanks. I sort of like just to sit."

George studied her through half-closed eyes. It occurred to him that Mother Nature was adept in supplying types for every emergency. In twenty years she had produced the Extra Girl, of whom Josephine was a perfect sample.

AN EXTRA girl is one in whom the quality of patience is developed to the *n*th power. Her nearest counterpart is the cat which will watch a mouse hole for twenty hours at a stretch without betraying irritation. No brains are needed to be an extra girl and nerves would ruin her. She is one who sits within hearing of the telephone for weeks and months at a time. When called, she sits placidly on a set for hours, days or weeks, awaiting the summons to walk across a stage or stand in a mob or take a few dance steps. She is oblivious of the passage of time. She rarely reads or sews and, when the job is ended, she sits near her telephone for an indefinite period until another call comes in.

"Get much work?" he asked.

"Not much."

"Maybe I can throw a job your way."

"That would be nice."

He glanced at the clock. An hour had gone by.

"Read much?"

"I don't care much for reading. My eyes get red."

"Like to dance?"

"Once in a while."

"Don't you smoke or drink?"

"Sometimes. I'm not crazy about either."

This was a person with whom it was impossible to carry on a conversation.

Josephine, apparently, was of an unusually low order of intelligence and he was wasting his time. He would like to discuss the new story he was working on but Josephine wouldn't even be a good audience. Besides, he didn't really feel like talking story tonight. It was something just to sit quiet. She certainly didn't hurt a fellow's eyes. No doubt she wouldn't object to a little necking but that meant getting up and crossing the room and he was comfortable.

"Where do you come from?" he asked without much interest.

"Salt Lake City. I won a beauty contest. Three years ago."

"Like to go home?"

"No. I like it here in Hollywood."

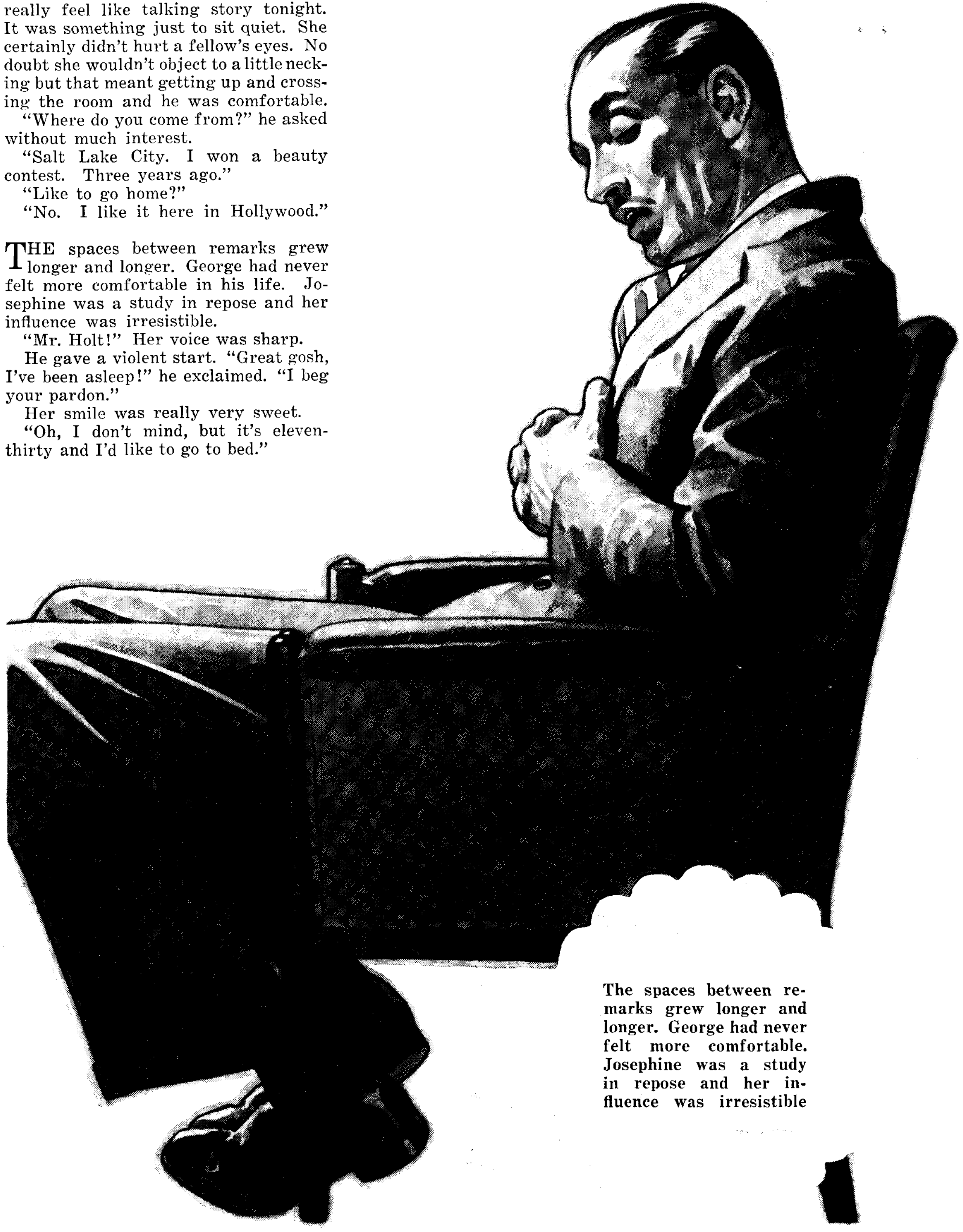
THE spaces between remarks grew longer and longer. George had never felt more comfortable in his life. Josephine was a study in repose and her influence was irresistible.

"Mr. Holt!" Her voice was sharp.

He gave a violent start. "Great gosh, I've been asleep!" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon."

Her smile was really very sweet.

"Oh, I don't mind, but it's eleven-thirty and I'd like to go to bed."



The spaces between remarks grew longer and longer. George had never felt more comfortable. Josephine was a study in repose and her influence was irresistible

He rose. "I've enjoyed meeting you. See you sometime," he said. He took her hand. It was soft and warm and its pressure was pleasant.

"Good night," she said.

In his car, on the way home, George began to laugh. In his whole career he never had had such an experience. Of all the uninspiring females! Better drop into the Trocadero and see who was there. It was only the shank of the evening. No, he was sleepy.

George drove into his garage at his cottage in the hills, went into the house and began taking off his clothes.

He fell into bed. Usually he tossed for hours but, tonight, he popped right off to sleep. He woke at nine feeling like a new man. Nine solid hours' sleep and not a drink the night before. Nothing inside of him ached. Energy rumbled through his system. And, best of all, as he breakfasted alone in the sunny breakfast room, there flashed into his head the twist in the new story which had been perplexing him for a week.

With renewed energy, George tackled the razzle-dazzle, and, four or five days later, the nervous breakdown was again imminent. During this period he had practically forgotten Josephine; but, when he left the studio on the fifth night, it occurred to him that an evening in her company would be restful and he called Jane Green on the phone.

"Where do I meet you?" demanded the ebullient young woman.

"Er—I happened to have a job for your friend Josephine," he replied. "I called up to get her address."

"OH," said Jane, whose resentment was evident by her tone. "I don't know where she lives."

"But she's your friend—I thought—"

"She was put out of the next bungalow for not paying her rent. I let her stay with me that night. She went off in the morning and I haven't heard from her since."

"I've forgotten her last name," he said. "No doubt she can be reached through the Central Casting Office."

"It's Josephine Johnson. Aren't you inviting me to dinner?"

The way George felt, he didn't think he could stand an evening with a live wire like Jane.

"I'm snatching a sandwich. Working at the studio tonight, darling."

"Well, I hope the kid gets the job. She needs it. Be seeing you."

George found somebody still on duty at the casting office and asked for Miss Johnson's address.

"She was dropped with five hundred extras a week ago," replied the official. "Cleaning up the rolls. She lives in Aurora Bungalows on Sunset."

George hung up. The Aurora Bungalows were where Jane lived and he knew that Josephine wasn't living there any more. And it seemed to him a personal outrage that he couldn't find the girl when he was facing an emergency like a nervous breakdown. He dined alone and then he made the rounds of the clubs on Sunset in West Hollywood and got to bed at three A. M. and awoke feeling awful.

As days passed George looked back upon the evening when he fell asleep in the relaxing company of Josephine as an oasis in a desert. He was a fellow who couldn't be with people without topping every remark, and to put in a brilliant evening after a hard day at the studio is very trying to a man whose nerves are at the breaking point. And at the same time he couldn't stand his own company during his waking hours, and so he kept going round and round like a squirrel in a cage.

HE WAS in his office a few days after his chat with Jane when an assistant director tipped him that Jake Stulz was out on stage five suggesting new dialogue in the May Manning picture, and disrupting the whole works. Now this was his pet picture and, while Jake was a producer and his superior, he was a dull, opinionated fellow whose murder George had been considering for weeks. Though it would cost him his job, it seemed to him that the only thing to do was to go out there and hit Jake square on his too prominent nose. And, in his mental condition, losing a good job seemed a trifle to George Holt compared with the satisfaction of whanging Jake on the nose.

"It has to be done sometime and it might as well be now," he said wildly, and rushed for stage five at top speed.

If Jake objected to the dialogue, he was supposed to come to George and state his objections instead of ruining a picture in production. There was no excuse for Jake, and a gun was what should be used on him, not fists; only George didn't have a gun.

He went through the entrance to stage five like a crazy man and plunged across a set being used by another unit, on the way to the Manning set. And, as he crossed the set, his eyes fell upon a picture.

There was a steamer deck chair just outside camera range and in the deck chair lay a girl with yellow hair parted in the middle. Her hands were folded across her breast. Her little feet were stretched out and crossed and her attitude was one of utter and complete relaxation. Though she wore an ornate evening dress of gold instead of the shapeless black crêpe affair she had worn in Jane's bungalow, he recognized Josephine instantly.

He stopped short. He breathed deep. The wild look departed from his eyes and his tense muscles relaxed and the pain in the back of his neck ceased to trouble him. He looked down at her. Peace. Contentment. Rest. Surcease from emotion. Josephine opened her half-closed eyes. She smiled her slow smile. She said in her soft drawl: "Hello."

George smiled. He pulled over a chair

(Continued on page 48)

Wall Street Under the Flag

By Ferdinand Pecora

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

As counsel to the Senate Banking Committee, Ferdinand Pecora conducted the banking investigation of 1933. Conclusions based on his findings went into the bill which created the Securities Exchange Commission, of which he was a member till he retired recently to become a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. Mr. Pecora is eminently fitted to tell American business what to expect from the Commission

ABOUT a year ago the United States government marched in and took possession of Wall Street. I don't mean that Uncle Sam confiscated the property down there and put the brokers in chains. I mean it hoisted the American flag over Wall Street, declared it to be a part of the United States and enacted some laws for its government.

To meet this the officers of the Stock Exchange have been going about shouting out to the country: "Uncle Sam has ruined us. We are done for. No chance for the investor any more in Wall Street. Corporation officials—keep away! The government has killed the goose that laid the gilded bricks."

If the people believe them, they can't blame the people if they remain away. If they were as smart as they are supposed to be they would say: "Of course there were abuses in the old days. We all realize that now. But the government has set out to correct them. And we are with the government. We want to help. We are helping. As a result we now think Wall Street is an infinitely safer place to venture. Everything is just grand down here now. It's not so good for us, but it's better for you. So come on in. The water's fine."

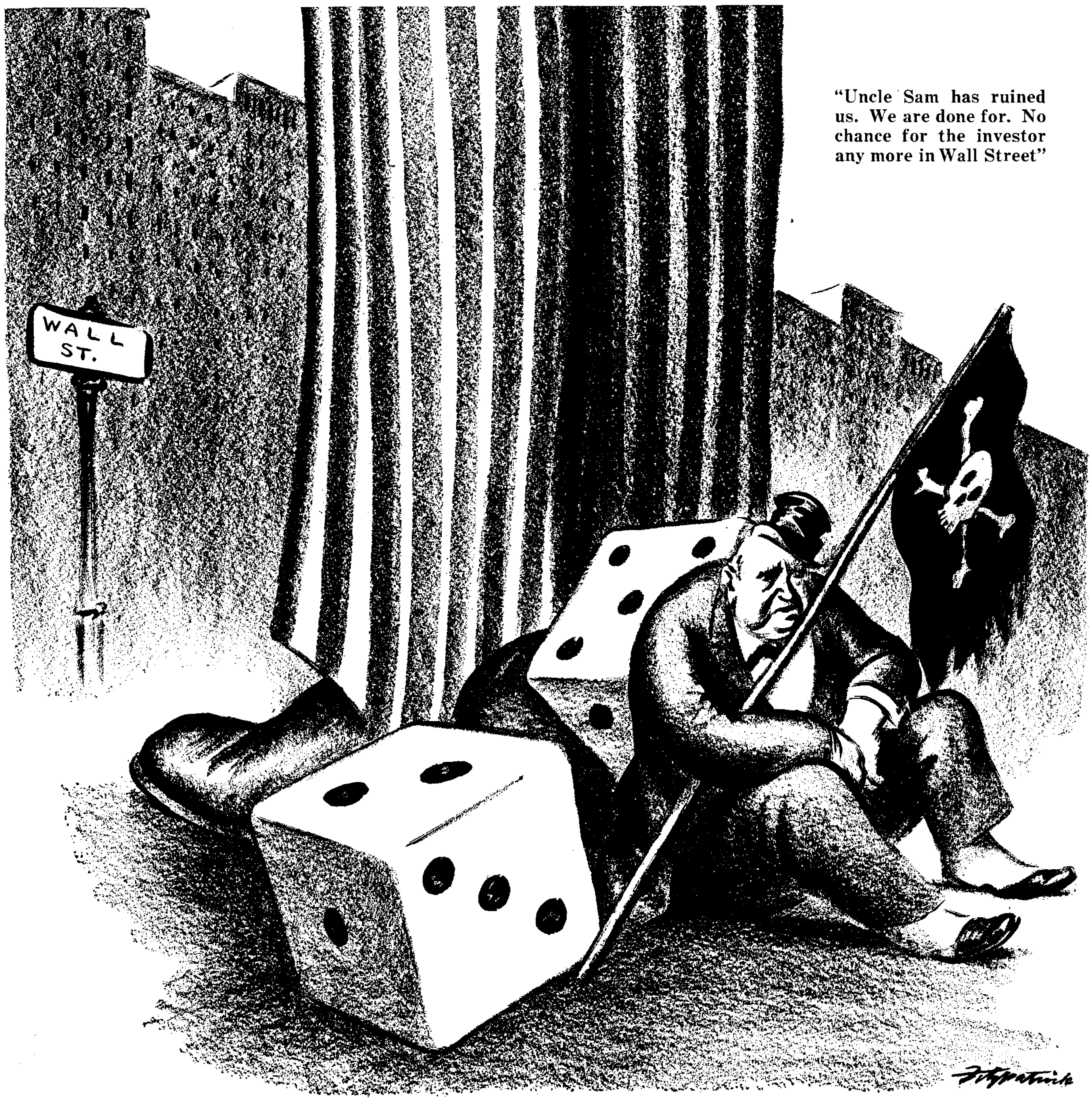
Instead, the daily ceremony on the Exchange is running up the typhoid, yellow fever, plague and smallpox flags, warning the public away. They should furl the pest pennants and go back to work.

I think it has been a very foolish policy of certain groups of business men to keep up their fight against the efforts of the government to clean up business—I mean particularly the banks and the investment houses and the exchanges. We know as a fact that banks and bankers and brokers were discredited when the old deal crashed around their ears. Give a dog a bad name and you can ruin him, even if he is a good dog. The thing to do, then, is to give him a good name again, somehow, and get him back into society. By refusing to clean house, by forcing the government to act, business gave its enemies plenty of ammunition.

Being a lawyer, I naturally could not help observing the tactics of those on the other side during our famous investigation of Wall Street. Just as I thought the Stock Exchange handled its case the worst, I thought the smartest group was that in the Chase National Bank.

Pretty nearly the worst story we had to reveal was the things that went on in the Chase National Bank. But the Chase came out of the investigation perhaps best because of the clever and adroit management of its case by the new heads of the bank. Mr. Aldrich walked into the hearing and announced that his bank had taken immediate measures to investigate its own affairs and to clean house and he then proceeded to call upon the banking fraternity to insist upon a number of important reforms, and to advocate an even more drastic banking law than the Senate had passed.

He demanded the separation of commercial and investment banking, the abolition of all affiliates, the end of private banks in the securities business, and of interlocking directorate connection between commercial banks and investment institutions, and various other reforms. If Wall Street, as a whole, had adopted that attitude, it would have come out of the ordeal better. It is not too late.



"Uncle Sam has ruined us. We are done for. No chance for the investor any more in Wall Street"

No Questions Answered

The Stock Exchange handled its case rather poorly. It began by resisting every effort even to get the facts about its affairs. Here is a little story: I had been investigating the affairs of various banks and investment houses and the time came when I decided I must begin to look into the affairs of the Stock Exchange. As a starter we prepared a questionnaire to all exchanges asking for a lot of facts about their organization and the transactions of their members. I was astonished at how little was known about the exchanges. For instance, there were about 1,375 members, minus some vacancies, in the New York Exchange. Some were commission brokers, some floor traders, some bond brokers. We could not find out how many there were of each class.

The questionnaire did not ask for any data that would incriminate the Exchange. There was nothing the least sensational in it. It asked for such information as it is easy to get about almost any other business from the ordinary published reports. Officials immediately requested a conference and after two long sessions with members of my staff they ended by refusing to send out the questionnaire to their members.

I instantly summoned to Washington eight or nine of the leading commission brokers on the Exchange. When they learned that the Exchange officials had refused to aid the committee in getting these simple facts, some of them were surprised. They expressed their complete willingness to supply the facts from their own offices and to aid the committee in getting the questionnaire answered by other brokers. We formed a committee of several of these men, such as E. A. Pierce, Gayer Dominick and John W. Prestiss as a liaison group between the Senate committee and the Exchange members. They gave their time, their staffs; held several long meetings with my own representatives and aided in every way in getting quickly and with comparatively little difficulty the facts we wanted. The officials of the Exchange passed up that opportunity and put themselves in a bad light and in wrong with the Senate investigators from the start.

This was in striking contrast with the conduct of certain large New York banks. We sent a questionnaire to about twenty-five leading banks of the country. Several New York banks immediately selected an officer from each institution to coöperate with my staff in getting quickly and with the least trouble to us all the information we asked. They even aided us in making our questionnaire more effective.

The Exchange has continued its policy. Its invariable reaction to almost every suggestion has been that if the Senate Committee or the Commission does this or that chaos will ensue. They have threatened chaos so many times that the cry has lost its force. People have begun to think if this institution is such a fragile thing that almost every proposed change in its methods is calculated to destroy it, then perhaps it is a dangerous thing to have around. Emerson once was told that science was about to destroy the world, that scientists had defied nature, attempted to control her and that nature was going to strike back and bring the world to an end in a week. "Well," replied the sage, "suppose it does. We'll get along very well without it."

Floor Traders Control Exchange

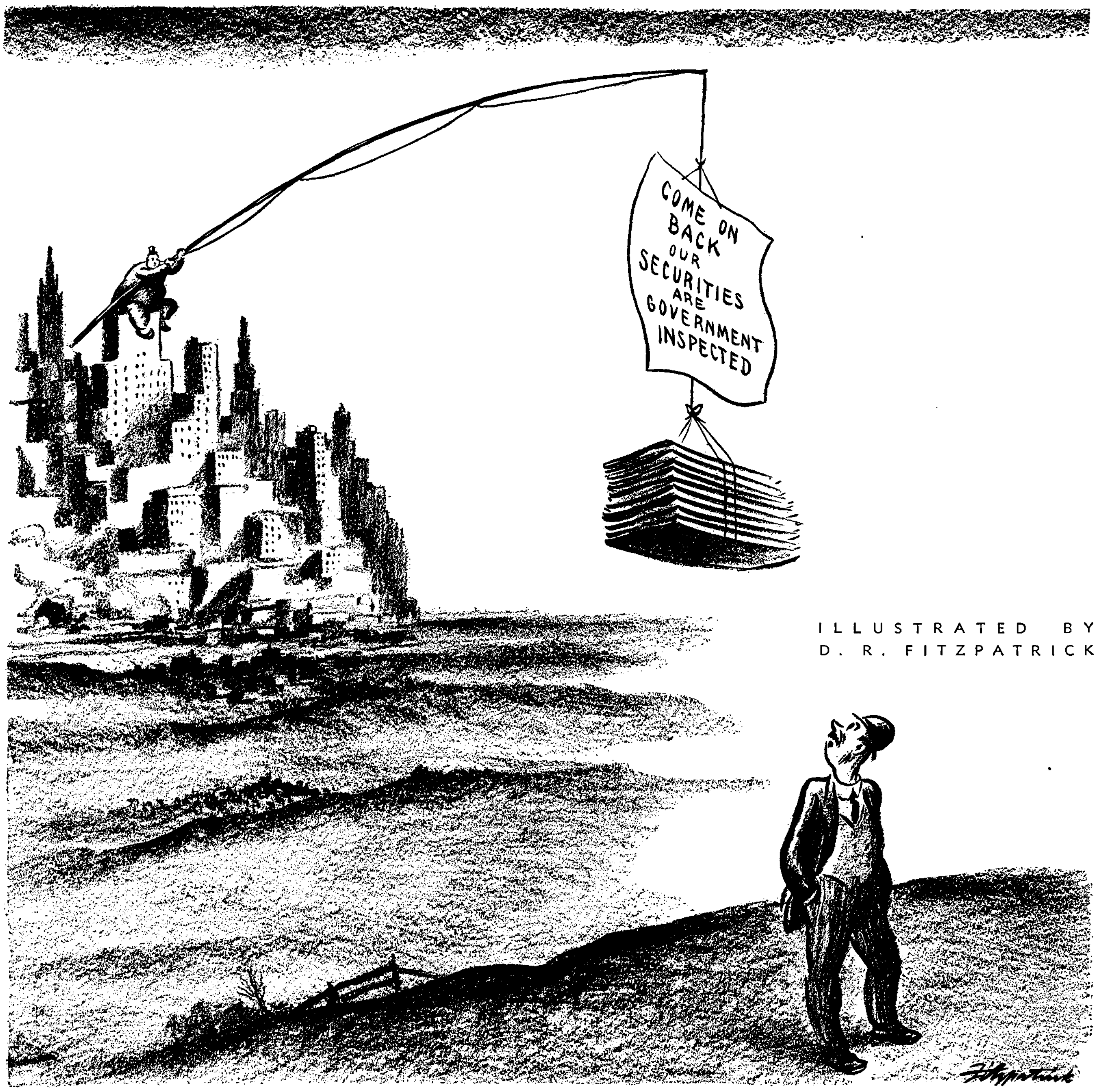
Nevertheless, I do not think we would get along so well without the Stock Exchange. I know of no one in authority in Washington who has the least desire to destroy the stock exchanges. Their only aim is to make them more effective as instruments of social utility.

One of the latest manifestations of this attitude has come in a recent effort of the Stock Exchange Commission to bring about a voluntary reorganization of the Exchange. Most people, I think, have in their minds an erroneous picture of the great New York Exchange. They think it is a big market place where hundreds of brokers can be found buying and selling stocks for their customers, who are the millions on the outside who are investing and speculating in stocks.

Now that picture is not quite true. On that floor are a large number of commission brokers who represent the public. But there are also a large number of floor traders who merely speculate or gamble for their own accounts (they are not brokers at all) and a large number of specialists who act as brokers for other members but also speculate or gamble on a huge scale for their own accounts.

There is a grave question whether these floor traders should be allowed to operate on the Exchange and whether the specialists should be permitted to trade for their own account. The Commission has been directed by Congress to study that question and is now doing so. But in the meantime these floor traders and specialists not only continue to operate, but they have always controlled the Exchange. They dominate the board of governors. There are forty-two on the board of governors and the commission brokers have only fourteen seats and that is much more than they formerly had.

It has always been impossible for these commission brokers to get control of the Exchange. The method of electing governors is so arranged as to prevent that and to enable the "ins" to perpetuate their rule. Moreover, as Wall Street has developed, and the great commission houses have become more important, the head or important member of the firm finds it essential to remain in the firm's office at the manager's desk, while some subordinate member, usually a sort of employee, is selected to be the broker on the floor. Now this excludes the head of the firm from being a member of the Exchange. And, as things stand, some of the most important brokers in Wall Street have never been members. The commission houses are necessarily represented by the least important persons in the firm.


COME ON BACK OUR SECURITIES ARE GOVERNMENT INSPECTED
Fitzpatrick

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

Now I have believed that this should be changed. But when it was proposed to change these things before the Senate Committee, we were told we were tampering with something we didn't understand, that we would disrupt the Exchange and so on through the old "chaos" argument.

Now the Commission, after studying the whole subject, has proposed what is called an "eleven-point program" for the reorganization of the Exchange, including the points given above and new rules for trials, complaints, etc. And now we have seen the spectacle of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms, which includes all the important brokerage firms on the Exchange and which handles almost all of the public's business, adopting resolutions endorsing all of the Commission's eleven proposals, so many of which we were once told would produce chaos in the Exchange.

Why didn't these brokers force these reforms in the past, you ask? Well, the organization of the Exchange made it difficult. After all the Exchange is a more or less cohesive body of men in the same profession. It frequently takes a good deal of courage to stand up against the whole profession particularly when it is under fire. Moreover, professions have a way of making it very unpleasant for those who have the temerity to stand up against accepted and profitable practices of the group. And the Exchange had ways of making it hot for what it regarded as rebels. I urged members of the Exchange to speak out but they feared reprisals, hence nothing was done for reform from within.

Now with the creation of the Commission, these independent members have grown more bold and are calling for a thoroughgoing reorganization of the Exchange in conformity with the Commission's program. How much better for the Exchange's own good name had it taken this step itself instead of being whipped to action.

Attempts to Defeat Act

I think it important to say that the Stock Exchange Act and the Securities Act are not hurting business and delaying recovery. Many business men say that they *are* hurting business and I give them credit for absolute honesty in believing it. But I think they have been deceived.

The Stock Exchange Commission administers two acts. One is the Securities Act, which is known sometimes as the Truth-in-Securities Act and which undertakes to regulate the manner of issuing new stocks and bonds, etc. The other is the Securities Exchange Act, which gives to the Commission control over the stock markets of the country.

The first act compels every corporation that wishes to sell stocks and bonds to the public to register the offering with the Commission and to reveal a mass of information about the corporation, the securities offered, the objects of the issue and the relationships of the officers, promoters and bankers to the issue. This is done to enable the investor to know what he is buying.

Now certain critics have been saying that this act is hurting business because it is holding up the issuance of securities and thus preventing a flow of funds into industry for new capital investment. Corporations are afraid to ask for fresh funds, first, because the cost of preparing all the data asked by the Commission is so heavy and takes so much time that they cannot afford it; and, second, because officers, directors, bankers and accountants must sign the registration certificate and are liable to investors personally for losses through buying the securities. We are told that business men are unwilling to take this tremendous risk in corporations in which they serve as directors without pay.

I think it is true that some business men might be unwilling to take the risk. But it is not because the act is so drastic. It is because they have been frightened away by overzealous Wall Street lawyers, who, in their eagerness to destroy the effectiveness of the act altogether, have been terrifying their clients with their horrific pictures of what would happen to them if they forgot to dot an *i* or cross a *t* in a prospectus.

I believe this is just a bogey. Even under the act as originally passed no one could incur civil liability unless he had participated in or could be fairly considered *prima facie* responsible for a really serious omission or false statement concerning the security in the formal registration statement filed in Washington.

But there was such a howl among bankers and, particularly, their lawyer

(Continued on page 60)

Grand American

It should have been their honeymoon trip. But they weren't married. They weren't even friends. It took a storm at sea to straighten matters out

By Richard Thruelsen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

IT WAS a splendid fight. But then, all their fights were splendid. They had quarreled, joyously and bitterly, from a nodding acquaintance to the wedding announcements. Bickering was their meat and their drink. They loved it—and each other—passionately.

She said, "You're ignorant, you're selfish, and you're blind to everyone's happiness but your own."

And he said, "You're a silly, stupid girl who thinks of nothing but appearances."

They glared at each other. Chris, in the middle of the library, looking angry and beautiful—her dress a curve of brilliant green against the somber, rising wall of books. Dick, on the window seat, hugging his tweed knees stubbornly and looking pale but determined. The wedding announcements were two cream pillars on the shining table top.

"You don't mean that," said Chris quietly.

"Don't go histrionic. That's an old gag. Of course I don't mean it. And neither do you mean anything you say. You're just nervous. Naturally you're nervous."

"I'm not nervous, naturally or otherwise. And I mean everything I said. A Finnish tramp ship for a honeymoon—are you completely out of your head?"

Dick said pleasantly, "Completely, evidently. I thought it would be nice to surprise you. I thought that on your honeymoon you might like to see something of your husband. I thought you might be able to stand getting away from the Joe, Jim, Jack and occasional Helene, who seem to crawl out from under the chairs at us wherever we go. I thought . . ."

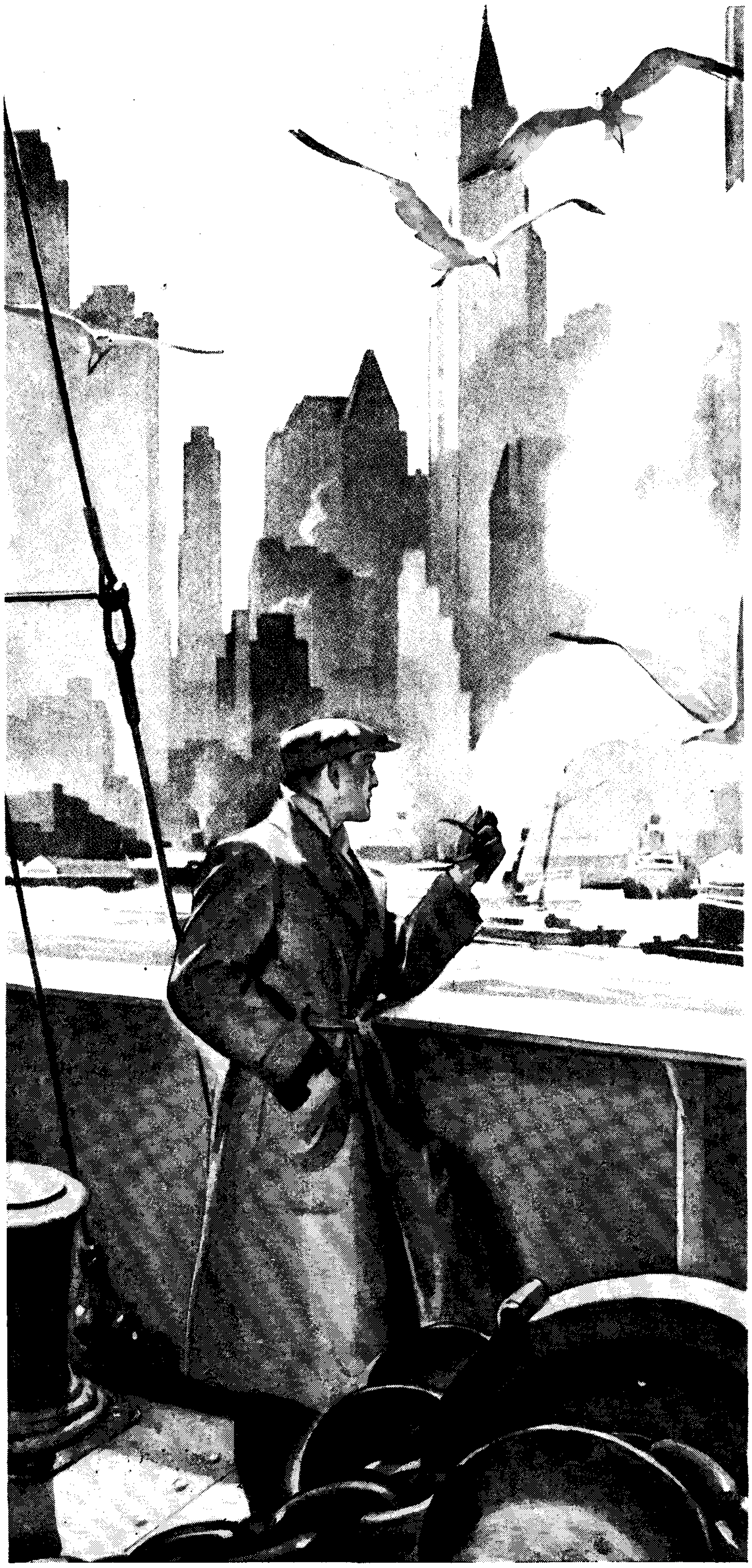
"Thinking," said Chris, "is bound to get you in trouble. You're not accustomed to it."

"I THOUGHT," continued Dick, "that you might enjoy a nice little West Indies cruise on a small boat with just four passengers. A boat where you don't stumble over fancy dress balls and drunks and bridge fiends and more drunks."

"All cruise boat passengers aren't newspaper-men."

"But your prospective husband happens to be one. And if you ever want me to write anything more than long sobs about leggy divorcees you'll realize that I want to see something of the world beside Atlantic City and Miami Beach. Think of it—Curaçao, Port-de-Paix, Gonaïve, Turks Island, Puerto Barrios."

Chris singsonged, "Twenty-one days, one hundred and twenty dollars and no ups. Passenger list limited to four on Finnish freighter Nystad of five thousand tons displacement with plain but
sly clean outside cabins con-
pper and lower berths and
l. How lovely. You sound just
lder. And now it's your Art
ld consider."
nasty."
ticing to be your wife, dear."
u'd better improve in the



He felt agonizingly lonely and dispirited. For a moment he was tempted to go back

next three days. Your technique to date is terrible."

They left it at that for a while. Chris walked nervously up and down the room. Dick watched her until she turned and looked at him and then he twisted around and glared out the window at the little square and its fountain and the small slice of Fifth Avenue.

"Let's look at it sensibly," he said finally. "It may be the correct thing to do the Riviera or a World Cruise before you go back to two rooms and a budget but I haven't got the time or money to do either. You know that."

"Why," said Chris, "didn't you pick Niagara Falls? We could go up on the bus."

"If you insist on being idiotic—"

"Idiotic," said Chris bitterly, "because I want something besides bugs and bad food for my first honeymoon. After all, I may not have another one for years. Give me some sort of a break. If it's money, you know very well I'll . . ."

"You'll keep quiet about it."

THEY stared hard at each other and then, because they each felt reconciling grins coming to the surface, they looked away, frowning. The wedding announcements curved from the table in two bright, fluttering arcs and spread a carpet of white over the dark rug. Dick turned from the window.

"A very pretty exhibition of temper," he said. "After they were all addressed, too."

There was a silence. They were both waiting now for that tight, breathless moment when they'd be in each other's arms—when there would be soft words and kisses doubly sweet and vows made between laughs. It always happened that way. They fought and then forgot, and each considered the other the most exciting person in the world.

"Just what, if any, objection have you to the trip?" asked Dick, and immediately he knew he shouldn't have spoken. From the way Chris twisted around, from the look of surprise in her eyes, from the tightening of her lips, he understood at once that the battle had been ended and that in another moment they would have been laughing about it and eagerly studying the tickets.

He said hurriedly, "Never mind."

Chris was eying him sternly.

"Never mind, eh? Never mind my objections. But since you've already asked, Mr. Clade, I'll tell you. It's simply that I don't want to go on a safari. I want to go on a honeymoon."

"But think of it—the adventure and everything."

"Adventure," said Chris, "is out. Marrying you is adventure enough."

"The trouble with you," said Dick, "is that you're too soft to take it. You're yellow, that's all."

For a moment after that they just looked at each other with frightened faces. The spiteful little sentence seemed to be marching around and around the book-lined room. Chris stood there, looking very calm.

"Now you've done it," she said.

"I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean . . ."

"You've done it," repeated Chris firmly.

Dick followed her over to the scattered envelopes, stood behind her while she kicked them into a pile, trying to keep his hands to himself, and then followed her to the fireplace.

"Honest, I'm awfully sorry. I didn't think."

Chris was dropping the envelopes into the cold grate with one-by-one deliberation.

"No, you probably didn't. But I am—and I'm not throwing my life away on a vagabond reporter who hasn't even decency enough to be polite three days before his wedding."

"But, darling, I'd already bought the tickets and I was upset."

"You can," said Chris, "buy the whole Nystad as far as I'm concerned. And get somebody else to use your ticket. I'm through."

They faced each other tensely.

"This," Dick said, "is the end. If you come to your senses and want to apologize you know my number."

"I have," said Chris, "come to my senses. I've forgotten your number."

DICK stood it for two days, waiting for that phone call. On Friday he surrendered and called the Dennis apartment. Chris wasn't home, but the judge was. The judge was bitter.

"She's a self-willed, stubborn idiot, the darling," he said. "You're lucky to escape from her, Dick. I've canceled everything. If she comes back in time you'll have to get married at the Recorder's office. Yes, she just packed up and left. I don't know—Hot Springs or Charleston or Sarasota. She's got friends everywhere. Mimi will give you the addresses and you can call if you want, though I wouldn't. Let her have enough rope and she'll hang herself around your neck sooner or later."

Thirty dollars' worth of phone calls failed to prove the judge a prophet. At noon Dick wearily deserted the phone, took three big drinks of brandy, and then swore manfully and went off to see what he could do about turning in the tickets for his honeymoon trip.

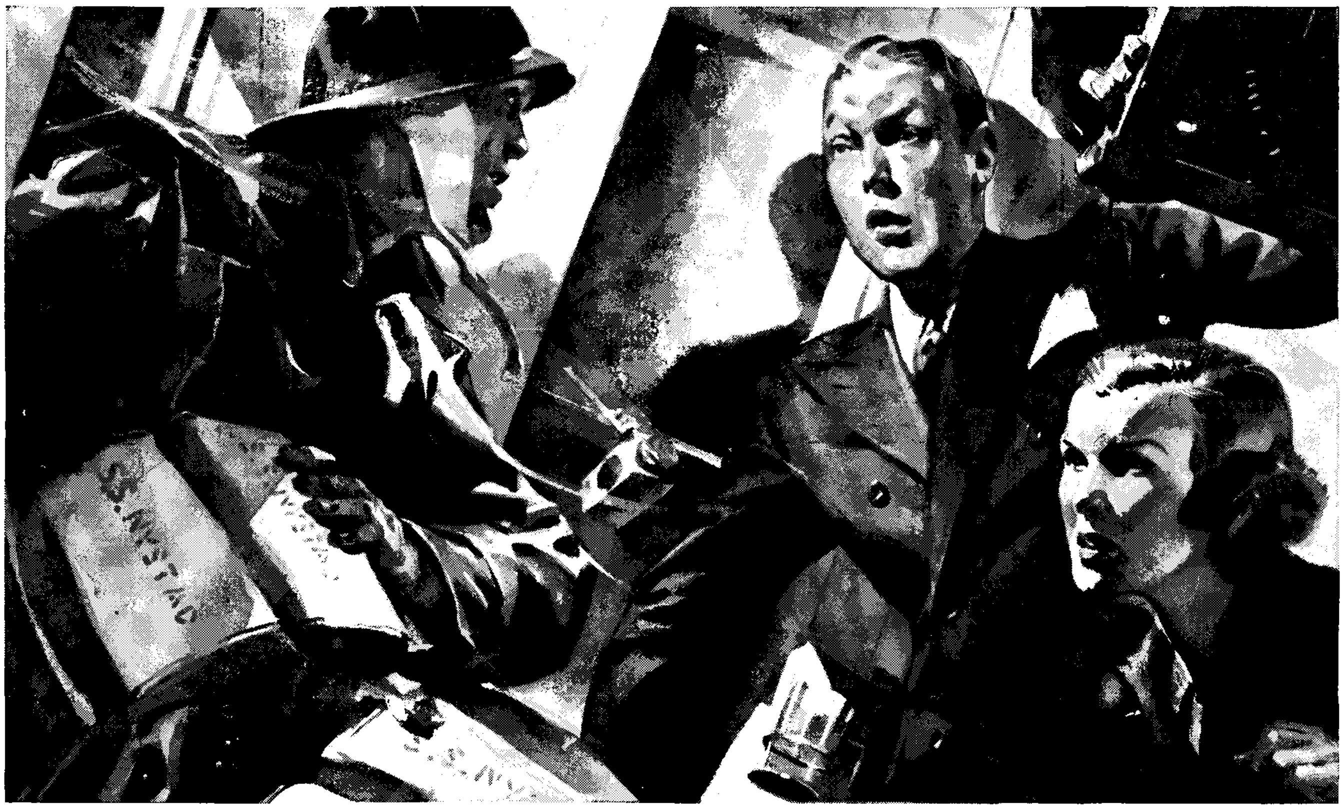
The agent was sympathetic but adamant. Naturally, the day before sailing. . . . Of course, if Mr. Clade wanted to turn in his tickets someone might possibly come in at the last moment. . . . Mr. Clade grimly refused to have any part of this, used the word "racket" several times and talked himself out of the office.

On Saturday morning, the day his vacation was to begin, he asked to have it postponed. The city editor looked up with a harried smile.

"No can do, Clade. What's the trouble? I thought this was the big day. Left at the church?"

"No, we just thought we'd put it off till the end of the winter."

The C. E. took off his eyeshade. "Listen," he said, "I'm an old hand at this game. I been married twice, see. Take it from me—the time for a honeymoon is right after you're married. It gives you a place to fight out the major issues without your friends looking on. Put it off and you'll both be taking it to Reno."



"Put these on," he ordered. "You know how—yes? Good. I'll be back"

"But I don't feel like going away now."

"You would," said the C. E., "if you knew what you'd have to do if you stayed around. As it is, Clancy is taking it. You'd have to spend the next three weeks sitting down there in the Supreme Court Building listening to a lot of government statisticians trying to pin a ten-year income-tax rap on Joe Donovan, one-time beer baron. It makes bad reading and worse writing."

"I think," said Dick, "that maybe I'd better take the vacation after all."

"I knew you would. Have a good time. You owe it to yourself."

THE Nystad was to sail at two. At one Dick sent Chris a telegram of but one word, "Yellow." Then he threw some things in his canvas carryall, locked up the apartment, and set off for the Brooklyn waterfront and the Nystad.

The watchman at the end of the dock scratched his head and said:

"Nystad? I think she's down there some place at the end of the dock."

So he walked down through the cavernous gloom, past two lighters and a tugboat, and finally he came upon the ship. She was very small—about the size of a full-grown ferryboat. Her superstructure was smoked a dirty gray. Her single funnel had a lean and hungry look. Her black flanks were scarred here and there with red patches, like raw and gaping wounds. She looked old and weary and dissipated, as though she'd spent too many hard nights at sea. A few stevedores were working at the net stretched from her forward well-deck to the pier, but aside from these the only sign of life about her was the young man in uniform at the head of the gangplank.

He stood there smiling a welcome as Dick picked his way across the narrow gap of dirty, ice-filled water. His cheeks were fat and unbelievably red, his eyes as blue as china marbles, and his teeth even and white as a baby's.

"I," he said, "speak American. Shake hands."

They shook hands.

"I speak American, too," said Dick. "That makes us brothers."

The young man looked at the carryall. "I'm First Officer Wilem. You have something to sell me?"

"Not a thing. I'm a passenger. Here."

Mr. Wilem looked brightly at the tickets. "Can speak—can't read," he said.

"WELL, that says my name is Clade and that I'm a passenger."

"Not a passenger," said Mr. Wilem, showing his teeth again. "We have them. See." From his pocket he drew a paper typewritten in unintelligible words. Down at the bottom, in English, were the words: "Starboard Cabin—R. C. Clade & Wife." Over this had been scrawled the word, "Open."

"See," said Mr. Wilem. "Two in port cabin here. These open."

"Not any more," said Dick. "I'm Clade and I'm here. Suppose you show me in."

Mr. Wilem's smile widened. "Sure," he said agreeably. "What about wife?"

"No wife," said Dick shortly.

Mr. Wilem was a philosopher. "No wife," he repeated brightly and he went to work on the list with the stub of a pencil. "You'll like me," he said, "because I speak American grand. You'll like the trip, too, but you won't like the captain because he don't speak American grand and he don't like passengers. Follow me and I'll demonstrate where you live."

The cabin had everything the folder described, and nothing more. It contained two berths, one above the other, two chairs, a washstand, a single window and a vast expanse of white steel wall. Standing in the center Dick looked around. A bare and lonely cell. He thought, for a moment, what it would have looked like if only Chris had been along to open her bags and strew her things around. Then he threw the thought away, because it hurt, and tossed his carryall into the upper berth. Mr. Wilem was leaning against the door jamb, proudly relating the deficiencies of his ship.

There was no steward, he explained, and no bar and no music. The toilet was ten steps aft and the tub in the captain's cabin, the key to which he, Mr. Wilem, would obtain when it was necessary. The ship was a bad sailer and got very dirty when they coaled. But—and here Mr. Wilem smiled very brightly—it would be a nice trip because he, of all the crew, could speak American so grand. And then, in answer to some shouting, Mr. Wilem and his smile abruptly disappeared.

The decks were cold and bare as a skating pond. The nets and the stevedores had disappeared. Down on the well-deck a lone seaman was sweeping up the refuse. The winches were leaking thin wisps of steam from their joints. The shade on the window of the port cabin was drawn and from within came the sound of voices and then a soft, feminine laugh. Pausing there at the rail, with the sound of that laugh in his ears, Dick looked across the dark river to the tall, gray blocks of lower New York. He felt agonizingly lonely and dispirited. For a moment he was tempted to go back with his bag across the gangplank—away from the Nystad and Mr. Wilem's bright, excruciating smile, and the happy laughter of these strangers on the other side of the wall. Back to the warmth of New York and Chris. She would surely be waiting for him. He stopped the thought—and started resolutely pacing up and down the deck.

MR. WILEM found him there and took him down to lunch. The captain was a facsimile of the first officer except that his cheeks were redder, his blue eyes paler, and his smile less ready. There were five others, all with blue uniforms, red faces and dirty fingernails. They smiled at Dick once and then went after the food, savagely and silently. Neither of the other two passengers appeared and when, in the middle of the meal, a tug's whistle blared into the open porthole, there was a concerted rush from the table and he was left alone.

He sat there, dejectedly smoking a cigarette and listening to the thumps on the deck above. Then the pier started to move past the porthole and he knew the voyage of the Nystad had begun.

When he reached the deck they were gliding past Governor's Island. A Staten Island ferry, her decks forsaken, swept by and left them ignominiously in the

(Continued on page 50)

Ladybird

By W. B. Courtney

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

This is Pilot Richey. Yes, she's a girl. She's young. She's pretty. She's a good flyer. But she's more than that. She's a force, more powerful than a dozen air races and a transoceanic record, at work transforming aviation from an interesting stunt into a major means of everyday transportation

Pilot Helen Richey is the only woman licensed to sit at the controls of a scheduled mail, passenger and express air liner

THE man was in the worst huff ever seen on the Pittsburgh airport. One little girl in blue, who stood checking tickets beside the cabin door of the Washington-bound air liner, wished the pilot might hear the fuss and come forth with his revolver. She feared the man was going to bite the fuselage in twain. He was that sore. Indeed, he would have to be that sore—cheated of eyesight and wits—to carry on thus; oblivious to the comeliness of the girl, mindless of what a fetching midge she appeared, there in the shadow of the giant craft of the skies, as the windstream from idling propellers exposed, despite her austere uniform, the attractive roundness of her figure and tumbled the short dark hair about her beautifully molded head. I mean, you don't shake your fist and bawl into the face of a young dream. If anything, you lisp.

Not our irate friend. He assumed the girl was a stewardess, and he lit into her thumbs down and hell bent. When you travel by air you cuss out the stewardess if there is a lemon pit in your tomato juice, if Aunt Clara is not on hand to meet you, or if the man in number five seat asks for your telephone number. The stewardess is the official goat of the air lanes.

No man could be mad enough to miss a remote "beware" sign in the eyes of this little girl in blue that warned: "If you lay a toe to my shin I'm apt to knock your teeth out!" Besides, this angry customer was a gentleman for all that. So he confined himself to verbal kicks; and did a sound and lusty job. Something about dem taxicabs and dem gyps and dem inefficiency and why the demned airline would never be as dem good as the demned railroads anyhow. It seemed that the car which the air line sends around to gather up its passengers at a minimum set fare had overlooked or missed him, and he had accepted the ministrations of a cruising hackman whose meter curvetted, whose knowledge of our national language was perfunctory, whose sense of direction was fanciful. Everyone felt she had achieved a personal triumph when she coaxed him, presently, into his seat and adjusted his belt for the take-off before he could rend the plane aileron from aileron.

She did not talk to him again for quite a while.

He Thought It Was Wonderful

She went up front into the pilots' cockpit and took her place at the dual controls. Later, when the captain had gone back for a smoke and she was taking her regular spell of flying the plane, she had a feeling of eyes upon her. A brief glance over her shoulder gave no comfort. It was the aggrieved man. He had left his chair and come up front and was staring at her through the control-room door; and his eyes were like newly minted half-dollar silver pieces. Oh, oh, she thought, *now* he will rip out the seats.

When the pilot had taken over again, and it was her duty to go through the cabin and make sure of the well-being of the passengers, her feet almost stalled. She could not bring herself to look at the man until the very last moment. Then she got the nicest surprise. His face was as guileless of anger as a country roof is of dust after a June thundershower.

"Hey," he grinned, "I thought you were a stewardess. Good Lord, I didn't know you were the co-pilot. *Why didn't you tell me?* I think it's wonderful—wonderful—"

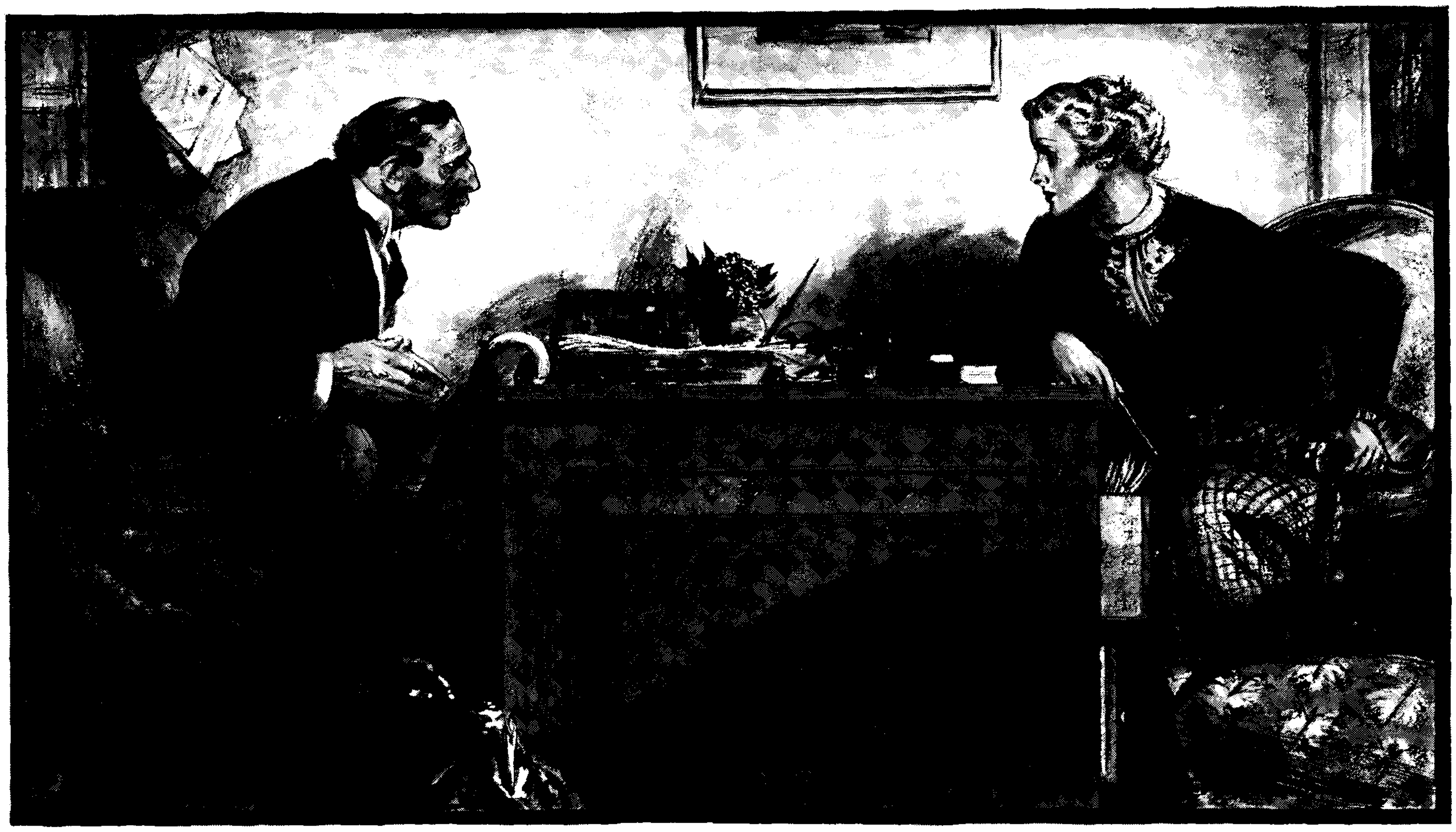
Nothing but a miracle could have dissolved that business man's irascibility. But he was smiling plumb into the bonny face of a miracle: perhaps the most consequential phenomenon of the year in commercial aviation. This little girl—oh, yes, excuse me; good people, meet Helen Richey. There are women stratosphere flyers and women aerobats; there are girl wing-walkers and women grease monkeys; women clerks in air ticket offices and women daredevils to double aloft for the sugar-lumps of Hollywood. But until Helen Richey got her present job there was no woman to fly the United States or any other air mail. Your reporter, who possesses a genteel flair for this sort of thing, could do a first-rate job of describing Helen to you; but elsewhere on this page there is a photograph of her, and in this case you will find it quite as adequate to look as to read—and immeasurably more gratifying.

No Favors, Please

Anyhow, the flying cross-patch was right. It *is* wonderful. Helen is wonderful; for her accomplishments and her fine skill, but chiefly for what she represents. Everybody thinks so, except, perhaps, Helen Richey herself and a handful of aviation Tories and Grundies. There are no pilots among the latter, either. The men who fly, after a few honest groans over the invasion of the last male bastion in aviation—the air-mail cockpit—and a natural wait to size up the gel, have nodded their lean approval. They will tell you, on the flying line, that Helen asks no favors, vamps no front office sahibs, and never plays the weak female in the hope some fellow will run up and say, "Oh, let me carry that; it's too heavy for you;" or, "Here, sis, let me help you across that nasty puddle." She completes her three scheduled round-trip flights each week over the tough Allegheny country between Washington and Detroit without fuss or vanity.

The flying public's reaction to a girl at the controls has been watched studiously by Central Air Lines, Helen's employers. She is merely "Pilot Richey" to them; and you should applaud their courage and foresight, and scowl upon those operators who say it is all a publicity stunt—a charge which holds less water each month that finds Helen still up there doing her workaday job. There are other vigilant observers of the affair Richey—the business diagnosticians who seek to learn why our brave and romantic compatriots stay away by the millions from airplane travel. That is why the story of the traveler whose dissatisfaction was transformed into amiability when he discovered that Helen was not just another girl, but one in whose small hands reposed his safety as well as the limbs and lives of nine other passengers, was as interesting to the commercial air world as it was gratifying to Helen and

(Continued on page 40)



"Possibly without meaning it," Miss Mott pointed out, "you have come to ask me a most improper question"

The Other Letter

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

Miss Mott, who is not averse to excitement, finds plenty of that salty ingredient of life—and Scotland Yard finds a letter that should never have been lost

MISS MOTT was caught again. She sighed as she waved her visitor to a seat—a middle-aged, overdressed woman, with a hard but not disagreeable face.

"Tell me your name once more, please," she begged, "and in which number of the magazine my answer to your inquiry appeared."

The woman sank into the clients' chair, deposited her stubby little umbrella and bag upon the floor and began the story of her woes.

"My name is Mrs. Belton," she confided, "—Bessie Belton. I used the pseudonym of Bonnie Bess, and your answer to my inquiry appeared in last Saturday's 'Home Talk.' "

Miss Mott rang the bell and presently had a copy of the magazine and a letter in front of her. She glanced through the latter, a slight frown upon her face.

"I don't like anything to do with divorce business," she said, "and to my mind it is a terrible thing to have a husband watched. You say in your letter that he wrote you apparently from Leicester saying that he had been working there all day, whereas you know that he was in London on that day and was seen late at night in Pimlico. Why not ask him about it, and make him tell you the truth? There may be a mistake in the date—that is what I suggested, I see, in my answer. I advised you to have it out with him."

"That is very good advice in an ordinary way and among ordinary people," Mrs. Belton agreed. "My Sam, though, isn't an ordinary sort of man. He goes to church on a Sunday and reads very serious books, he never looks at a woman that I can see, very seldom takes a drink, and saves money all the time. He's saved far too much, to my way of thinking," she concluded mysteriously.

"That is quite an unusual complaint," Miss Mott remarked. "I don't want to take up your time, Mrs. Belton, and I must warn you that I am letting my agency business run down. I have an uncle who strongly objects to it, and I am taking very few fresh cases. If you want me to have your husband watched, I must tell you frankly that I cannot do it. I only took a case of that description once and it got me into trouble. Cases of disappearance or blackmail I am still interested in, but very few others."

The woman listened but showed no signs of being willing to take her departure.

"I thought you might be inclined to help me, Miss Mott," she persisted. "Your answers to people who consult you are always so kind and sympathetic. There's none of them who write about their silly little love affairs who has trouble so near to their hearts as I."

"I DON'T think you ought to have," Miss Mott argued. "Your husband, according to your own showing, is a sober, religious and saving man. His only fault seems to have been that he did not tell you the truth on one occasion about his whereabouts. For heaven's sake have it out with him instead of brooding."

"I didn't say it was on only one occasion," Mrs. Belton sighed. "It's happened already eight times."

Miss Mott was startled.

"Do you mean that eight times he has been away or not been away and deceived you as to his whereabouts?" she asked.

"I do mean that," Mrs. Belton asserted, "and each time he has not only written me from a place where he wasn't but each time he has had the letter registered."

"Registered?" Miss Mott meditated. "Looking, to my mind, as though he meant to have it to use as an alibi, if necessary."

"You don't imagine that your husband is a criminal, do you?" Miss Mott asked.

"God knows," the woman replied. "He's a strange, silent sort of person and in some ways he's as far aloof from me now as he was when I married him—thirteen years ago. Perhaps it's because we've had no children. Anyway there's always seemed to be something between us."

"What excuse did your husband make for registering his letters?" Miss Mott asked.

"He always said that he'd taken a good order, and he enclosed me a pound or thirty shillings to buy something with."

"And how do you know that *all* these letters were posted from places where he hadn't been?"

"Because when I got the one saying he was in Leicester, when I knew for a positive fact that he was in London, I made inquiries about the others."

"Do you suspect him of infidelity?" Miss Mott asked.

"Sometimes I almost wish I did," was the passionate avowal. "I don't—and that's the worst of it. He never casts an eye at another woman."

"You haven't told me yet what his business is," Miss Mott reminded her visitor.

"He's traveler for a firm of leather merchants in Bermondsey. He can go anywhere he likes in reason where he thinks he can make a sale."

Miss Mott deliberated for a moment. There were some curious points about the case.

"Look here," she said, "I don't think I can help you, but tell me this—if you don't suspect your husband of infidelity what do you suspect him of?"

MRS. BELTON suddenly began to shake in her chair. The hardness seemed to fade from her face. She was a careworn, anxious woman.

"I don't know," she groaned. "I wanted to find out privately."

"By privately," Miss Mott suggested, "I suppose you mean not through the police?"

The woman was shaking now in every limb. There was real terror in her face.

"The police!" she muttered. "They couldn't have anything to do with Sam, but I don't know—I'm miserable till I find out."

"Have you anything more on your mind?" Miss Mott asked her, after a moment's pause.

"Nothing," the woman almost shouted. "Why should you think that?"

"Perhaps there is something you would rather not tell me?" Miss Mott persisted.

The woman picked up her stubby little umbrella and bag and rose to her feet. She made an attempt at a dignified exit.

"Since you don't want to help me," she

complained, “what's the use of asking all these silly questions?”

Miss Mott rang the bell.

“If ever,” she concluded, “you feel inclined to confide in me what your real trouble is, and everything that is on your mind, I will reconsider the matter. I might then, perhaps, be disposed to help you.”

The woman made no reply. She looked for a moment at the open door as though uncertain, then she took her leave without saying goodby. . . .

Miss Mott had an article to write that morning and very soon forgot all about her disappointed client. Just as she was finishing it, however, her young secretary brought her in a card.

“A gentleman to see you, madam,” she announced.

Miss Mott gazed at the card—a neatly engraved, impressive affair—and frowned slightly in perplexity. It bore the name of *Mr. Charles Belton,* and in small type in the corner, crossed through in pencil, *H. Castle & Sons, Leather Merchants.*

“The gentleman said he would only detain you a few minutes, Miss Mott,” her secretary added.

“Show him in,” was the brief injunction.

Mr. Belton, carrying a small bag in his hand, made due appearance. He was well and quietly dressed, a man apparently about forty-five years old, with a brownish-gray mustache, pale complexion and thoughtful eyes.

Miss Mott waved him to a chair.

“What can I do for you, Mr. Belton?” she inquired.

“I picked up a copy of your magazine a few days ago,” he explained, “and read the column entitled ‘Ask Miss Mott.’ There was one reply there addressed to someone under the pseudonym of Bonnie Bess. That is a pseudonym which my wife has adopted on many occasions, and before she was married it was her nickname. I found out your address from the office of the paper and I came to ask you, Miss Mott, whether the reply to Bonnie Bess was in answer to an inquiry you had received from Mrs. Bessie Belton.”

“Possibly without meaning it,” Miss Mott pointed out, “you have come to ask me a most improper question. I do not disclose the identities of my correspondents.”

“Not even to their husbands?” Mr. Belton asked softly.

“Not even to their husbands,” was the firm reply.

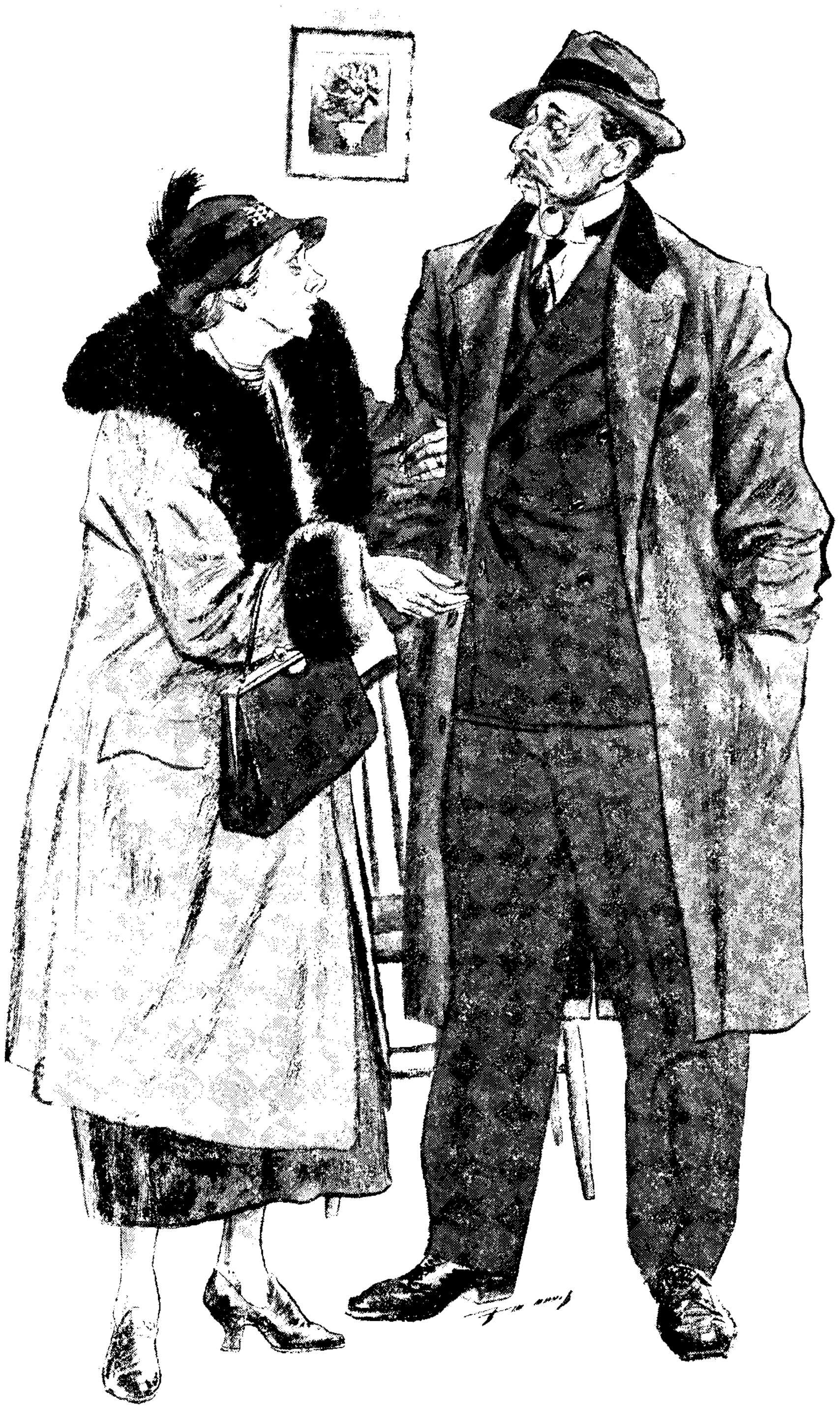
“In that case,” Mr. Belton said, stretching out his hand for his bag—“in that case—”

“Quite so,” Miss Mott interrupted briskly. “Good morning.”

There was a little glint in the man's eyes as he lingered before taking his leave. Miss Mott's manner had been perhaps unnecessarily abrupt, but she had taken a dislike to the man.

“I should have preferred your showing me the letter which my wife had addressed to you,” he said, “and letting the matter remain there. As it is, I have no alternative but to seek an explanation from my wife herself. It may perhaps lead to some trouble between us.”

“Why should that affect me?” Miss Mott rejoined. “Good day.”



They looked at each other and even Mr. Belton's equanimity was shaken

THERE were no more troublesome callers and Miss Mott had recovered her spirits when she met her uncle at the close of the day at a famous grill room near the Strand. As they were ushered to their allotted table she realized with a little catch of the breath that it was the exact scene of her early meeting with Violet Joe. She glanced at the table which he had occupied, as though expectantly. There was no sign of him there or anywhere else. A wave of her former listlessness came back as she took her place.

“You look tired,” her uncle remarked. “Case for a cocktail, I think. Waiter—two dry Martinis.”

“What a heavenly idea!” Miss Mott murmured. “Anything fresh today?”

Superintendent Detective Wragge shook his head.

“Nothing in my department,” he replied. “Wonderful article in the Times this morning by Lord Westerleys. He seems to have spent the last eighteen months absolutely hidden in the southern provinces of Abyssinia. Fellow must be a second Lawrence.”

“He's back in London then, is he?” Miss Mott inquired.

Her uncle nodded.

“He owns one of those fine houses in Berkeley Square,” he confided. “One of the most interesting men of modern days, I should think. The Westerleys have always been a brilliant family, but they say that this man, if he could have settled down, could have been anything. There is no man in the world,” he concluded, with a meditative gleam in his eyes, “with whom I would sooner have a half hour's conversation.”

“WHY don't you go and call on him?” Miss Mott suggested. “I expect he'd be very glad to see you.”

“He might,” her uncle mused. . . . “Have a busy morning?”

“Only two stupid callers—a man and his wife. The husband had recognized his wife's pseudonym in one of my replies to correspondents and came to ask me what his wife had written me about. Fools!”

Her uncle smiled and Miss Mott, too, relaxed. The cocktails had been excellent, so was the omelet which had subsequently been served.

“I think you're right,” she went on. “I shall have to give up this agency business. The fact that every now and then it pays wonderfully well doesn't atone for all the time it wastes and the silly people one has to talk to.”

“The day you finish with it finally,” her uncle promised, “I will make you a present of a thousand pounds. I hate the idea personally.”

“It might have been quite all right,” Miss Mott sighed, “if only I'd found the right sort of clients.”

“The right sort of clients come to the police if they're in trouble,” Superintendent Wragge told his niece. “The only ones who don't are the wrongdoers, and you don't want to help them, I suppose.”

“There is something rather attractive about a wrongdoer,” Miss Mott reflected wistfully.

Her uncle looked at her across the table with a queer expression in his strangely set eyes.

“The sooner you get that idea out of your head the better,” he admonished her. “Slushy sentiment, I call it. Worse than that—it does real harm. Perhaps you'd sympathize with the Western Street murderer?”

“Never heard about him,” Miss Mott confided.

“It was only last week,” her uncle recounted. “A harmless old man who made a fortune out of his shop—and committed the usual mistake of keeping too much of it in cash and bearer bonds—got bragging a little about it, I suppose, in the local pub, and when closing time came invited a stranger to go home with him and have a drink. The stranger strangled him in his sitting-room, emptied his safe, tidied up the place and was making his way from the house when he came face to face with a policeman, who challenged him. He shot the policeman through the chest and disappeared. He died this morning—the policeman. I've just come from the hospital. You'd sympathize with a brute like that, I suppose.”

“Of course I shouldn't! No one could. A cold-blooded criminal is too terrible. You've got him, I hope?”

SUPERINTENDENT WRAGGE glanced gloomily at his plate and, for the moment, his very excellent cutlets seemed to have lost their flavor.

“We haven't,” he admitted. “The policemen—fine fellow he was, too, and a married man—never recovered consciousness, and the descriptions we got of the murderer from the public house aren't worth a snap of the fingers. He'll get away, unless he trips up on a fluke.”

“Was it a gangster affair, do you think?” Miss Mott asked a little timidly.

Her uncle shook his head.

“No, it was a single-handed affair,” he confided. “They are always the most difficult. The gangsters are keeping pretty quiet.”

“Ten thousand pounds you offered for their chief, didn't you?” Miss Mott reflected. “It's a lot of money. I wonder whether anyone will ever earn it.”

Her uncle looked at her again, with that queer expression in his eyes. There were times when he wondered about this brilliant little relative of his.

“It would be money very well earned,” he said. “Our reports just now,” he continued, “are that the man we wanted, and whom I should think you would have felt glad to know was safely in prison, has got away. If no one takes his place, we rather expect the gang will break up.”

Miss Mott gazed greedily at the asparagus which was being served.

“Let us,” she suggested, “abjure crime for a while. We waste too much time talking shop. I've been offered a good place with the magazine. What do you think of that?”

“I'd rather you found a husband,” her uncle replied bluntly.

Whereupon the conversation became frivolous and ended without further reference to the criminal activities by which they were surrounded.

ON HER arrival at the office on the following morning Miss Mott discovered confusion. The commissionaire was absent from his box, the elevator man told a confused story of burglary, of which Miss Mott could make neither head nor tail, and her office, when she arrived at it, she found invaded by her youthful secretary, her typist, the commissionaire and a policeman. The safe door, which she had carefully locked before leaving, was open; her desk, which was always a miracle of neatness, was in complete disorder and, most curious thing of all, the wastepaper basket had been emptied upon the carpet and its contents scattered far and wide.

(Continued on page 30)

Want to Trade?

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

It's the old fight. Shall we build a Chinese wall around this country and live on our own fat, if any? Or shall we trade profitably with the rest of the world? You're the referee

Secretary Hull, ardent exponent of a broadened foreign trade policy

Dr. Henry Francis Grady (left), head of the Trade Agreements Section, with Francis Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS Collier's Staff Photographer

WITH all due regard for the NRA, the AAA, the RFC and other alphabetical agencies, the most important recovery job of the day is being done by a small body of unpublicized experts somewhat carelessly tucked away in odd corners of Washington's dingy old State building. It is the business of these gentlemen, forming what is known as the Trade Agreements Section, to sit around a table with the experts of other countries, and work out dickers that will enable the United States to regain foreign markets for the sale of industrial and agricultural surpluses.

It is true, of course, that apostles of isolation, preaching the gospel of American self-sufficiency, are bitter in their attack on the Trade Agreements Section. Bothering about foreign trade, in their opinion, is just waste effort, for never at any time did it amount to more than eight or nine per cent of our total trade. Even in 1929, a boom year, exports constituted only six per cent of our national income. How much better, they clamor, to build a Chinese wall, patrolled by a great navy, and concentrate on the development of domestic markets, forgetting the rest of the world.

Fine-sounding, to be sure, but rather flimsy stuff when subjected to the test of facts and figures presented by Dr. Henry Francis Grady, borrowed from the University of California by the State Department to head the Trade Agreements Section. As proved by the plain record, before 1930 America's total trade—imports and exports—amounted to nearly ten billion dollars every year. By 1933 the amount had shrunk to three billions. As Dr. Grady points out, that tremendous shrinkage explains crop curtailment, factories either closed down or else running half time, and some twelve million disemployed workers.

As for foreign trade constituting only eight or nine per cent of America's total trade, Dr. Grady demolishes the contention with statistics that have the crack of shrapnel. In many of our basic industries, exports run as high as fifty per cent of production. In the years between 1926 and 1930, nearly three fifths of our cotton crop was sold abroad, and a full half of our prunes, raisins, turpentine, rosin, tobacco and motorcycles was exported. To markets outside our borders went a third of our hog lard, copper, kerosene, sewing machines, typewriters, lubricating oils and printing and agricultural machinery.

Talking hard cash, Dr. Grady's data show that between 1929 and 1933, cotton exports dropped from $771,000,000 to $398,000,000, a shrinkage responsible for the South's loss of purchasing and employing power. In 1929 foreign countries bought over half a billion dollars' worth of American automobiles, trucks, busses, parts and accessories. By 1933 the amount had dwindled to less than one hundred millions. Prior to the erection of our tariff wall, Canada was the world's best purchaser of American products, buying $948,000,000 worth of goods from us in 1929. In 1933 the amount of Canada's purchases was $211,000,000.

In the matter of America's economic self-sufficiency, Secretary Hull and Dr. Grady make no bones about branding the claim as the hokum of politicians not above playing on ignorance and prejudice. The automobile industry, as an example, is largely dependent on raw materials from eighteen different countries. Furniture and hardware have to get various necessaries from twenty-five different countries; the leather industry from twenty-two, the grocery business from twenty-one, the radio industry from eighteen, and drugs and tobacco from twenty-seven.

America's Intelligence Test

According to Mr. Hull, Secretary of State, and Francis Sayre, the Assistant Secretary, the work of the Trade Agreements Section constitutes an intelligence test for every American. Either the campaign for the recovery of foreign markets must be backed up to the limit, and pushed forward to success, or we must make up our minds to accept crop restriction, dismantled factories and disemployment as a continuing and permanent part of our national life. There is no other choice. Another thing to be realized is that increased exports wait on increased imports. Foreign countries cannot buy from us unless they also sell to us.

In other days this might have been taken to mean free trade, but now it is nothing more than a simple business of reciprocal concessions, for the Trade Agreements Section operates under a law that gives the President the right to reduce rates of duty on foreign products as much as fifty per cent *if* and *when* it is to America's advantage. What we are now able to say to other countries is this: "You have things we want. We have things you want. Let's dicker. You tickle our back and we'll tickle yours."

Everything about it is scientifically exact, for associated with the Trade Agreements Section are the Departments of State, Treasury, Commerce and Agriculture, the NRA, the AAA and the Tariff Commission, all working as a unit to avoid conflict and cross pull. Countries are approached in the order of their importance to us, meaning that we will negotiate first with those nations that have been our best customers, and whose imports are the least competitive. Before conferences begin, the experts analyze past trade relations, and decide what concessions we mean to ask and what concessions we are willing to give, benefits being shrewdly balanced against disadvantages.

Up to date only two agreements have been signed, those with Cuba and Brazil, but negotiations are well under way with Colombia, Haiti, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Belgium, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Finland, Italy and Canada. It will be seen that all of these countries are open markets for our agricultural products, and their exports are not likely to conflict with our own production in any large degree.

The Cuban Agreement

The agreements with Cuba and Brazil are admirably illustrative of the procedure that will be followed, and the benefits that are expected. For years the United States was not only Cuba's best customer, but also her principal source of supply. We bought her sugar, rum and tobacco, and sold her foodstuffs and manufactured goods. The total trade between the two countries reached a high-water mark of $568,000,000 in 1923, and an all-time low in 1933 of $83,500,000. The indefatigable Dr. Grady dramatizes this loss by estimating that it is as though we had retired 817,000 acres of land from cultivation.

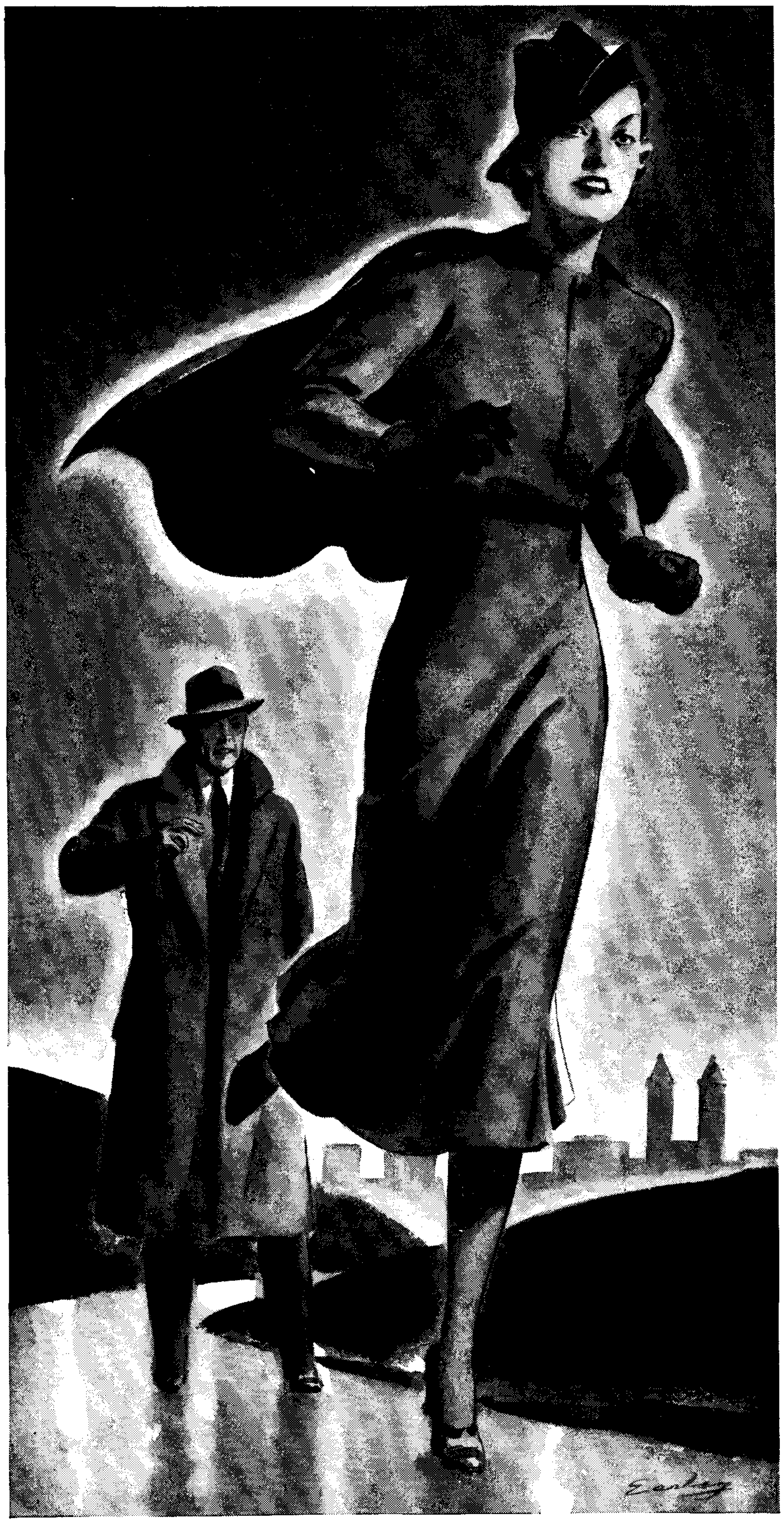
(Continued on page 37)

Princess to You

By Lucia Alzamora

The memorable story of a very fascinating lady, who knew the importance of preserving dreams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY



Before he could answer she was off, running as fast as she could

SHE never valued him. That is, perhaps, why her recurrent feeling that their meetings were important seemed so unreasonable. After she told him that her family disapproved of her seeing him, she would quite gladly never have thought of him again. At that time she was just past eighteen and she had known him two months.

Her name was Evelyn Hunt and suited her to perfection. She was one of those lovely, faint, long-legged girls whose course in life is generally straight as a die. Stephen Allen was one of the few things that ever disturbed Evelyn's. She first met him at an end-of-the-summer picnic that friends of hers were giving in Truro, and she saw at once, with a slight quickening of pleasure, that he liked her. She wasn't in any particular way attracted to this tall, hollow-cheeked person, but at that time in her life she was nice to every new man on general principle.

He stayed close to her all of the evening, first providing her with endless chicken sandwiches, for which she confessed a passion, and, later, stretched beside her on the moonlit beach, talking not of himself but of her.

"You are like the Far Princess," he said.

Years later, meeting him again, she remembered that when she reached home she had ransacked her father's library for the plays of Rostand. Finding the one she wanted, she had decided that Steve Allen's idea of her was all wrong, but she had liked his mistake well enough. She was very romantic.

When the picnic broke up he asked if he might take her home.

"Oh, thank you," she said, "but I'm going back with Bob Evans. I came with him."

"College boy," said Allen, with what seemed to her unnecessary force. For a brief, rude instant he turned on his heel, but then he swung back:

"Will you let me come to see you?"

"Why, of course," she said, "but we're leaving the Cape tomorrow."

"Do you live in New York?"

"Yes," she said, smiling.

"May I call on you there?"

"Why, of course."

THE next day, with painstaking relish, she described the whole evening to her best friend. Her considered judgment of Stephen Allen was that he was terribly intense. Both of them wondered, with an entirely feminine callousness, if he really would look Evelyn up in New York. Had he failed to, she would have forgotten him quickly except as someone in that dim category which most women keep buried in the backs of their heads. He would probably have been listed as the first older man who ever was nice to her.

As it was, when he telephoned at the end of ten days, he was already a little vague in her memory. But hearing and remembering his voice, she couldn't help thinking that she, herself, had had something to do with his early return to New York.

He asked if she would have dinner with him.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I can't. Why don't you come to tea on Sunday?"

She hated explaining to people that she couldn't go out with a man before her parents had met him. It always made her feel silly.

He was delighted to come to tea and, once there, was delighted with the old brownstone house.

"I'm glad you live in one of these," he said. "No one I know does any more."

"I was born here," said Evelyn Hunt.

There were no other guests that hot September Sunday, but she gave him tea in the long drawing-room downstairs.

He watched her pretty brown hands with critical approval.

"You do that very nicely for one so young."

"I should," said Evelyn. "I've had lots of practice."

"You're very sheltered and old-fashioned, aren't you?"

"I suppose I'm sheltered," said Evelyn. "I can't help that. But I'm not old-fashioned. The family is, though."

The room they sat in was proof enough. It hadn't been unshrouded for the winter, and its whole air was cool and camphorish. The slip covers on the chairs were striped natural linen with no ruffles on the bottom, and all the pictures were done up in cheesecloth. There was sheet music on the piano, and the dark, waxed floor was bare. It was amazingly pleasant.

EVELYN'S father, and then her mother, came in for their cups of tea. A strange thing happened. Until that moment it had been a natural, lazy afternoon, but with her parents' entrance Evelyn saw Stephen Allen change under her eyes. He sirred her tall, still youthful father ceremoniously, and sat on the edge of his chair, smiling brilliantly a smile of false young eagerness. Evelyn's breast filled with a strange discomfort which was almost an uneasy, uncomprehending pity.

Usually the parental inspection of her friends was so light and brief a thing as hardly to be noticeable. But not today. Today both of them sat there solidly, as if agreed they would not stir until the front door closed upon this guest. When he had gone, Mrs. Hunt said, "Where did you meet him, Evie?"

"You know," said Evelyn. "I told you. At that picnic the Andersons gave."

"Is he a friend of theirs?"

"Why, I don't know," said Evelyn.

Definitely, this was an awkward pause.

At last her father said, "I don't think I like him very much."

"Why not, Daddy?"

"He looks used up. Like a worn-out wastrel."

"Oh, darling," cried Evelyn, "you use such wonderful words!"

They sat there laughing. The strain was gone and nothing more was said about Stephen Allen.

During the next few weeks, however, he telephoned her often and, frequently, she saw him. Her father had never before said, "I don't like that man," but he had often pointed out that this or that was a silly boy, or wondered audibly what she could see in such unremitting idiots. She knew, without thinking very much about it, that his attitude toward Steve was different, but it never entered her head that her parents could seriously object to any of her friends.

SHE ended by considering Steve a friend. At first it was pleasant to know an extra man in a town so empty of her boon companions, and later he was there as a matter of course. Most people liked him and she found him an admirable escort. He never made love to her, which pleased her; but there was always the possibility that he might the next moment, which also pleased her. At the time that she knew him there were four or five other men—all much younger than Steve—whom she saw perhaps more frequently. For at least two of these she had some slight romantic feeling. Between Evelyn and Stephen Allen there was exactly nothing.

It was at the beginning of November

that Mr. Hunt came into his daughter's room while she was breakfasting. She rarely saw him in the morning, and so knew at once that something had happened. He settled himself at the foot of the bed.

"A good sleep, Evie?"

"A beautiful sleep," she said, and stretched precariously under the breakfast tray.

"I've got to talk to you," he said, "and I want you to listen."

Evelyn dipped the end of a roll in coffee and proved her upbringing by speaking elegantly with her mouth full.

"I'm listening, Daddy."

"It's about this man Allen," he said, and stopped. He was very uncomfortable.

"Look here, Evie," he began again, "I've never really played the heavy father and I don't want to begin now. But I've heard things about Allen which make me sure he's no friend for you. I'd rather you stopped seeing him."

"What sort of things have you heard?"

He winced a little, but he went on firmly.

"He drinks too much. He has a bad reputation where women are concerned, and he's just no good. Several people have spoken to me about your knowing him."

"BUSYBODIES," said Evelyn. "I've never seen him tight, and he's as respectful and thoughtful as anyone could be."

"I'm sure he is to you, my dear."

Evelyn smiled reluctantly.

"Don't you think this is pretty silly, darling? After all, I'm grown up, and I met him at the Andersons'."

Her father was watching her warily now, but he held his ground.

"They don't know anything about him. Someone took him there."

"You've been investigating!" cried Evelyn.

"Because I'm your father," he said.

Evelyn straightened suddenly against the pillows. She raised both hands and pushed back her hair.

"If I were to say I refused to stop seeing him, would you forbid it?"

"I'm afraid so," he answered slowly.

Evelyn leaned over her breakfast tray to pat his hand.

"It's all right," she said. "I'm not a bit in love with him. Nor he with me. I'll stop seeing him if you want me to."

She laughed a little at the relief in his eyes.

"I suppose if we'd cared for each other we'd have raised merry hell," she said. "I think Steve's nice, but I'm certainly not going to fight with my family about him." She stopped a moment, frowning. "You'll have to give me time," she said at last. "I'm not used to dropping people like hot potatoes."

"I should do it quickly," said her father. "But I'll let you manage your own affairs."

When he had gone, Evelyn reached for pen and paper and wrote a little note which told Steve Allen that she couldn't go to the theater with him tomorrow night.

She had broken dates with him before, but something in her phrasing must have warned him. He telephoned her early the next morning.

"Why can't you go to the theater?"

"I just can't," said Evelyn, suddenly incapable of a single good lie.

"There must be a reason."

"There isn't," she fenced. "I just have to stay home."

"Will you go on Friday?"

"Oh, Steve, I can't."

"On Monday?"

"Steve, I'm so sorry."

"Then when will you?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"When will you?"

There was no getting out of this. There was nothing to do but face it.

"I'll go for a walk tomorrow," she said.

"What time shall I call for you?"

"Don't call," said Evelyn quickly. "I'll meet you at four at the Plaza. Then we can walk in the park."

For a second the telephone in Evelyn's hand hung heavy with silence.

Then Steve said, "Oh, that's it. Very well, Evelyn, I'll be there."

HE WAS waiting for her, though she had made a point of being on time. As she came through the door, she had a moment of apprehension. He rose as she entered and she saw that his face looked tired and cold. Suddenly she realized how hard the next half-hour would be. She felt a little frightened.

"Hullo," he said quite naturally.

They walked silently into the dismal park. The day was dark and heavy and a sharp wind drove brown leaves and old newspapers up and down the paths. Evelyn wished that she had suggested Madison Avenue.

For a long time he walked without looking at her. He wore quite an unpleasant little smile. At last Evelyn put a hand on his arm.

"Steve," she said.

He stopped then, and turned to her.

"Well?" The smile was uncertain now.

"Steve, I'm so terribly sorry."

"Because you wouldn't go to the theater with me?"

He wasn't going to help her.

"No," said Evelyn. "I've broken dates before. Because I've got to stop seeing you."

"Why?"

"Oh, Steve," she said miserably, "I didn't want to tell you like this. I thought if I just said no enough you'd stop asking me to do things."

HE SAID, "I've always been such an inconvenient person."

For a clear instant she disliked him.

"It isn't me," said Evelyn. "It's Father. He thinks you're too old for me."

"That's not the truth, Evelyn."

She threw back her head a little.

"All right," she said. "If you will have it. He says you have a bad reputation and I can't go on seeing you."

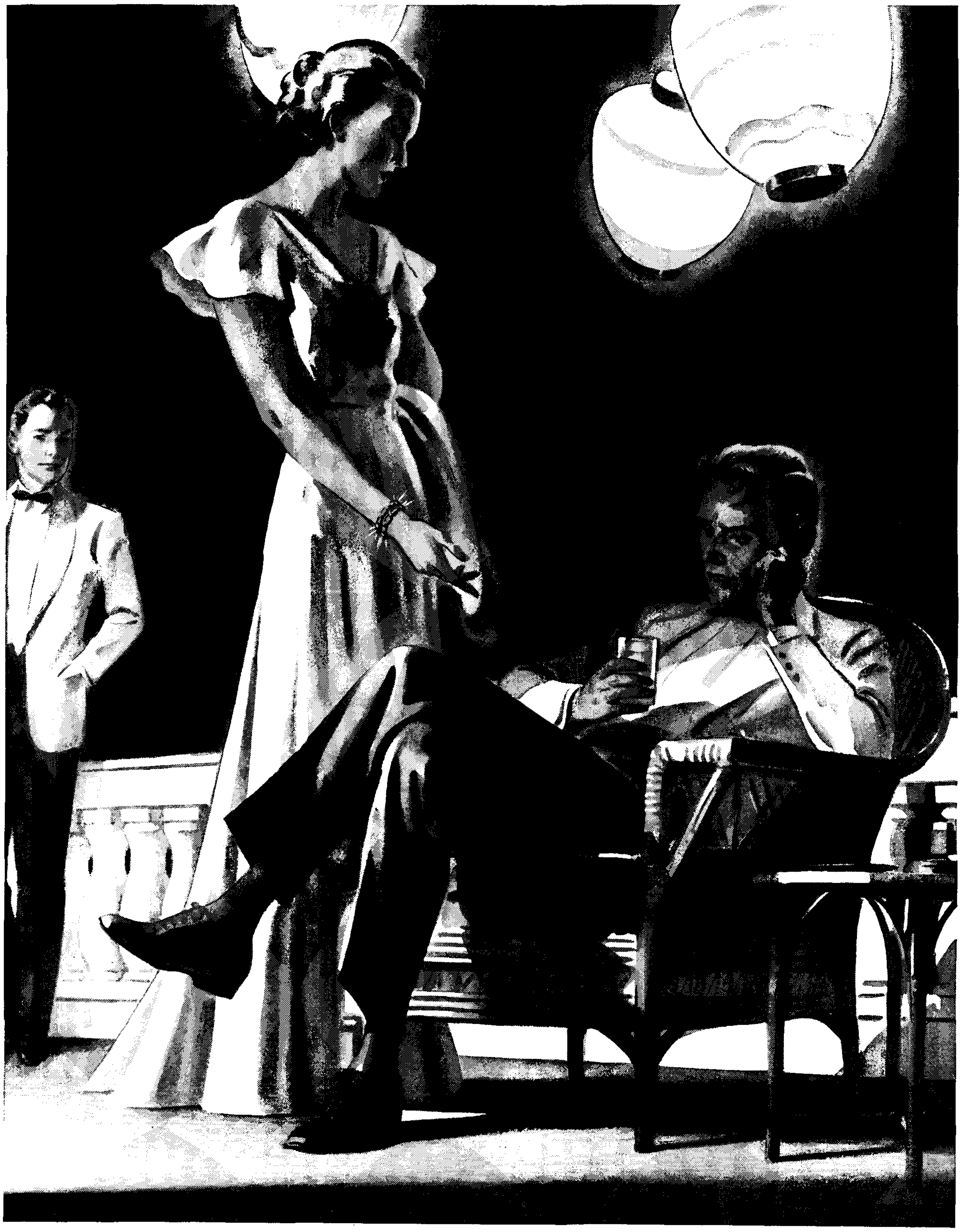
Stephen Allen took a deep breath. His whole body relaxed.

"I wanted to hear it from your sweet young lips," he said. "Stephen Allen is a dissolute drunkard. He isn't even very good about his debts. Mr. Charles Hunt has forbidden him his house. That's a new one. No one has ever forbidden me his house. Mr. Hunt's daughter agrees with him."

"I didn't say that," cried Evelyn. "I don't think it."

She put out her hands and caught his wrists desperately, as though to force his attention.

(Continued on page 64)



"I want to say good night, Steve," she said. He looked at the hand but he didn't take it

Dr. Socrates

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

BANDITS, led by the notorious Red Bastian and his aide, Lefty Croker, terrorize the country around the town of Big Bend. Croker is wounded. Entering Big Bend, late one night, with a woman known as "Dublin," he forces a young physician—Dr. Cardwell—to dress the wound, pays him generously, vows to kill him if he "squeals," and departs.

The following day, "The Minute Men of Wayne County"—led by Dr. Willis Ginder, who refers to Cardwell sarcastically as "Dr. Socrates" and whom Cardwell detests—begin operations. They plan to make war on the bandits. Cardwell becomes a member.

The young doctor, a recent arrival, is not popular. Living quietly in an old house presided over by Ma Ganson, his housekeeper, he does no back-slapping, curries favor with no one. But when Tom Suggs, wealthy and an enemy of Ginder, breaks his leg, he calls in Cardwell and, impressed by his skill, asks him to examine his ill niece, whom Ginder has pronounced "lazy."

Then comes a thrilling adventure. In broad daylight, two bandit-filled cars dash *into Big Bend. Amid a fusillade of bullets.* the Drovers National Bank is held up, robbed. The raiders dash away. Among the wounded is a girl—a stranger. Some insist that she was left by the bandits; others assert that she is a hitchhiker, a chance victim. Against the bitter protest of Ginder, who wants to arrest her, Cardwell takes her to his home. Ginder, heading a delegation of citizens, follows him, demands that the girl (her head merely grazed by a bullet) be turned over to him. Cardwell defies him. Furious, Ginder goes away.

Whereupon, the young doctor receives a shock. The girl has overheard the quarrel. She makes a cryptic remark. "You don't mean to say," Cardwell gasps, "that you *were* in one of those cars!" "Yes," the girl replies calmly, "*I was.*"

III

CARDWELL smiled slightly.

"Well, that's one on me."

"I want to explain everything to you, so you'll understand. Mrs. Ganson doesn't know anything about this. I was afraid to tell her, she's been so nice to me. To tell you the truth, I didn't want her to stop being nice. I'm not used to being treated this way and I like it."

"You don't mean to tell me you've been running around with men like Lefty Croker and Red Bastian!" Cardwell turned away to cough, wondering why his throat was so constricted.

The girl raised her eyebrows.

"Who are they? Oh, are they the bandits? Yes, there was a man with red hair. Such a fool, but funny. . . ."

Cardwell looked bewildered.

"Will you please explain?"

The girl shifted.

"Excuse me. Have you a cigarette? I've been dying for one all day, but I was afraid Mrs. Ganson wouldn't approve."

"She doesn't." Cardwell gave her a cigarette and lit it for her.

"Well, you see, I've been hitchhiking. . . ."

"What on earth for?"

The girl laughed slightly.

"Well, in the first place, I haven't any home. In the second place, I haven't any father or mother. In the third place, I haven't any money and I'm trying to get to California."

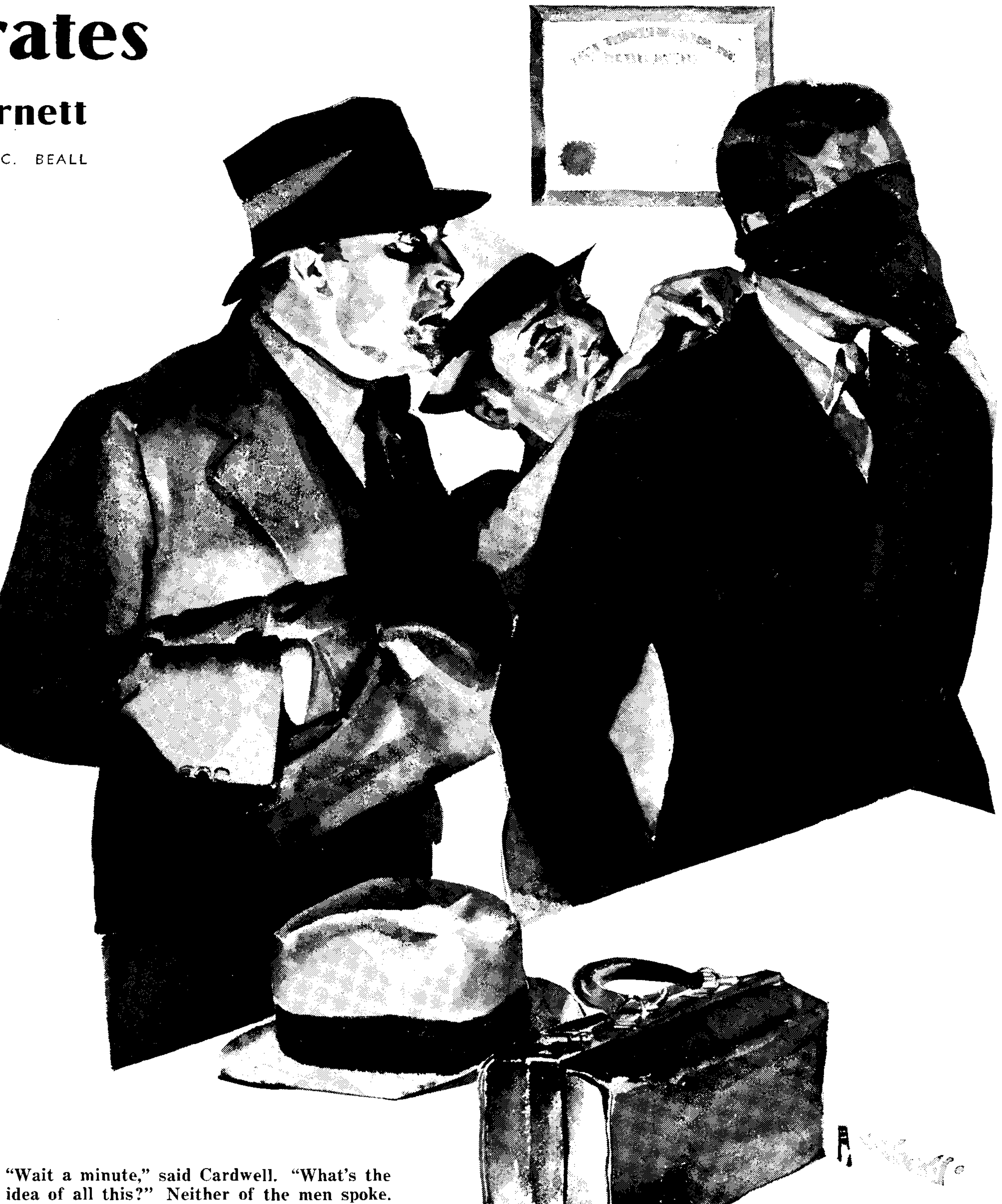
"Why California?"

"I've got a married brother out there. I thought he might sort of tide me over till I got work."

"How long have you been on the way?"

"About two weeks. My father died about a month ago."

"Had a lovely time, haven't you?"



"Wait a minute," said Cardwell. "What's the idea of all this?" Neither of the men spoke. Al tied a handkerchief across Cardwell's eyes

"Pretty bad. I had no idea it would be so bad. I read a book by a girl hitchhiker and it wasn't so bad in the book. The worst thing was the men."

"I can imagine."

"Otherwise I got along pretty well. But just as soon as a man sees you hiking along he thinks . . . well, I guess I don't have to tell you."

"No. You don't have to."

"After one experience, I never rode any more with men. I mean with men alone. I never thumbed a car unless there were women in it. They were pretty scarce, though, on the open road, and most of them wouldn't stop. Men riding with their wives or girls aren't very much interested in you. It's the men by themselves that will always give you a lift. I mean, always!"

"Very interesting. It must give you a nice outlook on life."

"Lovely. Well, I heard that the Drury Post Road always had plenty of traffic, so I left Cold Springs to thumb my way to Carsonville, where they have a sort of hotel for girls with no homes. They'll only keep you for a few days and you have to work for your keep. But you'd be surprised how much it rests you just to stay in one place for a while. By the way, Carsonville's south of here about sixty miles, isn't it? I've got to be thinking about that."

"It's about eighty miles."

"OH, YES. I remember. Well, I was trying to thumb a ride outside of Cold Springs when along came a great big touring-car with four men and two women in it. It was a big seven-passenger car. The red-haired man was driving it then."

"Red Bastian?"

"I suppose so. Well, he stopped the car and looked at me, grinning. There was a woman in the front seat with him. He turned to her and said: 'Sink, get in the back seat. I got a real dame to ride with me.' I'm sure he kept saying 'Sink.' Isn't that a funny name for a woman?"

"Funny name for anybody."

"Well, they all acted so strange that I sort of hesitated, but the red-haired man was so cheerful and harmless-looking, and anyway there were two women in the car. I got in. One of the women said: 'Red, you're crazy.' But he told her to be quiet; then we started off. He drove so fast and the wind whistled so that I had to close my eyes. Pretty soon he asked me where I was headed for and I told him. He said: 'Well, we'll take you as far as Big Bend. We're going right to the main corner.' And they all laughed.

"Dr. Cardwell, it was just like a nightmare. They all acted like lunatics, and the woman they called 'Sink' took out a cigar and lit it and talked in a deep voice, trying to imitate a man, and they all roared. Pretty soon this red-haired man put his arm around me and said: 'Well, baby, instead of going to Carsonville how'd you like to come with me and lead a life of crime?' I just laughed and moved away from him. He wasn't troublesome at all; nothing nasty about him. He just seemed like a big bumpkin; you know what I mean. . . ."

The girl paused and got Cardwell to toss her cigarette out the window. He laughed.

"This is the wildest story I ever heard."

"Isn't it? I don't believe it myself.

Well, the red-haired man kept talking to me and asking me how I'd like to stay with him. He said he'd shoot his girl, Sink, and I could take her place. Everybody roared so loudly that I began to wonder how I was going to get out of this mess. But pretty soon Sink leaned forward and said: 'Getting close, Red. Better let me drive.' They never slacked up a bit. Red moved over and this girl climbed over the seat and took the wheel. She was still smoking that cigar. One of the men said: 'Better let that Tommy out, Red. Ain't much time left.' But he said: 'No, she's going to be my gal. I want her to see the fun.' Then he turned to me and said: 'Listen, baby. No matter what happens just sit tight.' But I didn't. Just as soon as those other men started to shoot I jumped out and ran."

THERE was a long silence. Cardwell lit a cigarette and sat watching the smoke rise from it.

"Well," he said at last, "that story might get you in a lot of trouble. I believe it myself. But this town is pretty much upset. We'll forget the story. You were just an innocent bystander, that's all. They always seem to get shot. By the way, you've never been in any trouble of any kind, have you?"

"Why, no."

"All right. Now you go to sleep. We'll talk things over in the morning."

The girl smiled.

"Thank you very much. I know I'm a lot of bother. But I'll get moving pretty soon."

"You're no bother at all." Cardwell turned to go, but hesitated. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Josephine Gray. Most everybody calls me Jo."

Cardwell started for the door.

"What's your name?" called the girl. "I mean, haven't you any first name? Mrs. Ganson is always talking about Dr. Cardwell this and Dr. Cardwell that. I began to think you were about fifty. You see, I never really got a good look at you till now. You're a lot younger than I thought you were."

Cardwell cleared his throat and stood looking at the girl. For some reason he was deeply pleased. She lowered her eyes and smiled slightly.

"Well, my name's Lee. But I haven't heard it for a long time."

"Good night, Lee."

CARDWELL entered the Suggs home with some misgivings. No matter what anybody said, a man that paid his money out for a doctor expected results. He had heard enough about Caroline Suggs' case to feel pretty sure that he would have as little success with her as the other doctors had had. After all, she was nearly twenty-five and had been ill for four years. He anticipated failure, and it was very important to him that he should not fail. Lately he had been taking stock. He was almost thirty, and aside from a deranged nervous system, his constitution was pretty sound. He had perhaps thirty or forty years ahead of him and, unless he succeeded in his profession, no prospects.

He'd have to stop mooning. A few more years of drifting, and he'd be one of those pathetic wrecks who end inevitably in the poorhouse. He'd have to pull up his belt while there was still time. It wasn't a matter of morality or ethics or anything of the kind; it was a mere matter of survival.

The Suggs family was prominent in the county and, better still, both Tom and Ben were avowed enemies of his only rival in the town, Doc Ginder. Success with Caroline Suggs might mean the turning point in his life. It was no good blaming Big Bend for his lack of success. The roots lay entirely in himself. Most towns were alike.

The maid took his hat and led him back into a big sunny room, where he saw a young woman sitting in an easy chair with her feet on an ottoman. She had on a thick bathrobe and she had her feet wrapped in a blanket. He bowed slightly and said:

"Miss Suggs?"

THE woman put down the book she was reading and looked up. Her features were well-cut but plain; her cheeks slightly sunken. She had very pretty curly dark hair, but her lips were thin and her eyes rather small. She hastily took off her glasses. This sudden movement surprised Cardwell, as she seemed so very languid and apathetic.

"Dr. Cardwell? I'm Caroline. Sit down, please."

He sat down. She studied his face for a moment, then pretended to be preoccupied with a beautiful big shawl, which she was draping about her shoulders.

"I suppose," she said, "that Dad has been discussing me at great length."

"No. He merely mentioned the fact that you'd been slightly ill for some time."

"Slightly ill!" Caroline laughed unpleasantly. "I've practically died half a dozen times."

"Heart?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

Cardwell smiled.

"I've had the same trouble myself."

"You?" Caroline sat up quickly and stared at him. Realizing that the movement had been abrupt, she sat back slowly and languidly.

"Your trouble, I believe, seems to be principally nerves. Is that right?"

"That's part of it. All the doctors say it's merely functional — that there's nothing really wrong. But I know!"

"Of course. You naturally would know better than a doctor. You have to do the suffering."

"Yes," said Caroline, smiling, "you're right. That's the first sensible thing I've ever heard a doctor say."

"It seems obvious to me. Too many doctors rely on objective symptoms alone. They have no patience with something they can't see or understand. In my opinion, they've bungled your case badly. Of course, I'm merely judging from appearances and from a few things your father said. It looks to me very much as if you had been a martyr to stupidity. You should have been on your way to recovery long ago." Cardwell was feeling his way carefully, trying to say just the right thing. He was pretty certain that Caroline Suggs was the common or garden variety of nervous patient, and he knew that one wrong word might turn her against him and spoil all his chances. His hands were sweating and he was rather agitated, but he tried to make his voice sound both confident and sympathetic.

"You're quite right. Everybody seems so stupid."

"I would say from casual observation that you were extremely sensitive; different from other people. To most doctors a patient is a patient. You need special consideration."

"That's what I've always told father."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Horsefeathers!' or some other of his elegant expressions. No one has ever had any patience with me. The Suggses are all oafs, the men, I mean."

"There are two kinds of people in the world—the sick and the well. They never understand each other. Looking at your father, I'd say he was extremely healthy."

"Now we'd like one sitting down, please. There. Just right"

"Oh, yes. They all are. My cousins, my uncle and my brothers, and even my two married sisters. I've always been delicate."

CARDWELL studied her guardedly. Aside from her slightly sunken cheeks, she did not look delicate; quite the opposite. Active and sure of herself, she would have been a good example of the mid-western woman, in appearance at least.

"You know," he said, "I wouldn't worry about my heart at all if I were you."

"No?"

Cardwell hesitated. By her quick reaction to this statement he felt pretty sure that this was her chief worry. He felt that dogmatism was indicated.

"A person as young as yourself seldom has anything organically wrong with the heart. Mine used to worry me a good deal; it used to turn over with a flop, or I thought it did. I was sure I was dying. But it was nerves pure and simple. I never think about it at all now. If it seems to miss fire, I ignore it. You see, my nervous system was unduly strained at one time. That's all there is to it. Absolutely nothing to worry about."

Much to his amazement, Cardwell saw, while he was talking, an almost unbelievable change coming over Caroline. Her eyes were brighter; there was a little color in her cheeks; she was sitting up now. The shawl had fallen down unnoticed; she had withdrawn her feet from the blanket.

"Yes," she cried, leaning forward. "That's it. My heart often turns over just like that. I'm always in bed for two or three days afterwards. Are you sure it's nothing but nerves?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, why hasn't someone told me all this before?"

"I can't imagine." Cardwell spoke sharply and confidently. "Take my word for it. You have nothing whatever to worry about. You are just naturally sensitive, that's all."

CARDWELL was sweating with effort. Taking out his handkerchief, he noticed that his own hands were shaking slightly. This wouldn't do at all. He put back the handkerchief and, getting up abruptly, began to pace back and forth.

"Oh," said Caroline, "I feel much better already."

"If I were you, I'd get out every day. Go up town. Do some shopping. Buy a new hat. Go to a movie. . . ."

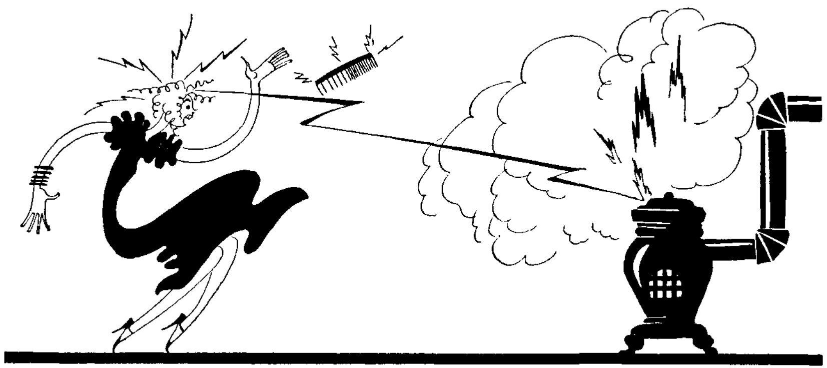
"Yes, there's a movie in town now I'd like to see. My sister Kate always goes, then tells me about it. You know," she went on, smiling, "I was always afraid I might have an attack. Wasn't I foolish?" Her face fell. "But I do get so tired when I move around much."

"It doesn't hurt anybody to get tired. A little rest and you're as good as new. The fear of fatigue is much worse than fatigue itself."

"Oh, you say the smartest things, and I believe you're quite right."

"I know I am. I know I am."

When Cardwell left the house, he was shaking like a man with the ague. Luckily, he had got out in time. Caroline had noticed nothing, intent on her own problem; and the maid did not so much as glance at him. He got into his car and sat for a moment trying to compose himself. Could anything be funnier? Stepping on the starter, he muttered: "Physician, heal thyself!" But in spite of this, he felt a certain amount of elation. He was getting back into his old-time form. Caroline was responding as those rich Chicago women used to respond. She wasn't out of the woods yet



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Some human beings become charged with an astonishing amount of static electricity, which is only seen in the form of discharges on combing hair or touching metal. There are cases on record in which these sparks were so strong that they accidentally ignited coal gas and even vapors emanating from paint remover and rubber cement.

The English language today contains more than 455,000 live words, yet only 43 of them comprise one half of all the words that are spoken and written by those who use this tongue.—*By Russell Bailey, Youngstown, Ohio.*

In a recent general election of local and district representatives held throughout Russia, one third of the successful candidates were women. Even in the capital, the great masculine city of Moscow, women were elected to 700 of the 2,100 offices.

One of the greatest deep-sea divers in the world is Smolnikov of Russia. Long will he be remembered for his remarkable work in October, 1933, in the raising of the icebreaker Sadko, which had been sunk for 17 years in Kandalak Bay in the White Sea. Equipped only with a flexible rubber suit, he worked in ice-cold water at a depth of 80 feet for periods lasting as long as seven and a half hours.

The sun does not tan and darken the skin of all light-colored races. Many of them such as the Chinese, the Sandwich Islanders and the Fuegians of South America, find that their skin, unlike ours, fades when exposed to sunlight and consequently they are several shades lighter in the summer than in the winter.—*By Ray Holland Jr., Kenmore, New York.*

Sound waves or "super-sonic" notes that are too high to be heard by the human ear can kill animals as well as bacteria. In a recent experiment, these waves quickly put an end to several mice by literally congealing their blood.

At least one quarter of the world's population, living in approximately 20 countries, attaches no stigma of birth to the illegitimate child. Among these 500,000,000 people, all children —however begotten—are given the same social and legal status under existing civil and religious laws.

Although most pearls do not vary greatly in size, there is a tremendous difference between the smallest and the largest ones in existence. They range all the way from "dust pearls," which weigh less than 1-25th of a grain, up to the giant "paragons," one of which weighs 337 grains, or 8,500 times more than the average small pearl.

The interdependence of all groups in a nation is illustrated by the amusing claim that the strength and prowess of England is indirectly in the hands of its rural spinsters. They keep the cats that kill the field mice that eat the bumblebees that fertilize the red clover that is needed by the cattle that produce the good beef that builds the brawn of the country.

In 16th-century France, gambling in law suits was not uncommon. One man would bring a civil action against another, usually without justification, for the purpose of selling the case, when he had the advantage, to a professional plaintiff who would gamble on winning it through the inimitable lying of his own staff of "witnesses."—*By C. C. Lawrence, Wollaston, Massachusetts.*

Oil and water can be mixed—perfectly. Today castor oil is being subjected to several chemical processes which render it completely dissoluble in water and makes possible a desirable solution that will soon be used extensively by the textile industry in the finishing of cotton and rayon fabrics.—*By K. C. Everett, Danielson, Connecticut.*

Hameln, Germany, is certain some important event is responsible for its legend of "The Pied Piper," who supposedly freed the town of rats and, in revenge for not being paid, kidnaped 130 of its children on June 26, 1284. Not only are there numerous records dated from that year and several monuments and a building to commemorate the episode, but the town has held annual memorial celebrations for the past 650 years and still maintains mechanical figures on the city hall which enact the story every hour.—*By T. W. Macdonald, Washington, D. C.*

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by any means; she'd have relapses, due to doubt and fear; but with a little care he'd get her back on her feet, and then the story would go around and things would be different in Big Bend.

He was lost in thought when he turned down his own street, but he immediately became alert. There was a crowd before his house; hordes of kids were running about, shouting.

He parked his car as close to his house as he could, then he jumped out and hurried up the sidewalk.

Josephine Gray was standing on the top step. Ma had got her a cheap dark dress and some shoes and stockings. Cardwell hardly knew her. Her thick, light hair was nicely combed; she looked slim and straight and rather tall in the dark dress. He noticed how small her feet seemed in the high-heeled shoes. "Why . . . why . . ." he stammered. Half a dozen newspaper photographers were taking pictures of her. She seemed slightly embarrassed, but smiled docilely when they told her to.

"Right nice-looker," somebody at Cardwell's elbow said. "Do you reckon she really . . ."

"Shhh!"

THE man subsided, looking a little scared as Cardwell glared at him.

"Now we'd like one sitting down, please. There. Just right. Now, I hate to mention it, Josephine, but how about the dress a little higher?"

"Wait a minute!" cried Cardwell, running between the cameras and the girl. "What are you trying to do, make a circus out of this?" He turned sharply and said to Josephine: "Get up. Don't sit there like that." She got up, flushing slightly.

"Now wait a minute, Doc."

Cardwell turned, exasperated. All the cameras clicked.

"Now how about another one, Doc. This is an important case. The government's already got their boys on the job. Don't get sore, Doc. I understand they exonerated the girl this morning. We just want a little human interest story, with pictures. Any objections?"

Cardwell turned.

"Miss Gray, would you mind going in the house?"

The girl turned and went in. Somebody snickered and a man on the edge of the crowd said:

"Her master's voice."

"Riffraff!" cried Ma Ganson, coming up to Cardwell. "Doctor, I been doing my best but they simply wouldn't take no for an answer. I'm glad you came."

"Aw, Doc," said one of the photographers, "have a heart. The newsreel boys will be here this afternoon. You'll have to give in, anyway."

"Would you mind getting out of my yard?"

The photographers picked up their cameras reluctantly.

"Can you beat this guy? What a dud he turned out to be."

Gradually the crowd drew away, following the photographers, who walked to their cars, then stood arguing. Little boys, once safely outside, began to yell at Cardwell and make faces. One woman in a dirty house dress sniffed and said loudly:

"Riffraff, eh! Well, I wouldn't want that kind of girl in my house."

The hubbub finally subsided. The photographers drove away one by one.

"It seems to me," said Cardwell, "that you could have kept those men out."

Ma stiffened.

"I did my best. But after all I don't see what harm it's going to do for a pretty girl like her to have her picture in the paper."

Cardwell said nothing. He turned, went into the hall and hung up his hat, then he hurried into his own room and shut the door.

When Ma brought his lunch he was absorbed in a book on neurology and did not look up.

"Dr. Cardwell," said Ma, "excuse me for talking the way I did. But I think you were a little unreasonable. . . ."

"Unreasonable! Why, it made me positively sick to see her up there smirking for those idiots."

"You hurt her feelings. You shouldn't talk to a young girl like that. No woman likes to be yelled at. I was hoping she would stay."

Cardwell shut his book sharply.

"Stay? Isn't she going to stay?"

"Why should she? They exonerated her. She's free to do as she pleases."

"Of course."

"I'm sorry, because I could use her here. I'm not as young as I used to be. She's a lot of help to me. A girl like her oughtn't to be running about the country alone."

"Well, talk to her."

"Oh, I talked myself hoarse. It's no use. She says now is her best chance. One of them photographers told her he'd take her to Carsonville as soon as she wanted to go."

Cardwell jumped up.

"One of those . . . why, she couldn't trust one of those apes. Where is she? I'll talk to her. If she must go, I'll take her myself. It's not much of a trip."

"She wouldn't even take the clothes we bought for her. She put them on to get her picture taken, though. And you had to spoil it. A young girl likes to get her picture taken."

Cardwell had begun to shake. He leaped across the room in two strides and jerked open the door. The girl was standing in the hallway, dressed in her hiking clothes.

"Lee," she said, "I'm sorry I made a circus out of your house. I didn't realize how it looked. I'm going to run along now."

"But . . . but . . ."

"Dr. Cardwell wants you to stay," said Ma. "I told him what a help you were around the house."

"Oh, he's just trying to be nice now. I saw what he thought of me a little while ago."

"Oh," cried Cardwell, "I was just a little excited. I'd been on a case. I . . . say, you haven't any money."

"I don't need any. One of the cameramen said he'd take me to Carsonville."

"If you must go, I'll take you."

"I wouldn't think of it. I've been too much trouble already. Goodby. Goodby, Mrs. Ganson. Thanks for everything."

"Goodby, lamb," said Ma, kissing her.

THE girl turned quickly and went out. Cardwell stood pulling at his hair. Ma tapped her foot for a moment, watching Cardwell, then she started up the stairs, remarking:

"Well, you don't see girls like her every day. You better go eat your lunch, Dr. Cardwell."

"Yes, I guess I . . ."

He started for his room, but hesitated, then he turned, took his hat from the rack and went out the front door. Ma chuckled.

The girl had only got about a block away. She was walking slowly and from time to time she looked back over her shoulder. When she saw Cardwell coming, she increased her pace. He hurried along, cursing himself under his breath.

"What's got into me?" he muttered. "Running around this way after a little hitchhiker. Well, darn it all, I feel some responsibility for her. I found her. I patched her up. Why should I let her get mixed up with one of those newspaper gorillas? She ought to stay here with us till we can get word to her brother."

"Hey!" he called.

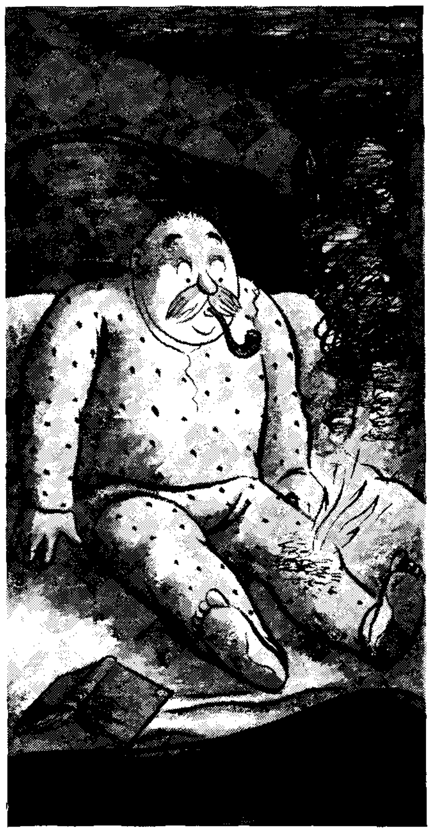
(Continued on page 44)

Almost as Good

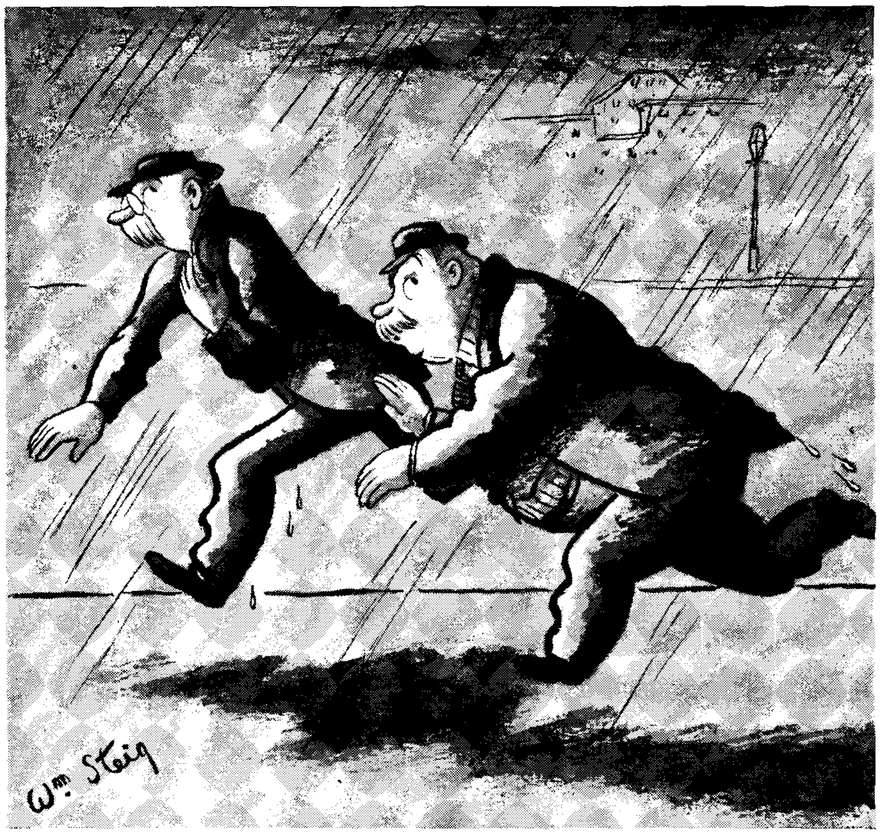
By T. R. Ybarra

Suits that turn to pulp in the rain, coffee that tastes like diluted dishwater, soap that dissolves latherlessly—these are some of the inconvenient consequences of Germany's proud boast of self-sufficiency. But, as she strikes back at the boycott, her inventive genius is hard at work. Meanwhile here's life among the substitutes

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



Erzatz pajamas increase the fire hazard for those who smoke in bed



Those who wear clothes of the new synthetic fabrics find it wise to come in out of the rain quickly

LET us take the case of Fritz Ersatz, typical 100 per cent Nazi Aryan Hitlerist German.

Not for him any more kowtowing to anti-German, anti-Hitler foreign countries, which erect tariff barriers and operate boycotts against German goods! He is heart and soul in favor of the big battle, now being waged in grim earnest throughout Germany, to win commercial independence from such countries. He has vowed to encourage the movement in his native land for decreasing imports of foreign raw materials by wearing, eating, drinking and otherwise utilizing domestic products, to the exclusion—in so far as it is within his power—of everything produced by nations hostile to Adolf Hitler.

Let us watch Fritz as he rises from his bed on a cold Berlin morning.

Ah, it is a 100 per cent German bed! —made of German wood and German metal—a fact which brings from him a deep grunt of satisfaction. Soon, however, he scowls—the sheet and blanket which he throws off his Teutonic limbs are *only partly* homemade! In them, along with a considerable portion of the newfangled synthetic materials upon which Fritz and his fellow Nazis largely rely for driving away foreign wares, are cotton and wool from horrid, Hitler-hating lands—some, doubtless, from the United States, home of the most active of anti-Hitler boycotts!

Fritz's scowl deepens. It deepens again as he removes his pajamas. Only 75 per cent synthetic!

But he cheers up in the bathtub. Teutonic through and through, that bathtub. The soap also is fairly satisfactory; for Fritz has taken care to buy a brand almost entirely free from imported fats. Indeed, it is so completely German, so extremely synthetic, that, when he takes his eyes off it for a minute, it melts completely, leaving only a few bubbles and a sand-like sediment to show that it ever existed.

Patriotism at Its Purest

Of a somewhat similar kind is the near-German soap for Fritz's shave. But—what of it? Patriotism is patriotism! And he smiles as he reflects that his razor and razor blade are not only completely German but perfectly satisfactory. Likewise toothbrush and tooth paste, hairbrush and comb.

He begins to dress. As each garment takes its place on his frame, he ruefully remembers that not one of the lot is 100 per cent right. Underclothes, shirt, socks, coat, vest, trousers—all owe some percentage of themselves to products of foreign countries, which the Third Reich, despite concentrated endeavors, has not yet succeeded in banishing from its factories.

Fritz cheers up a bit when he gets to his shoes. By careful investigation he has found a Nazi cobbler who makes shoes entirely of domestic leather. But that cobbler took some finding! Nearly all the shoes in Germany nowadays are either rich in foreign leather or compounded of shoddy domestic substitutes, which have an annoying trick of turning into blotting paper on wet streets, or going out of business altogether if placed too near a radiator.

When he sits down to breakfast a smile spreads slowly over the face of Fritz Ersatz.

German spoon. German knife. German fork. Plate, cup, saucer—all German. German bread. German butter. German sugar. Just the right kind of breakfast for a 100 per cent Nazi Aryan, who wants to cut loose from a world which refuses to understand and appreciate Der Führer. Fritz's day is beginning well, after all. Still smiling, he bites off a big chunk of bread-and-butter, lifts to his lips a cup filled with—

"Pfffff!—" He almost spits out the first mouthful of black fluid from that cup. True to his uncompromising Germanism, he has long ago given up drinking imported coffee and taken to one of the various imitation beverages, now on sale all over Germany, all of which, to real coffee lovers, are dreadful stuff. Not even Fritz can pretend to like them. But—no matter! "Heil Hitler!" Heroically, he drinks that cupful of synthetic coffee to its bitter dregs.

Rising, he puts on his overcoat. Alas—only partly German! He puts on his hat. Ha—100 per cent German again! In the Fatherland today, for ardent Nazis like Fritz, there are hats made from the skins of warranted pan-German rabbits or hares, owing nothing whatever to the outside world. Again feeling consoled for previous contributions to the pockets of foreigners, Fritz emerges from his front door, proceeds to his garage, and climbs into his little automobile.

German? Well, most of it is. And whatever is not—a part here and there, *hidden from sight*—is *so insignificant* that the dealer who sold it to Fritz told him the whole thing had been made in Germany and Fritz believed him.

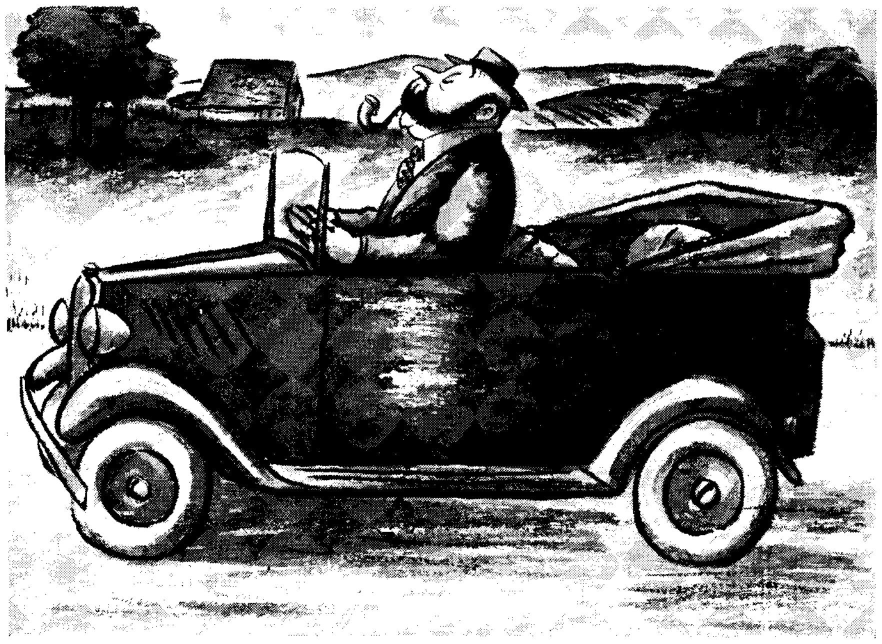
Front-Line Fighters

Sitting back in patriotic contentment, Fritz grasps the wheel. From the machine come a German chug and a German buzz—for it is propelled entirely by the new synthetic German homemade fuel, derived from German coal, without any help whatsoever from foreign oil interests.

Champions of Germany's great drive

(Continued on page 58)

Germany is almost self-sustaining in the matter of food



German progress in motor-fuel substitutes encourages her to hope for complete independence of oil imports

What's Wrong with American Tennis

By Fred J. Perry

Annually since 1927 our best tennis team has sailed for Europe determined to bring home the prized Davis Cup. Annually since 1927 it has returned empty-handed. Why? Fred Perry, British and American champion, believes he has the answer. Here it is

ON a certain day last June the American Davis Cup team sailed for Europe, with the good wishes of its followers. Its last words on leaving New York were:

"We shall bring back the Cup this year!"

One famous player went so far as to predict that "Australia will take care of Japan" and the Americans would take care of Australia—then for Great Britain! That gentleman had three guesses—and he proved correct in two.

Each year since 1927 the Americans have gone to Europe with the firm conviction that they would win back the Davis Cup, put into competition three decades ago, held by the Americans from 1920 until 1927, when the French won it at Philadelphia. So far the Americans have gone to Europe every year, it is true. But they have yet to bring home the bacon. France held the trophy for six years while England is holding it for the second year.

It is a well-known fact that the odds against the United States wresting it from France were very heavy, as the type of tennis your team plays was absolutely unsuited in all respects to the sanded surface of the courts at Roland Garros Stadium in Paris. This fact is borne out by results. Each year, practically without exception, there has been an American champion in the Wimbledon championships, yet less than two weeks later, also without exception since 1927, that champion and that team have been unable to win the three points necessary to capture the Davis Cup.

Why should the American players be so good on grass, yet so comparatively hopeless on hard courts?

A grass court calls for service and speed—the other surface requires much steadiness off the ground and a sound basis of stroke production. For the *en-tout-cas*, or sanded court, a player must be able to keep the ball in play endlessly, while on grass the so-called hit-and-rush methods come into their own.

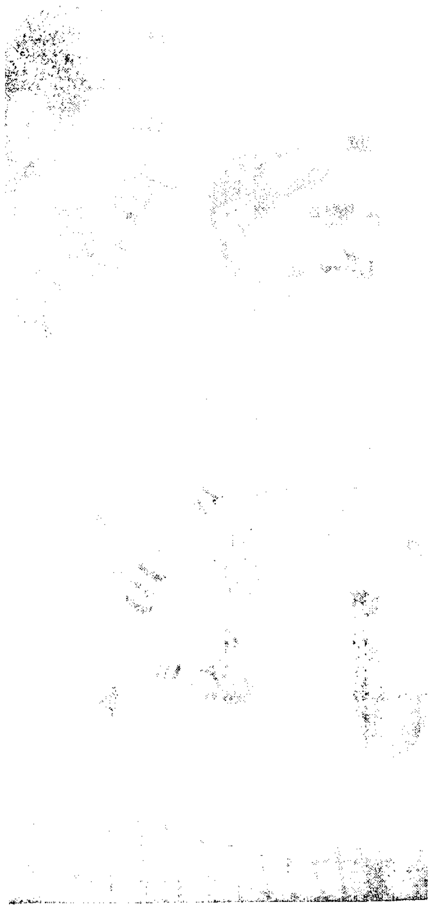
The Most Important Factor

Before trying to analyze the reasons, whether cumulative or otherwise, for recent failures of the Americans in Davis Cup play (after all, that is the only time they've failed and unfortunately it has been the most inopportune time), there is one reason which stands out above all others.

I believe that neither the American players themselves, nor the American public generally, fully appreciate how good my teammate, "Bunny" Austin, can be in England. Over here, I will grant, he has not reached his heights because neither the climatic nor playing conditions suit him in the least bit. He does not like playing in America—though he has been very popular on his visits to your country—so he cannot be expected to produce his best tennis on your side of the Atlantic. The same situation applied to the Americans in Paris—they did not enjoy playing there and they did not produce their best tennis.

The difference between the Austin of Europe and the Austin of America is more than the difference between the amateur Vines in America and the Vines of Paris. The sooner the American players realize that Bunny Austin at Wimbledon must be rated in the world's three best the better it will prove to be for America's Davis Cup hopes.

Wilmer Allison, left, ugly duckling of international tennis last year, but still very much on top. With him is Sydney Wood, Jr.



Fred Perry, British and American singles champion, who finds tennis in America of a higher grade than in any other country

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Let us here try to draw a comparison between the training methods favored by the British and those by your own players —to my mind a very important factor. Austin is a player who requires a reasonable amount of practice. Pat Hughes and Harold Lee, other members of our squad, play a reasonable amount but get most of their practice in a few tournaments. I myself play a great deal of tennis and actually practice little. I gain needed practice in my matches.

Now, before the 1934 Davis Cup matches, we were very careful as to the amount of practice we put in—particularly as we had just taken part in the Wimbledon championships and had engaged in a team match against the Japanese. So we played comparatively little before the challenge round against the United States.

On the day before our clash with the Americans, Austin used the center court at Wimbledon for about forty-five minutes in all. I was on the court for the "long period" of exactly fifteen minutes. Quite the contrary to our own methods were those of the Americans. They played only once throughout their stay in England—and that was *all the time.* They were on the courts from morning until night, practicing like

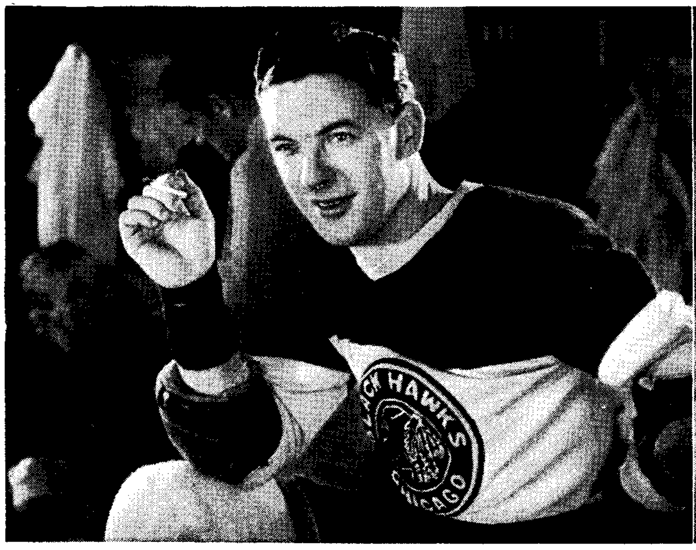
(Continued on page 56)

WE ASKED LEADERS IN WINTER SPORTS:

"Is this fact important to You?"—

Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos..Turkish and Domestic..than any other popular brand

(SIGNED) *R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.*
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



ENERGY! "Camel's 'energizing effect' is a great thing for any one who is active," says Paul Thompson, right wing and high scorer of the world-champion Chicago Black Hawks hockey team. "When I come off the rink, dead tired, there's just one thing I want—a Camel!"

HEALTHY NERVES! "Streaking through an icy bob run demands nerves of steel," says Ray Stevens, North American Bob-Sled Champion. "After the last heat, I light a Camel and enjoy smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!"

FLAVOR! —Jack Shea, Champion Speed Skater: "Camels taste so good! With me they get the nod every time. For sheer pleasure, there's nothing like a Camel."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

VALUE! —"I'm just an interested winter sports fan," says Edward Kent. "But I'm with Jack Shea and Ray Stevens when it comes to Camels! I 'get a lift with a Camel' when I'm tired. The fact that tobaccos of a choicer quality are used explains why Camels are so pleasing and never jangle my nerves. It means a lot to me that millions more are spent for the tobaccos used in Camels."

MILDNESS! Betty Chase, expert skater, gives this answer: "Camels are so mild and appealing! And to me it's a very important fact that Camels use finer and choicer tobaccos."

Waste No Words

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

AT THREE-THIRTY Dan Poe shook himself out of the blankets and fashioned a fire, the flame of the greasewood blue and brilliant against the black night. Cold currents of air rolled down the slopes of those hills standing directly at his left hand; on his right the desert lay deeply silent. He filled a lard pail at the water hole and straddled it between two rocks over the fire and saddled his horse and lashed on the blanket roll. Afterward he returned to squat by the fire, soaking up its excess heat. He poured a handful of coffee from his pocket into the pail and drew out a bit of venison jerky, shaving it thin with his knife in the manner of plug tobacco; and ate it that way.

A faint, pale light began to tincture the sky, and somewhere on the prairie a man traveled—the rumor of his pony trembling dimly through the shadows. Dan Poe dragged the boiling coffee from the fire and stirred down the froth with a greasewood stem. When he lifted the coffee can he caught his white mustache between two fingers and held it back while he drank.

The traveler had stopped in the dark, outside the circle of light—and by that signal Dan Poe knew the man's destination and his caliber. He didn't change position, but his hands moved quietly to adjust the fire. The traveler came forward then and got off at the water hole and let his horse drink. Afterward he walked up to the fire, squatted and laid his hands over the heat.

"There's the coffee," Dan Poe said.

The man reached for the pail eagerly and, hot as it was, he drank with a choked, breathless thirst. Dan Poe's eyes lifted beneath the brim of his hat, noncommittally viewing what was to be seen. The man was a dark and restless one, stained by travel and by the wicked qualities in him. He put down the lard pail with a soft "ah," and reached for his cigarette makings. While his hands worked, his glance remained on Dan Poe, intent and bright. All his motions were abrupt, prompted by trigger-set nerves. He blew smoke through his nostrils, wrinkled lips moving a little.

Gray dawn swirled through the color of night, breaking it apart. Dan Poe had another drink from the pail. He said, enigmatically: "Day's soon here."

THE man stood up, weighing Dan Poe with a calculating attentiveness. Something in his head kept him thus poised; he rocked on his heels and his lips went narrow. Then decision abruptly turned him to his horse. He said, "Thanks," and rode eastward at a canter until the outreaching slopes began to lift him. Then he pulled to a walk and went climbing toward the dark edge of the higher pines. On that hillside the trail split three ways; Dan Poe turned his head slightly and observed the man select and pursue the shortest route to the timber and presently pass into it, beyond sight.

A fresh, sunless dawn was rushing across the high desert and lifting the deep horizons to vision. It was time to be in the saddle, in further search of the stray beef which had brought him this far north on his range. But still he lingered—for over in the west a rider appeared from the arroyo and advanced steadily, disturbing the dust. Dan Poe dipped a little more water into the pail and set it back on the fire.

The coffee was boiling again when the second rider came trotting in. He was a boy and the keenness and vitality of youth gave him a smiling swiftness. He looked at Dan Poe as he brought his horse to water. He said: "How'd you get up here?" When he turned, his coat swayed open to show a star pinned beneath. He wore a gun.

Dan Poe said: "Strays. Here's the coffee."

The young man came over and drank. But even as he drank his eyes were traveling along the ground. He put the pail down and walked a circle around the water hole. The soil was a printed page and words were written there for him. His head tilted to the hills and he remained that way for a little while, considering the faraway trees. Afterward he turned to catch Dan Poe's attention. Humor sparkled faintly behind the question that showed itself in his eyes.

Yet he didn't ask the question. He had read the sign on the ground; otherwise he had to use his own judgment, without help. For, like the previous traveler, he studied the older one squatting on the ground with a deep and comprehending interest and he was thinking as the fugitive had thought: Dan Poe had an unrelenting honesty in him that allowed no thought of compassion for a crook to creep into his head. But Dan Poe would never betray another human being. It was his pride to be silent, to step into no man's personal affair. It was a conviction, a philosophy ground deeply into him, simple and elemental, stark and bare and unchangeable.

The young deputy understood, and wheeled back to his horse, the smile gone. He said, from the saddle, "See you later," and rode directly for the hills, swaying a little on the pony. Dan Poe's face revealed a faint approval. The boy's training was good; he hadn't asked questions. Then his glance narrowed and became unsatisfied, for high on the slope the young deputy reached the forking of the trails and took the wrong one without pause and passed into the trees.

Dan Poe remained by the fire, hunkered on his heels. He killed the last embers with a stick and let his long fingers lie impassive on his knees. Above the hills was a broadening band of clear gold and all the dark colors of the desert began to fade before the warning of that coming sun. Sage and earth smell was a keen taste on his palate. It was time to go, but he waited on.

WHAT he waited for soon came, in the shape of three shots flowing out of the pines and down the slope in flat, muffled echoes. Dan Poe's head lifted alertly. A man had fired and a man had answered. What was the third shot for? It puzzled him, and it stirred something hard in him. His lips made a long, taut line across the weathered skin and his eyes reached toward the booted rifle on his horse. Looking up the slope then he saw a rider come slowly down from the trees. Dan Poe brought his eyes away and slowly worked the stick through the fire ashes. He didn't look up again until he heard a voice say quietly:

"I'll wait for the posse to come up. Then we'll bury the crook."

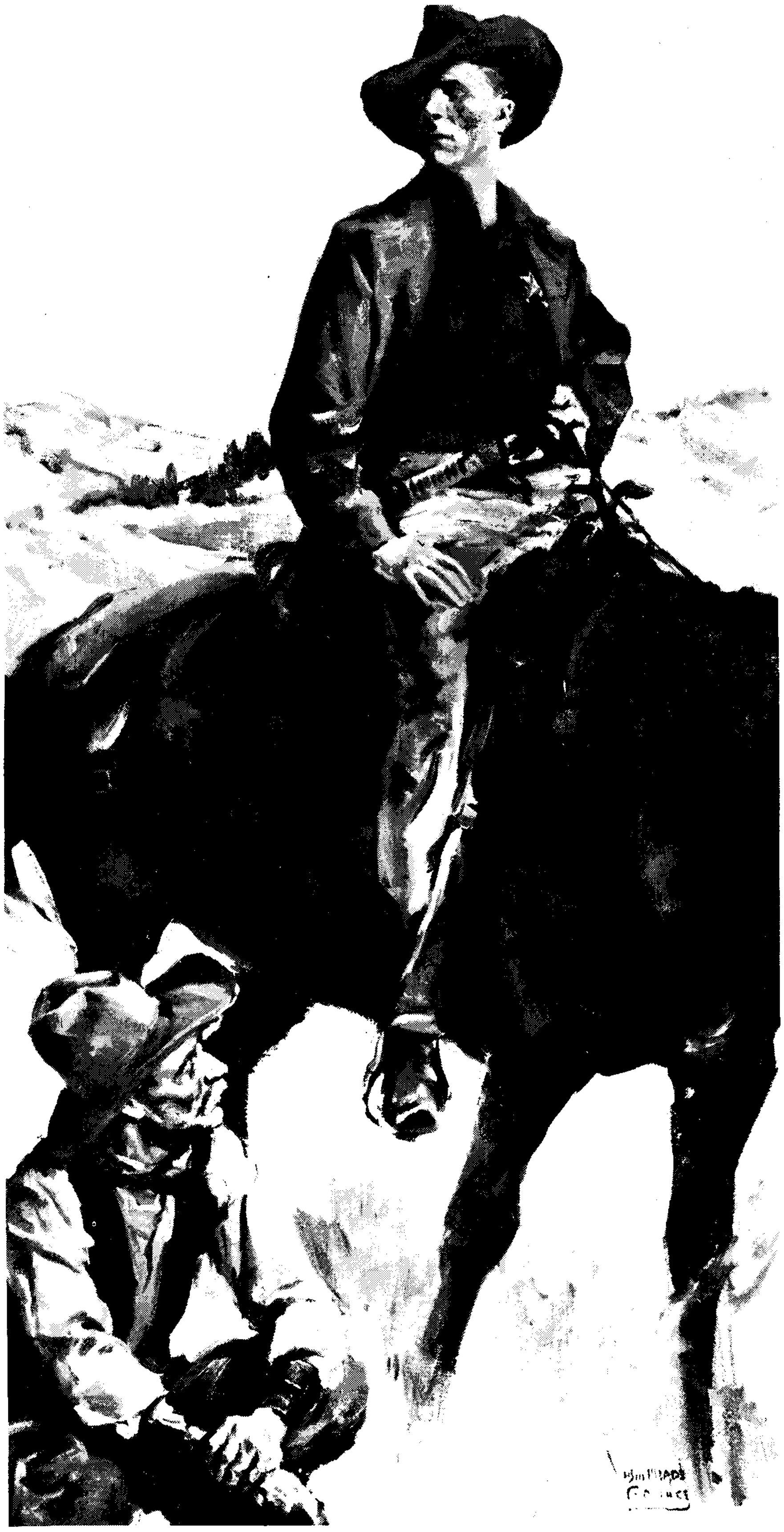
The hat rim concealed Dan Poe's abrupt relaxing of expression; his hands loosened from the maintained stiffness. He rose abruptly from his long-held crouch by the fire and looked at the young deputy. "You wasted a shot."

"First two were his. Third was mine."

Dan Poe moved to his horse and swung into the saddle with that definite slowness which comes to the old. He held his pony still a moment and his blue glance, faded out by so many years of summer sun and winter wind, remained appraisingly on the young man.

He had reared five sons—this Dan Poe—and he had sent them all out to rustle for themselves. They were all married men now, sound and able; and this deputy with the laughing eyes was his youngest boy. He looked at his handiwork and found it well and the pride in him was a deep and sustaining and concealed thing.

He said, "Help yourself to the coffee," and rode away. Sunlight suddenly burst over the hills and at once the desert was a flame and a flash of yellow color. The hot day had come.



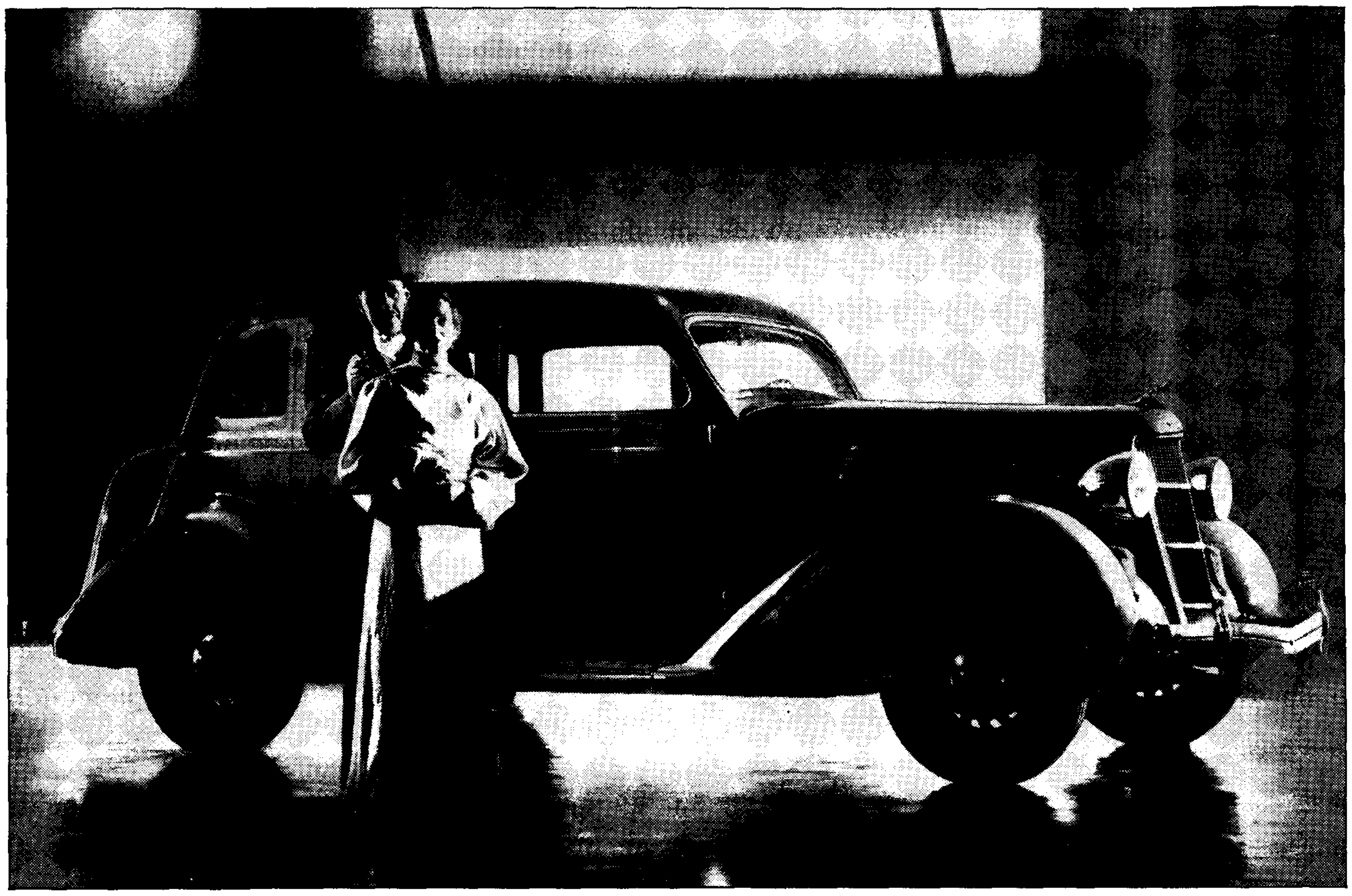
He said, from the saddle, "See you later," and rode directly for the hills

BIGGER, MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER YET NEW DODGE ACTUALLY COSTS LESS TO RUN THAN SMALL CARS!

"I couldn't believe the figures at first," says Earle C. Hinman, of White Plains, N. Y. "But there was no mistake. This big new Dodge actually does give 3 to 5 more miles per gallon of gas than my former lower-priced cars."

"I've driven big cars and small cars," says Dr. Donald L. Davison, Clifton, N. J. dentist. "But in this 1935 Dodge, there is real big-car luxury and performance yet less paid for gas and oil than in lower-priced cars."

"I want the luxury and performance of a big, powerful car," writes H. C. Atwater, of Scarsdale, N. Y. "So imagine my surprise when I found Dodge actually will give me those things for less running costs than smaller cars."



New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) $690—Touring Sedan (4-door) with built-in trunk, as illustrated, $760**

Thousands of Owners Report 3 to 5 More Miles Per Gallon of Gas—Astonishing Oil Savings, Too!

BIGGER, roomier, more luxurious than ever! More power! More speed! Yet this brilliant, new 1935 Dodge actually costs less to run than small cars.

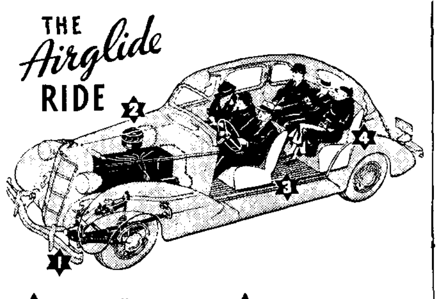
From all over the country, owners are reporting 20—22—24 miles per gallon of gasoline. Imagine their surprise to find this big, powerful car, day after day, giving 3 to 5 more miles per gallon than small cars. And even more astonishing savings on oil!

Everywhere, Dodge gives you progress in engineering—95 basic advancements for greater comfort, safety and economy. For instance, Dodge gives you perfected, dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes, the type pioneered by Dodge many years ago, and proved by many hundreds of thousands of owners. Almost three million owners also have known the Dodge all-steel body. Armorlike steel welded into a single, practically indestructible, unit—the result of Dodge's 20 years' experience in chassis and body construction — built to withstand the most gruelling tests engineers can devise.

Then Dodge patented Floating Power engine mountings smother vibration, prolong car life. And dozens of other features protect you, add to your comfort and enjoyment, cut ownership costs.

CHRYSLER MOTORS — DODGE DIVISION

*NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (2-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.*



1 Dodge "Levelator" and new multi-leaf springs give "Airglide Ride"—check body roll and sidesway.

2 "Red Ram" engine moved forward 8 inches to permit equal distribution of weight on all 4 wheels.

3 Floor lowered 3½ inches to give seats the height of a comfortable living-room chair.

4 Rear seat moved forward 6 inches. Passengers seated ahead of the axle "shock-line".

YOU NOW RIDE CRADLED BETWEEN THE AXLES

New-Value DODGE *now only* $645*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

The Other Letter

Continued from page 18

"What on earth has happened?" she asked.

The commissionaire, who was an ex-Scotland Yard man and a protégé of her uncle's, explained in a few sentences:

"Someone broke in here last night, Miss Mott. He seems to have searched the place thoroughly. How much had you in the safe?"

"About ten pounds," Miss Mott replied. "I never keep any money here except for petty cash."

"Any papers?"

"Nothing that would be of any use to anybody."

"Perhaps the young lady would look round," the policeman suggested, "and report upon what is missing."

Miss Mott made careful search for a quarter of an hour. The trifling amount of money had gone from the safe but every paper she could remember owning was in its place. The most curious feature of the whole affair was, without a doubt, the attention that had been paid to the wastepaper basket—the contents of which had been strewn far and wide.

"There's about ten pounds gone from the safe," Miss Mott reported at last. "Not another thing. I'll ring up my uncle at Scotland Yard. He'll probably like to hear about it."

The constable closed his book.

"There isn't any more to be done, then, so far as I am concerned," he said.

A MYRMIDON from Scotland Yard arrived within a short time, but a further and more scientific search of Miss Mott's two offices failed to discover any possible clue to the apparently purposeless burglary. Gloves had evidently been worn, for there was no sign anywhere of a fingerprint.

"The only thing one can conclude, Miss Mott," the detective decided, as he prepared to take his leave, "is that there were false rumors of your having been in possession of some valuable property. Sit down and think whether you have had any *letters* in your possession lately which might have been of value or incriminating to anyone. Take particular note of the care with which the wastepaper basket was searched."

The detective took his leave and Miss Mott, somewhat intrigued, sat down to think. Very slowly she began to reconstruct. In the midst of her somewhat vague reflections, there was a knock at the door and a visitor was announced.

It was Mrs. Belton. There were dark lines under her eyes. She had the look of a haunted woman.

"Well, what can I do for you this morning, Mrs. Belton?" Miss Mott inquired pleasantly. "I thought you were rather fed up with me yesterday."

"For one thing, I left without paying my fee," the woman explained, drawing two treasury notes from her pocket. "Would this be all right?"

"I don't want a fee, thank you," Miss Mott assured her. "I wasn't able to do anything for you."

The woman pushed the two notes across the table.

"Anyway, you did your best," she acknowledged. "You needn't mind taking it. Sam, with all his faults, ain't a mean man, and I can afford it."

Miss Mott did not argue the matter. She was studying her visitor's expression.

"More trouble?" she asked kindly.

The woman shook her head.

"Rather the other way," she confided. "I know all about it now. Sam's owned up. He's been carrying on with a bit o' stuff out Chiswick way, and that's where he was those nights when he pretended to be somewhere else. We've had it all out—nearly killed me, it has—"

She began to sob and showed signs of hysterics. Miss Mott waited patiently.

"You're going to forgive him, I hope," she suggested.

Mrs. Belton sighed.

"What is there for a woman to do in this life?" she asked. "I'm like the rest of the poor mutts—I'll have to forgive and make the best of it. Sam's saved enough money—he's giving up his post and we're going abroad."

"Well, perhaps it's all for the best," Miss Mott said vaguely.

The woman dabbed at her eyes.

"Can I have the letter I wrote you?" she asked.

Miss Mott looked at her in some surprise. The woman's tone had suddenly changed. There seemed to be an attempt at indifference, but underneath was a note of almost crafty anxiety.

"Oh, I suppose so," Miss Mott acquiesced. "Wait a moment and I'll see if I can find it."

She made her way into the outer office, closing the door behind her, gave a few rapid instructions to her young secretary and reappeared.

"My clerk is going through the files," she announced. "It hasn't been destroyed, so you can have it with pleasure. Where are you going to settle down?"

"My husband wants to go to the Argentine. He's got a cousin or two out there and doing well, and he likes company. Not that he needs to work, either. He had money left him, Sam did, three years ago, and he's scarcely touched it yet. . . . Your clerk don't seem to be able to find that letter," she broke off uneasily.

"She'll come across it all right," Miss Mott declared. "Here we are," she added, as the young person from the outer office entered the room.

The woman almost snatched the letter away. She stowed it into the bottom of her bag, but apparently changing her mind, drew it out again, tore it savagely into small pieces and, making her way to the fireplace, dropped them carefully into the flames. When she stood up she seemed a younger woman.

"So that's the end of that," she concluded, with a little sigh of relief. "I was a foolish woman. You were quite right, Miss Mott! Never work against your husband secretly. It don't do any good."

As she walked across the room her footsteps were lighter and the ghost of some terror seemed to have left her. She picked up her bag and the same stubby little umbrella and took her leave. For nearly half an hour Miss Mott sat at her desk with her hands behind her head, thinking hard. Then she rose quickly to her feet, drew on her small hat, wriggled into her coat, picked up her gloves and hurried out.

"Back in five minutes," she called into the office. "You took a copy of the letter?"

The girl held it up.

"And James witnessed it?"

"I did that, madam," the man replied.

MISS MOTT descended to the street, walked about a couple of hundred yards, and entered the shop of a small dyeing and cleaning establishment. She greeted the woman, whom she knew quite well, with a pleasant smile.

"I only had your gloves yesterday, Miss Mott," the latter remarked reproachfully.

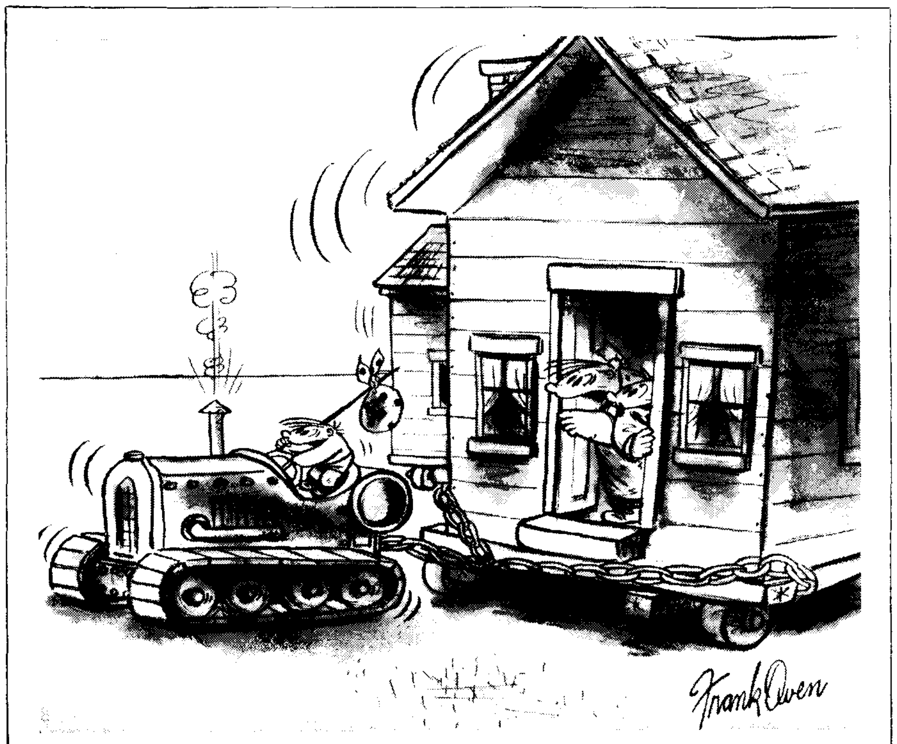
"I didn't expect them," Miss Mott assured her. "What I came about was something quite different and—much more important. I came to know whether, by any fortunate chance, you had kept the long envelope in which I sent them."

The woman smiled. She opened a drawer.

"Well, you'll have to excuse me, Miss Mott," she begged, "but the fact is we're very busy just now and it's no good sending things into the room which can't be touched. Your little packet's just as we received it and here it is."

She placed it upon the counter—a couple of pairs of gloves, the ends protruding from a long, legal envelope on which an address had been half scratched out. Miss Mott stared at the address and her eyes grew large and rounder. Her first impulse was one of triumph, then she felt a little shiver

(*Continued on page 32*)



"Oh, no! He isn't running away from home! He's taking it with him!"

FRANK OWEN

Dentists say...
MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

How COLGATE'S Dental Cream keeps breath sweet while it makes teeth cleaner, brighter.

THE same thing that causes much tooth decay causes bad breath. So dentists warn: Don't rely on mouth preparations not made to *clean*. Nor on toothpastes which merely polish exposed surfaces.

The safe, *sure* way to correct bad breath is regular use of Colgate's Dental Cream, with its two special cleansing ingredients.

Why Dentists Advise Colgate's

This toothpaste makes a penetrating foam which works into all crevices of the mouth. Wherever they hide—between teeth, on tongue or gums—deposits that cause odors are emulsified, washed away!

Every surface of every tooth is *thoroughly* cleaned. You know—from the clean, fresh feel of your mouth after each brushing—that you have a breath beyond reproach.

At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient gently and safely polishes enamel. Stubborn stains disappear. Your teeth gleam with renewed natural lustre.

Save—and Be Safe!

Colgate's Dental Cream costs less per brushing than any other leading toothpaste. To avoid bad breath—and have cleaner, brighter teeth—get at least one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream today!

PREFER POWDER?
Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results, sells at the same low, money-saving prices.

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY SIX MONTHS!

Sir Malcolm Campbell *proved* Hudson *Performance* and *Ruggedness* for you !

Sir Malcolm Campbell at the wheel of the record-breaking Hudson equipped with the Electric Hand

SPEED AND SAFETY RODE TOGETHER AS SEVEN MORE RECORDS FELL AT DAYTONA

Over a stretch of Florida sand, on February 11, Sir Malcolm Campbell held his foot to the floor in a Hudson sedan—and four official A. A. A. speed records fell! Then another driver took the wheel—added three more world marks to the total!

Seven new stock car records in a single morning, on a wet, unfavorable beach! And made both *with* and *against* the wind. To prove what? Not only that Hudson-built cars are the fastest stock cars in their class! But that they give *you*—the average owner and driver—ruggedness and safety to match their record-breaking performance!

MORE THAN TESTS OF SPEED!

Two famous drivers were out to test the very heart of this car. The smoothness, balance and power of Hudson-built motors. Clutch and oiling system. Ease of handling. Brakes.

And it was a day of triumphs for Hudson engineering. A mile at 68.18 m.p.h. from a *standing start*. That's *acceleration*, and lightning fast shifting with the Electric Hand. And a running start kilometer in *second gear* at 70.319 m.p.h.—"the most savage punishment I ever gave a car," the driver called it. That's *ruggedness*.

CAMPBELL PRAISES RUGGEDNESS

Said Sir Malcolm Campbell—"A remarkably smooth, powerful motor. But what amazed me most is the way the car was unaffected by the slamming around it took in preparation for the runs."

But here is the really important fact for you. This was a *stock* car in every last detail, selected at random from a showroom floor by A.A.A. officials.

All Hudsons share this same brilliant performance. Daytona merely added more new records to scores of others already held by Hudson cars. Daytona simply gave further proof of ruggedness and safety, already proved so convincingly in the nation-wide 175,000-mile Ruggedness Runs.

7 WORLD RECORDS IN A SINGLE MORNING

Event	Former A.A.A. Record (m.p.h.)	Hudson's New World Record (m.p.h.)
1-MILE (flying start)	86.29	88.2028
1-KILO. (flying start)	86.068	88.207
5-MILE (flying start)	86.237	88.051
5-KILO. (flying start)	86.057	88.105
1-MILE (standing start)	67.96	68.18
1-MILE (2nd gear only)	62.5	68.252
1-KILO. (2nd gear only)	62.521	70.319

Think what these qualities mean to you—in *your* car. Drive a Hudson or Terraplane before you choose any 1935 automobile. But drive the others, too. Compare—and buy your car on the facts you find.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
Hudson Motors of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ont.

What "BUILT by HUDSON" *means*

America's *only* cars with bodies *all* of steel—bodies that reinforce the chassis, while the chassis reinforces the body . . . giving greatest strength, yet eliminating hundreds of pounds of *useless weight.*

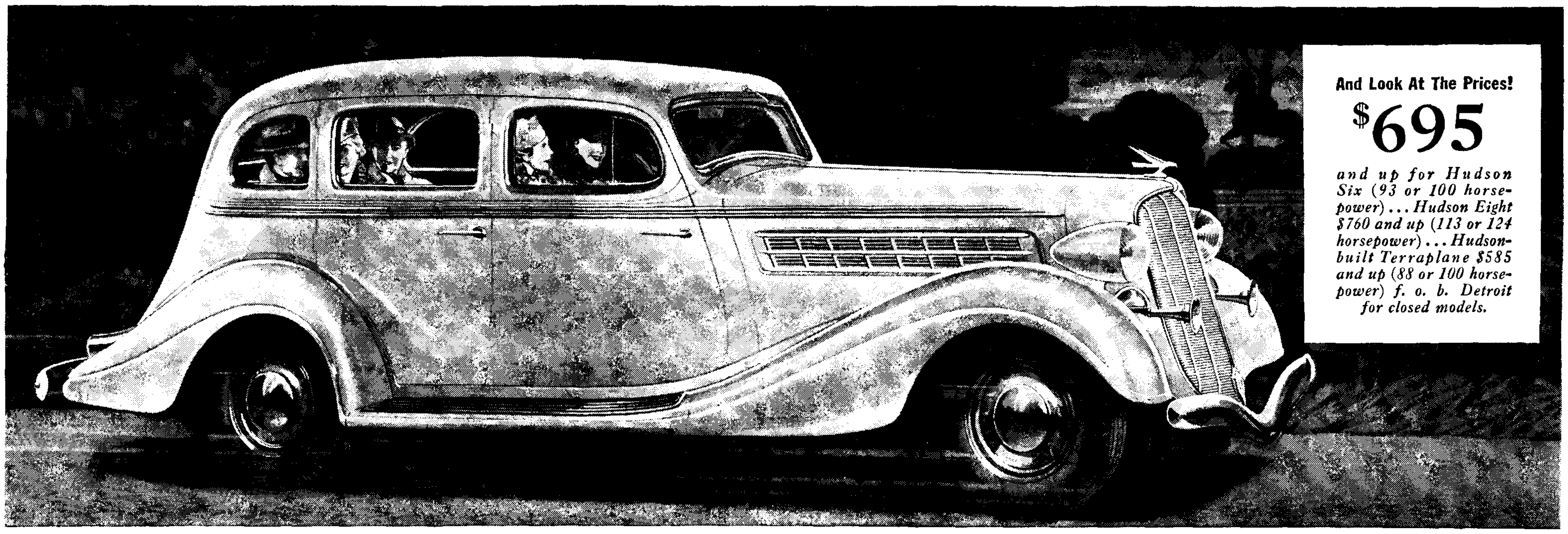
That's why bodies designed by Hudson engineers have helped make Hudsons and Terraplanes the world's greatest performing stock cars.

Balanced riding, with the whole car cradled on a wide spring-base of exclusive Hudson design.

Hudson Rotary-Equalized Brakes—powerful, unfailing. They STOP you—in a short, *straight* line.

The ELECTRIC HAND

Greatest mechanical advancement of 1935. Simplified, easier, safer driving . . . faster, smoother shifting, with both hands always on the wheel. An exclusive feature, standard on Hudson Custom Eights; optional (for small amount extra) on all other 1935 Hudsons and Terraplanes.



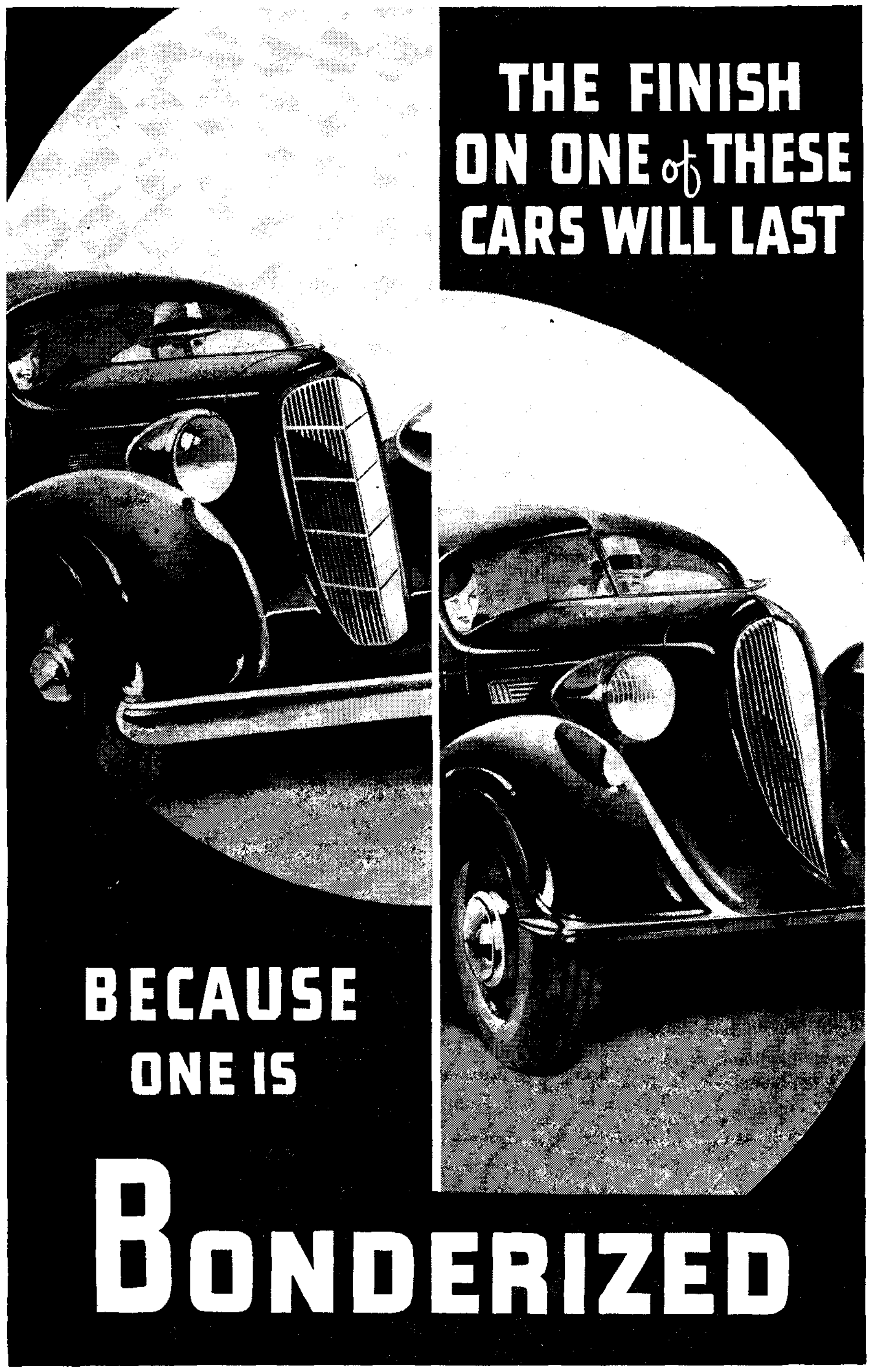
And Look At The Prices!

$695

and up for Hudson Six (93 or 100 horsepower) . . . Hudson Eight $760 and up (113 or 124 horsepower) . . . Hudson-built Terraplane $585 and up (88 or 100 horsepower) f. o. b. Detroit for closed models.

Sir Malcolm Campbell drove an exact duplicate of this HUDSON EIGHT SEDAN to new A.A.A. world records at Daytona Beach February 11, 1935. Price at factory $840.

SIXES • HUDSON • EIGHTS



AS THEY come from the assembly lines in all their brilliance of gleaming lacquer their outer appearance is much the same.

But as the miles roll by; as blistering sun and driving storm take their toll, one will retain its beauty—the other, lacking that invisible quality of rust prevention will soon show the results of under-protection.

Bonderizing under the finish on fenders and other parts assure continued fine appearance for years longer. It is one of the vital, practical improvements in automotive development. It holds the finish, prevents chipping and peeling, and provides an invisible barrier to rust.

Make sure that your next car is Bonderized. There is no greater protection from untimely rust and finish deterioration.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
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The Parker Processes are the result of more than 19 years of research in scientific metal protection. Literature describing these processes will be sent upon request, to interested manufacturers and technical men.

PARKER
RUST-PROOFING
processes
BONDERIZING • PARKERIZING

The Other Letter

Continued from page 30

pass through her frame. She could almost see the enactment of those last few minutes of the greatest tragedy left to us in the world.

"There's nothing wrong with you, Miss Mott, is there?" the woman asked.

"Nothing at all," Miss Mott declared, in a voice she scarcely recognized as her own. "I'm not leaving the gloves, if you don't mind. Give me a piece of tissue paper, will you?"

The woman obeyed. Miss Mott wrapped up her packet and took her leave.

SUPERINTENDENT WRAGGE was not altogether too pleased by his niece's message.

"Wouldn't this evening do, Lucie?" he asked her.

"Nothing would do but ten minutes from this instant," Miss Mott replied. "And you ought to be able to trust me."

"I'm clearing the office already," he assured her. "Come right along."

Miss Mott, in her uncle's car, with James on the box and her own little unneeded pistol in her bag by her side, drove in guarded state to Scotland Yard. Her uncle received her without delay but with just that slight note of impatience in his manner which warned her to get started.

"Is any reward offered for the Galliope murder in the Western Road?" she asked.

"Five hundred pounds. The bills are up this morning," he replied. "What have you got to do with the Galliope murder? Your little company of friends are not in that."

"What was the date of it?" she inquired.

"Eighth of March," he answered.

She nodded.

"Now would you be so kind as to tell me," she went on, "whether any burglary, robbery with violence or other misdemeanors took place on January 27th, February 18th, March 1st?"

"March 1st was the Hatton Garden robbery," he replied quickly. "February 18th was the date of the murder of Francis Green, the shopkeeper, and the raiding of his premises. The other date —wait a moment—" he consulted a ledger and closed it with a snap. "On the other date," he announced, "Barclays were robbed of fifteen thousand pounds at their Fenchurch Street Bank."

Miss Mott felt her heart beating fast.

"A few days ago," she began, "a woman who was obviously jealous of her husband wrote me this silly letter asking for advice."

She passed a copy of Mrs. Belton's letter across the table. There was a gleam in Superintendent Wragge's eyes as he noticed the date.

"Well?"

"I made the usual sort of reply," Miss Mott went on, "and she called on me. Each one of the dates on which he had written her she had found out that he was somewhere else. She wanted me to have him watched. I refused the business. Then he called. He wanted the letter back. I can guess why now—I couldn't at the time. Of course I refused. When he was leaving he drew a muffler from his pocket and I noticed that an old envelope fell out. I made no remark, however, for it was empty and didn't seem to be valuable. Last night, as you know, my premises were burgled, a few pounds were taken from my safe, but nothing else, although the man whom you sent down—Detective Russell —reported that it was a very cleverly done affair."

"The letter wasn't stolen, then?" Superintendent Wragge asked.

"Would he have been such a fool?" she rejoined. "The letter which contained the three dates of the various robberies and the date of the murder—no, it wasn't that he was after. Madam came for that the next morning—said she had made it up with her husband and had discovered that there had been another woman, but had forgiven him and was going abroad at once. I let her have the letter," Miss Mott went on, "so that they should not become suspicious, but I kept an attested copy of it."

Mr. Wragge pushed his watch rudely out of the way. He had forgotten that there was such a thing as time.

"Clever girl," he murmured. "Now tell me, what was the object of the burglary, though?"

"This," Miss Mott replied, producing a crumpled long legal envelope. "It's the envelope which fell from the man's pocket when he drew out his muffler. You see—it's got the name of a firm of stockbrokers on the back and what's far more important—it's addressed to John Galliope, Western Street, Shepherds' Market."

Superintendent Wragge turned it over and over.

"A good day's work, Lucie," he declared. "Four crimes cleared up. Belton will certainly hang. Five hundred pounds reward for you, and the Chief Commissioner will probably ask me to dinner. You've had some rare luck."

"All luck!" Miss Mott sighed complacently.

"A VERY comfortable start," Mr. Samuel Belton remarked, as he pushed back his empty tea cup and with deliberate fingers commenced to fill his pipe. "I see our taxi's coming round the corner. You're sure the luggage is all right?"

"Twenty-two pieces," Mrs. Belton announced, "all properly addressed to Southampton. I shan't be sorry when we're on the steamer."

Mr. Belton smiled in superior fashion. He struggled into his overcoat and picked up his well-brushed hat.

"There is nothing to be alarmed at, my dear," he said. "With the exception of your somewhat foolish letter to that flighty young woman, which is now happily destroyed, the slate is clean."

She clutched at his arm. There was a terrified light in her haunted eyes.

"Sam," she begged, "when we're right away—when we start life afresh—you won't begin again—promise that!"

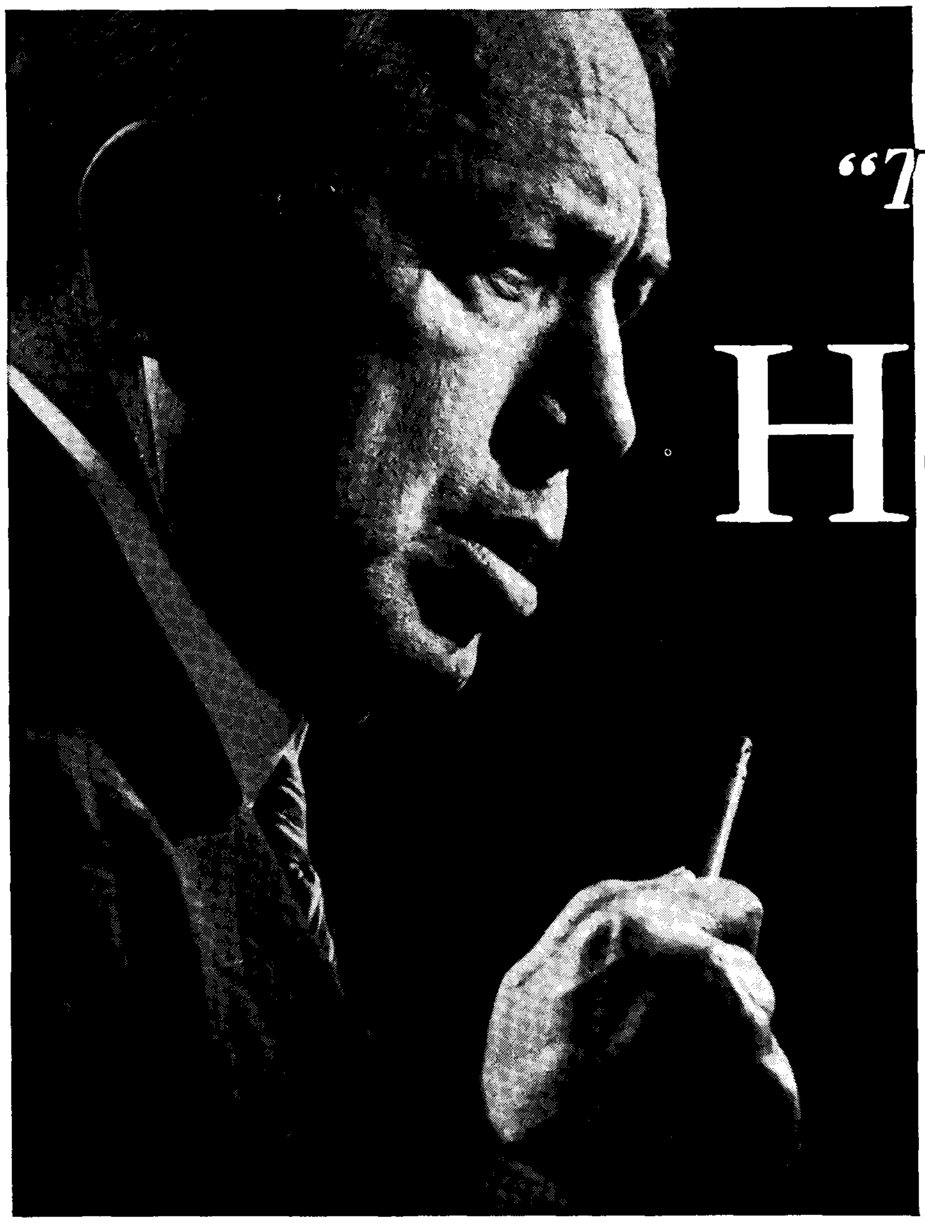
"I promise," he said indulgently. "We have quite enough money for the rest of our lives, and that's the great thing. The Galliope money, indeed, was far more than I'd expected. Come along, my dear—"

They moved into the dark little hall. The front doorbell pealed.

Mrs. Belton drew back the latch and peered out. Three Scotland Yard men entered, and the handcuffs were on Belton's wrists before a word was spoken. Then the sergeant was ready enough of speech.

"I'm arresting you, Samuel Belton," he announced, "for the murder of John Galliope of Shepherds' Market on the night of March the eighth. I should advise you to make no reply but to come along with me to the station."

The woman's shrieks filled the deserted house. Belton crumpled up in a senseless heap, but the law took its course—then and five weeks later in the dreaded chamber of Wandsworth jail.



"Then why not ride in HORSE CARS," *exploded the G. M.*

ANTIQUE ACCOUNTING had been slowing up the organization for years. Statements never went out on time. Balancing was always an office nightmare. Figure facts were always "cold" when they reached the G. M.'s desk. *Then*...he exploded...and they switched to Underwood Elliott Fisher Accounting Machines.

* * *

Underwood Elliott Fisher Accounting Machines take the grief *out* of accounting and put greater speed, accuracy and flexibility *in.* They get statements into the mail on time...maintain books in a state of perpetual balance...keep up-to-the-minute figure facts constantly on tap...supply a diversity of information about a business without duplication of effort. Underwood Elliott Fisher makes three distinct types of accounting machines with a wide range of models in each type. One of them is just suited to the needs of your business. Why not allow an Underwood Elliott Fisher Representative to call and, without obligation of any kind, give you complete information...*demonstrate* just how Underwood Elliott Fisher Machine Accounting can increase accounting efficiency and decrease accounting costs. Just mail the coupon today...Every Underwood Elliott Fisher Accounting Machine is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

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Accounting Machines... Typewriters... Adding Machines
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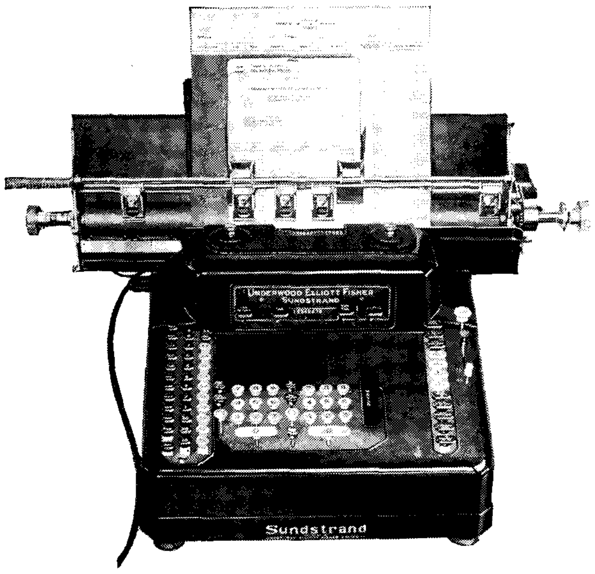

Sundstrand Model Accounting Machine...one of three types of machines made by Underwood Elliott Fisher.

There is an Underwood Elliott Fisher Machine for every accounting purpose.

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ACCOUNTING MACHINES

UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER SPEEDS THE WORLD'S BUSINESS

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C-3-30-35

CHEVROLE

THE CHEVROLET NEW STANDARD SEDAN, $550

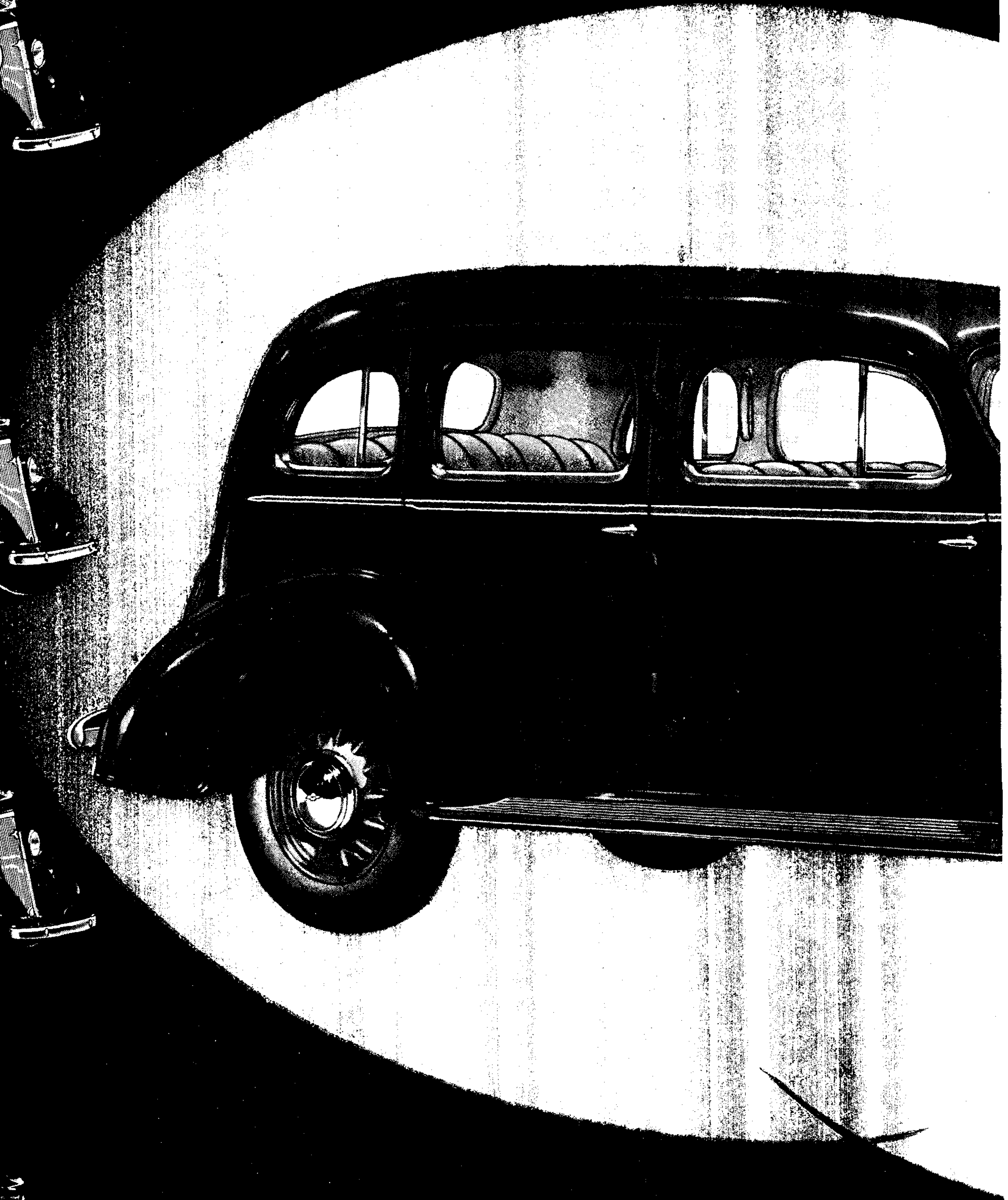
THE CHEVROLET NEW STANDARD COACH, $485

THE CHEVROLET NEW STANDARD PHAETON, $485

THE CHEVROLET NEW STANDARD COUPE, $475

THE CHEVROLET NEW STANDARD SPORT ROADSTER, $465

At left and above are list prices of Standard models at Flint, Mich. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is $20.00 additional. Prices subject to change without notice.



CHOOSE CHEVROLET
FOR Q

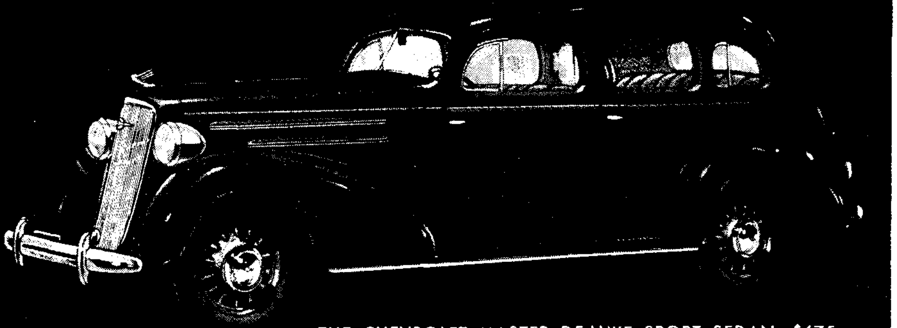
These eleven distinctive Chevrolet body types for 1935 are available in a wide variety of colors. We have built *rich new quality* into every one of them. And, when you examine them, we believe you will agree it's a kind of quality that you have never been able to buy before in cars selling in the lowest price ranges. You might well call it *tailored quality*—because fine workmanship has given beauty to every detail and soundness to every part. The Bodies by Fisher are built to the highest standards of craftsmanship of that master organization. The engine—the transmission—the brakes and rear axle—*every* unit of the chassis is carefully made and carefully inspected. Operations are held to the

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and eas

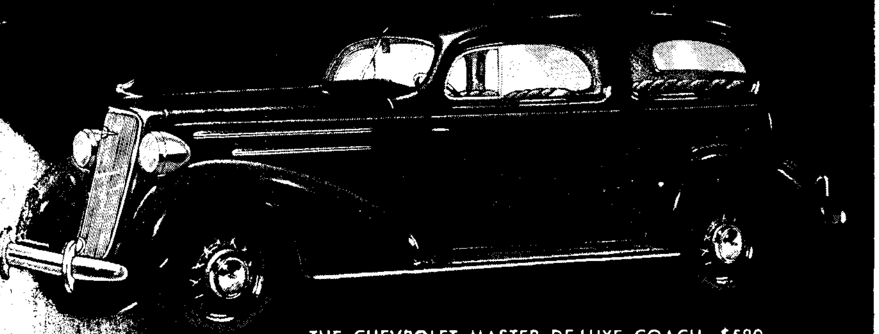
CHEVRO

FOR 1935

THE CHEVROLET MASTER DE LUXE SEDAN, $640



THE CHEVROLET MASTER DE LUXE SPORT SEDAN, $675



THE CHEVROLET MASTER DE LUXE COACH, $580

THE CHEVROLET MASTER DE LUXE TOWN SEDAN, $615

ALITY AT LOW COST

imits of accuracy known to the industry. All of this results in the very
car advantages you want . . . beauty that wins admiration wherever
. . . performance that is remarkably fleet and spirited . . . and gas
economy that sets a new record even for Chevrolet. You can buy
ine motor car advantages in the new Standard Chevrolet at the world's
price for a six. And in the Master De Luxe Chevrolet—with Turret-Top
Fisher and Knee-Action—also at surprisingly low prices. We invite you to
d drive these new cars—and to choose *Chevrolet* for quality at low cost.
ROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

C. terms. A General Motors Value

At right and above are list prices of Master De Luxe models at Flint, Mich. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is $25.00 additional. Prices subject to change without notice. Knee-Action optional at $20.00 extra.

THE CHEVROLET MASTER DE LUXE SPORT COUPE, $600

THE CHEVROLET MASTER DE LUXE COUPE, $560

. . . and the refrigerator my gas company recommended was the best looking of them all !

and not only that . . .

IT RUNS ON STAMP MONEY . . IT FREEZES AS SILENTLY AS NATURE . . A TINY GAS BURNER TAKES THE PLACE OF ALL MOVING PARTS

ONLY ELECTROLUX CAN GIVE YOU ALL THESE VITAL ADVANTAGES

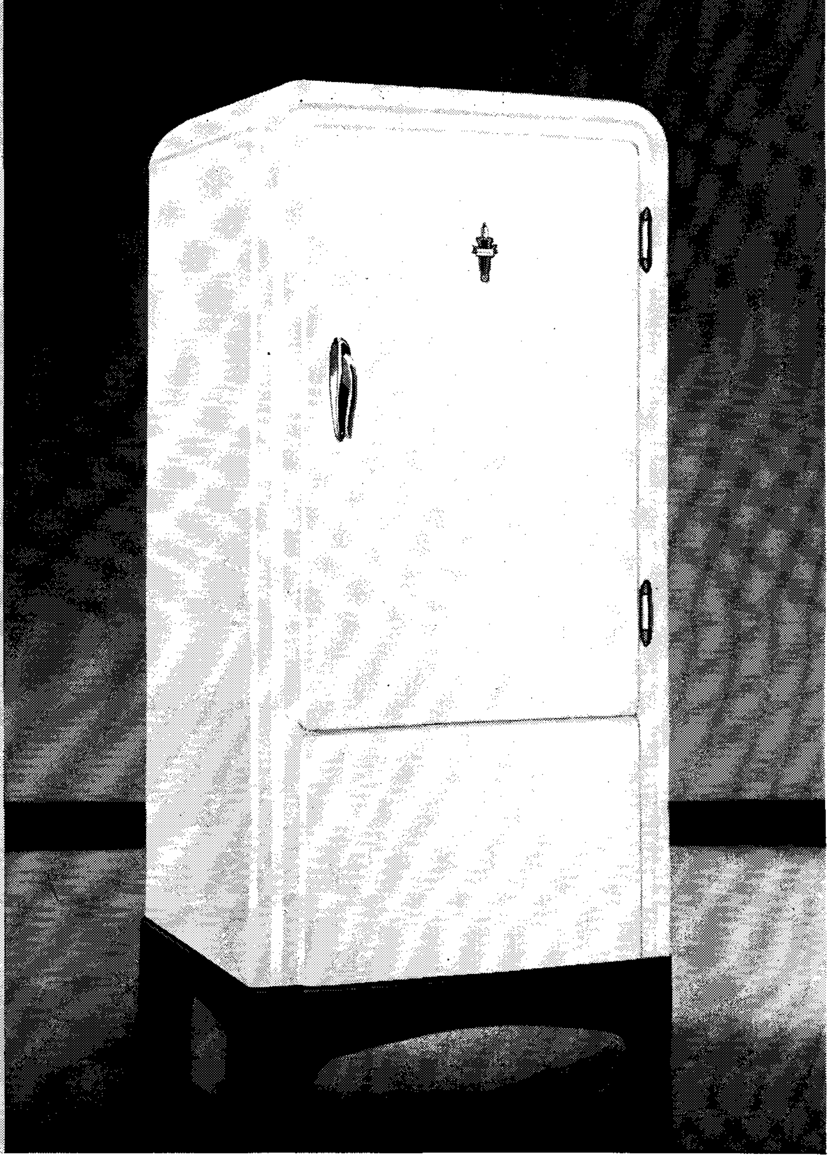
- LOW OPERATING COST
- NO MOVING PARTS
- PERMANENT SILENCE
- GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Plus THESE MANY MODERN CONVENIENCES

- TEMPERATURE REGULATOR
- INTERIOR LIGHT
- ICE CUBE RELEASE
- TRIGGER TRAY RELEASE
- VEGETABLE FRESHENER
- SPLIT SHELF
- EGG AND FRUIT RACK
- *. . . and many others*

USES NO WATER

ANOTHER STEP AHEAD · · THIS TIME IN BEAUTY



BEAUTY means a lot . . . and this new 1935 Electrolux has a lot of it to offer. But you can *see* that. Here are some very important things about Electrolux that you *can't* see.

It's the most efficient of all refrigerators, because it operates upon a simpler principle. It has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame does all the work, circulating the refrigerant, which is cooled by ordinary air.

This efficiency means more than a remarkably low operating cost. It means that Electrolux is free of any depreciation due to moving parts . . . that it gives fullest food protection at all times . . . and that it's permanently silent.

Electrolux will enable you to make real savings . . . over a period of years it will actually pay for itself. See the beautiful new 1935 models at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms! There's real satisfaction in owning a refrigerator that's entirely modern. That's why your gas company recommends Electrolux to you . . . why it gladly stands back of every one it sells.

RUNS on KEROSENE for FARMS and CAMPS

The kerosene-operated Electrolux offers all the advantages of city refrigeration. Inexpensive to operate. Write to Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, a division of Servel, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

NEW *Air-Cooled*
ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Want to Trade?

Continued from page 19

The agreement, signed after weeks of dickering, gave Cuba certain concessions on sugar, rum and tobacco, and in return Cuba cut down the duties on our manufactured goods and agricultural products. For example, we cut the rate on rum from $4 to $2.50 a gallon, and Cuba reduced the rate on hog lard from $9.18 a hundred pounds to $2.73, with a pledge to reduce the rate to $1.45 by 1936. Canned goods, textiles, machinery, automobiles, etc., all were given substantial cuts.

And this is what happened: The agreement was signed on August 24, 1934, and in the first four months we sold Cuba exactly $65,000,000 worth of goods as compared to $29,000,000 for the same period in 1933. There we have a market recaptured, a customer restored to purchasing power, and all without hurt to our domestic producers and the home market.

Common Sense Trading

Brazil was another country with which our trade relations were intimate and profitable. We furnished from 25 to 30 per cent of everything that Brazil bought, and bought from 40 to 50 per cent of everything that Brazil sold. And what were these products that we purchased? Dr. Grady's files give them as coffee, castor beans, copaiba balsam, Brazil nuts, manganese ore, yerba maté, ipecac, carnauba wax, raw deerskins and cabinet woods in the log. Will anyone say that their increased importation means the ruin of a single American "infant industry"?

The trade negotiated by Dr. Grady and his associates lowered duties on distinctive Brazilian products, and Brazil in return granted a cut of from 20 to 67 per cent on imports, industrial and agricultural. Moreover, Brazil agreed to resume payments on her debts to us, both government and commercial. There is another point that Americans will do well to bear in mind. Aside from war loans, America's private investment in foreign countries is around eighteen billions, and the Trade Agreements Section, through stimulated trade, offers about the only hope of having that vast sum repaid.

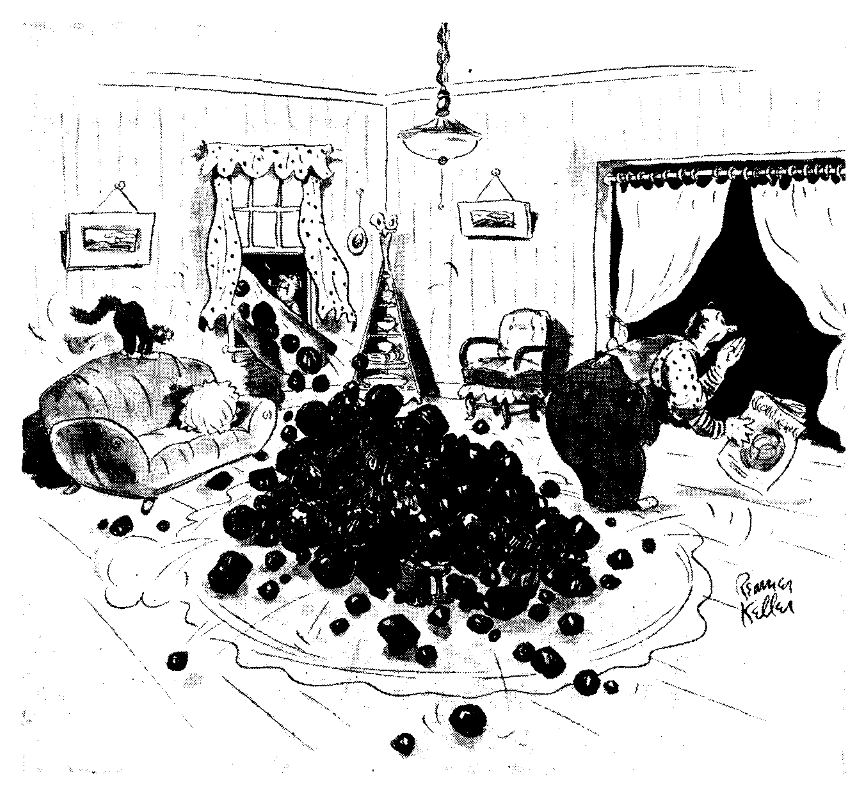
In no single agreement, however, will be found the seeds of future trade wars, for when a concession is given to one country, it is straightway extended to all others having a "most favored nation" treaty with us. This is common sense. Not only does it compel other countries to treat us similarly, but the denial of a generalization invites enmity and retaliation. What the Trade Agreements Section takes care to do is to give the concession to the principal supplier, so that its generalization is really of secondary importance.

It is a case in which every fact proves Secretary Hull's contention that the success of the Trade Agreements Section is absolutely vital to domestic recovery. Even so, powerful, sinister forces are already gathering to defeat its purposes if not to destroy it utterly. From morning until night the tariff lobbies, recruited from the ranks of ex-senators, ex-congressmen and political lawyers, storm the White House and the various departments, shouting their threats.

They are eager enough to have foreign countries lower their rates on our exports, but in the same breath demand that we ourselves raise our tariff wall higher and higher. They applauded loudly when Brazil cut her duties as much as 67 per cent on our foodstuffs and manufactured goods, but grew apoplectic with rage when we lowered our rate on manganese ore from 110 to 55 per cent. The impudence of it does not stand plain until it is understood that America's manganese deposits produce only ten per cent of our domestic needs, and give employment to fewer than three hundred men.

Back of the army of lobbyists, and cheering them on, stand the Economic Nationalists, the Self-Sufficients and the Half-Minute Men, captained by Hearst, Huey Long and Father Coughlin, shouting for isolation, Chinese walls, and the biggest navy in the world.

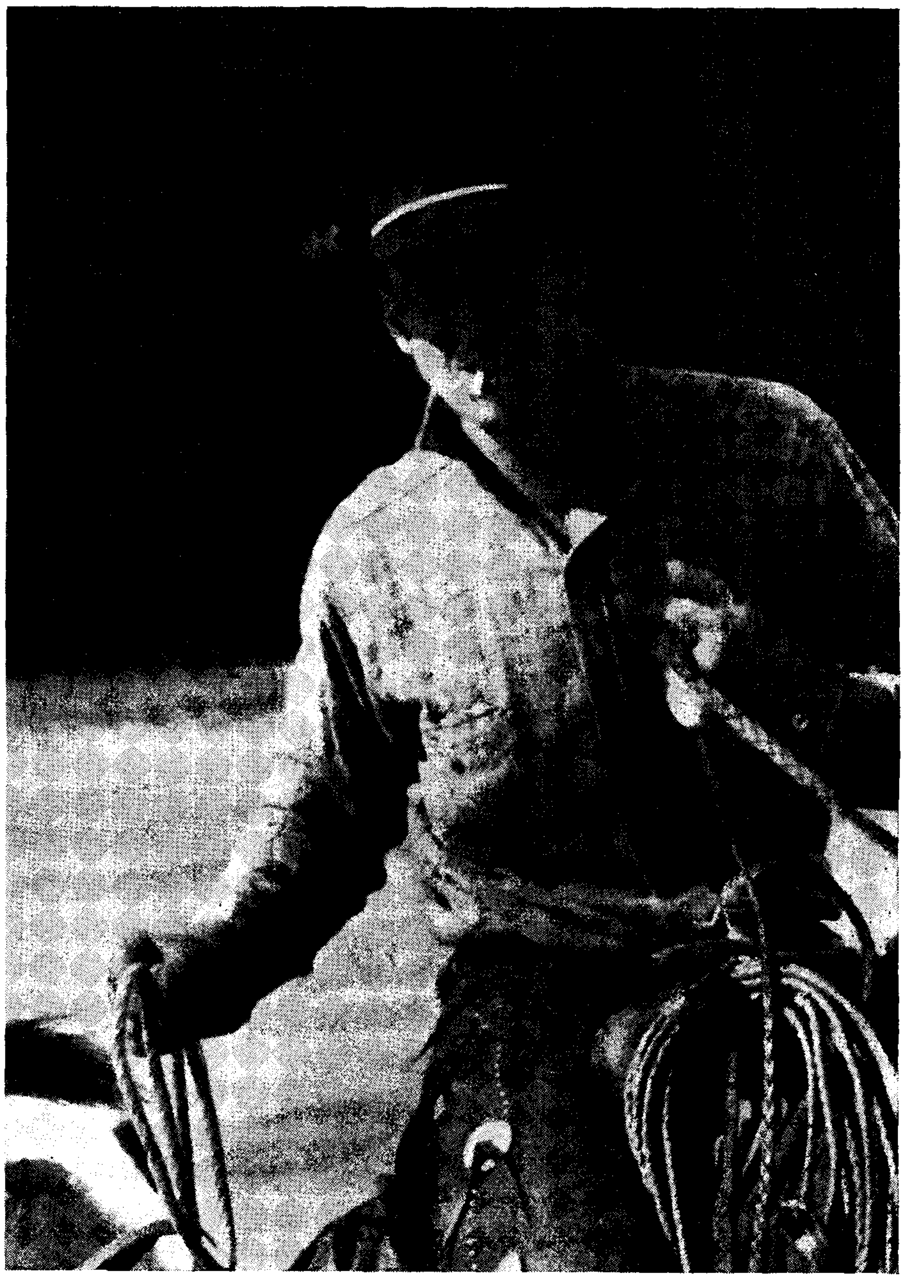
Who will question Secretary Hull's flat statement that the American people are facing an intelligence test?



"Mildred—did you order any coal?" REAMER KELLER

Can a cowboy crash the cigarette ads?

To read the ads these days, a fellow'd think the pretty girls do all the smoking. How about giving us plain men a break? Come down to the cow country where the hot alkali dust takes the fun out of most cigarettes, and you'll find old Spud ridin' high, wide and handsome. It's the only cigarette the cowboys can really enjoy *while they work.* Spuds hit the spot with us when they first came out. And we've been hittin' the Spuds ever since.

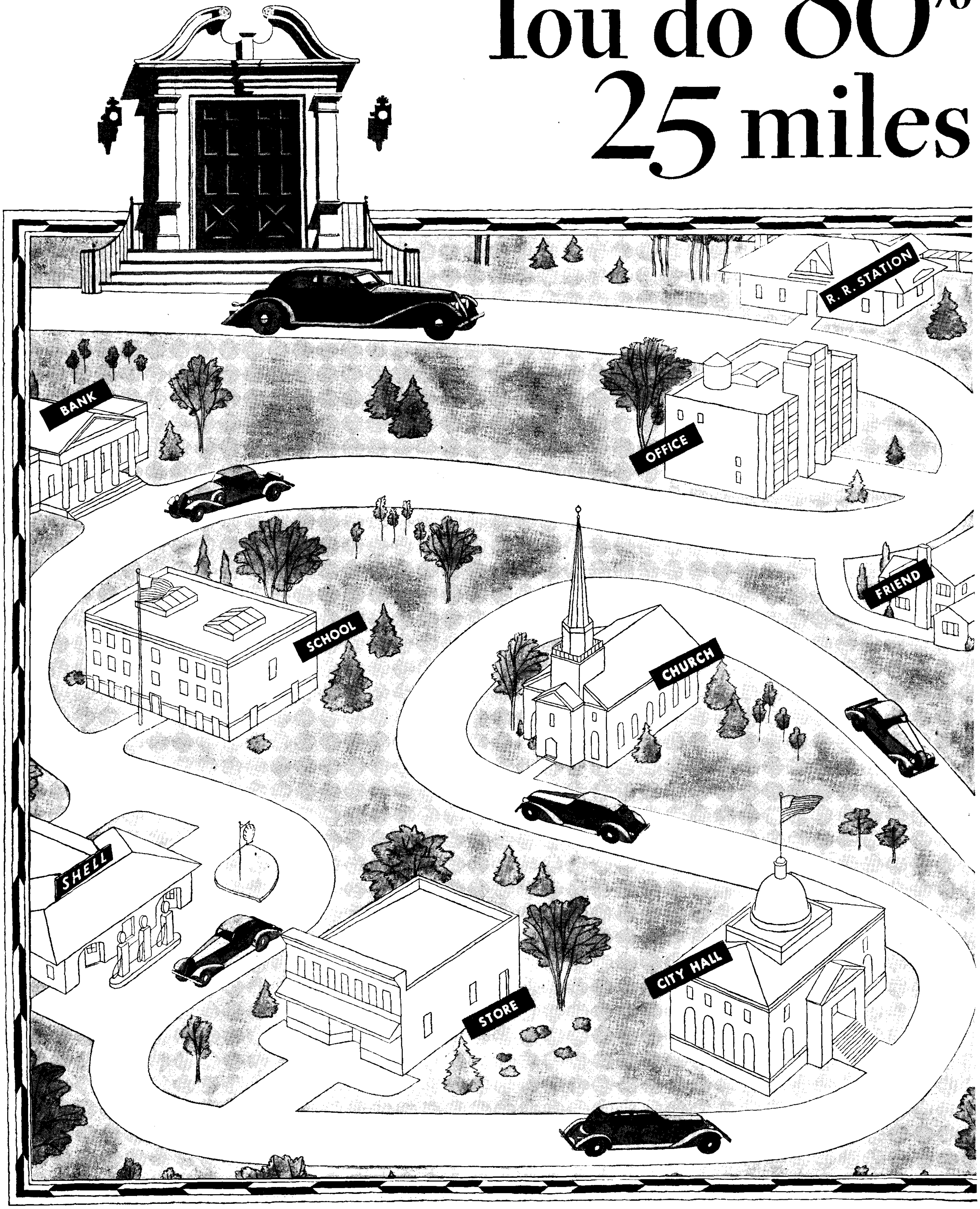


CORK TIP or PLAIN

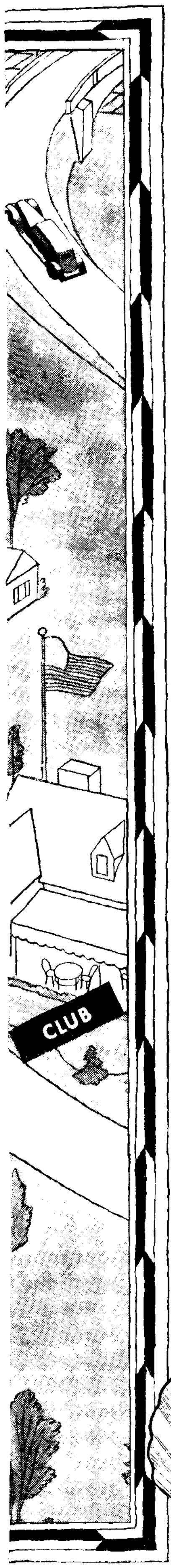
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

You do 80% 25 miles


R. R. STATION
BANK
OFFICE
FRIEND
SCHOOL
CHURCH
SHELL
STORE
CITY HALL

# of your driving within of your doorstep



Constant starting, stopping and accelerating waste your money if your gasoline doesn't have these three different kinds of power

THE AVERAGE CAR today is continually dashing back and forth within a few miles of home or office . . . going to the store, school, movies, club . . . and making business calls!

It's starting . . . stopping . . . warming up—time after time!

This calls for 3 kinds of power in your gasoline . . . *power* for quick starting, *power* for acceleration, *power* for steady runs!

Unless these 3 types of power are present—and in *perfect balance* —your short runs can waste many dollars of your money!

Super-Shell is the *first* gasoline to have these 3 kinds of power—in perfect balance!

That's why Super-Shell cuts your driving costs in 3 ways:

Can save up to a Cupful of Gasoline on every "cold" start

In summer or winter, Super-Shell starts instantly, often warms up in ½ the time of ordinary gasolines. So there's less choking, and you use less gasoline.

Can save up to a Cupful of Gasoline in 10 minutes of hard pulling

Because of its even volatility, you can accelerate rapidly or race your car up steep hills in high gear—and, what's more, without that wasteful *knocking*, which, tests show, can in a few minutes waste up to 10 per cent of your gasoline.

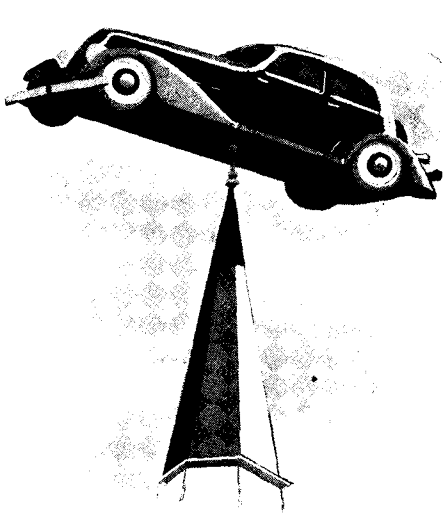
Can save up to a Cupful of Gasoline in 1 hour of steady running

Every drop of Super-Shell vaporizes more completely at every engine temperature. In addition to saving on short trips, many motorists report mileage increases on long runs equal to a saving of a cupful every hour.

• • •

THESE THREE SAVINGS of gasoline from this super-performance result in more mileage per tankful!

Super-Shell is on sale from Coast to Coast by neighborly Shell stations . . . *at no extra cost!*



Now . . . the first truly Balanced Gasoline

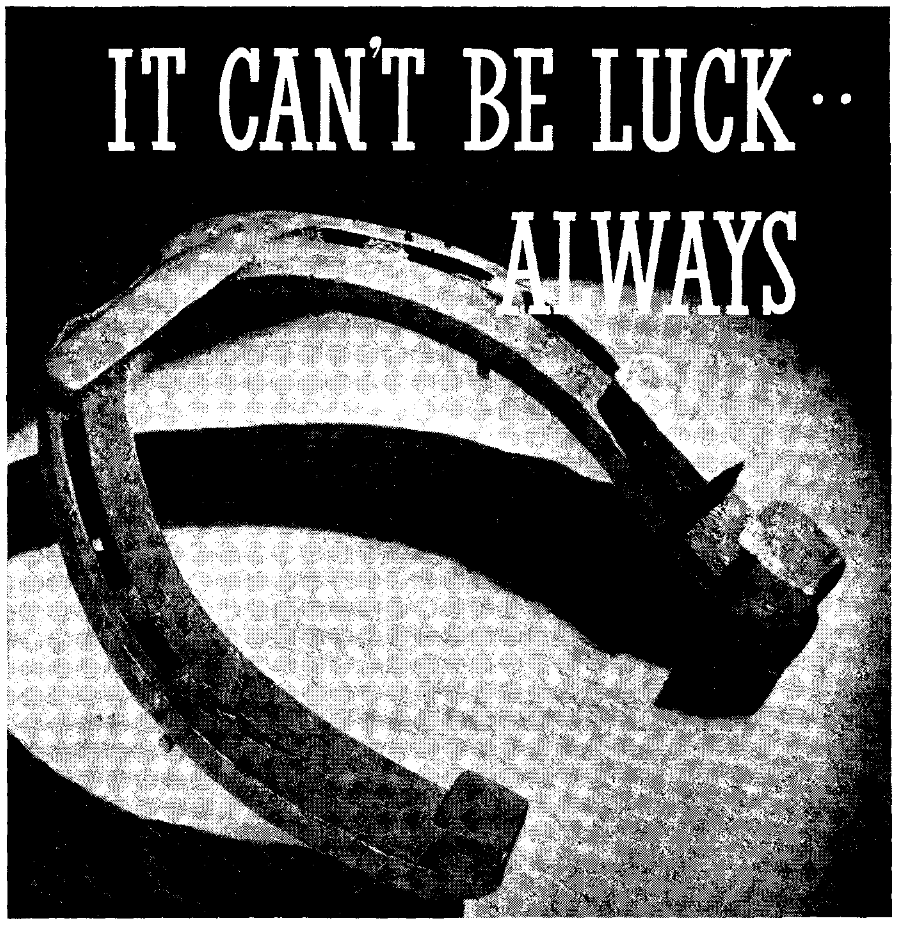
SHELL engineers have led in the perfecting of gasoline ever since they conducted with Ricardo the original anti-knock research which led to the successful use of the high-compression motor principle used in over 95% of today's cars.

Shell co-operated, also, in the perfection of the famous Dubbs cracking process for producing the present high anti-knock gasoline.

From such great pioneering experience—Shell has been able to create Super-Shell . . . *the first truly balanced gasoline!*

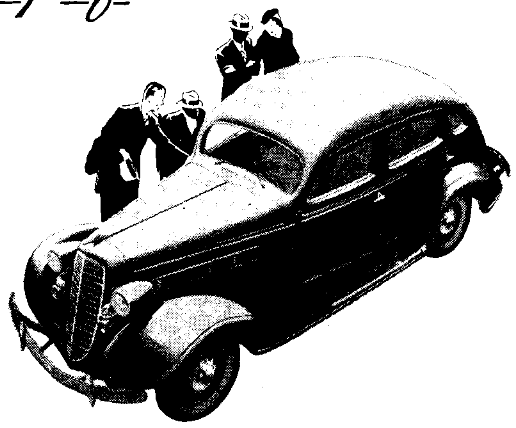
Super-Shell

The first truly balanced Gasoline



—that causes thousands of Reo owners to keep on buying Reos. Year after year they look at all the new models—and come back to Reo. They have found by experience that Reo Quality provides longer life and greater dependability—they have learned that there is a difference between dependable operation and claims that cannot be substantiated. The question comes down to:

What makes Long Life in a motor car?



After all, it is the integrity of the manufacturer, the reputation for making quality products over a long term of years, that really determines long life, and economy in a motor car.

For over 30 years, Reo engineering and manufacturing has been dedicated to making a finer automobile. Outstanding example of this sound policy is the brilliant new Reo Flying Cloud for 1935. Here is the greatest money's worth ever offered in all Reo history. You will be immediately attracted by the car's distinctive streamlined beauty and luxury of appointments—by its remarkable ease of handling, plus the comfort of Reo's new "floating ride"—above all by the complete safety of Reo automatic gearshifting.

Reo advanced engineering is everywhere evident in the new Flying Cloud and Reo Royale, including: tough, long-lasting Lo-Ex pistons; chrome-nickel cylinder block; hydraulic brakes; counterbalanced 7-bearing crankshaft; double drop X-braced frame; airplane shock absorbers and other fine car features.

Inspect the new 1935 Reos at your first opportunity. Prove to yourself that it is unnecessary to pay a costly premium for fine car performance.

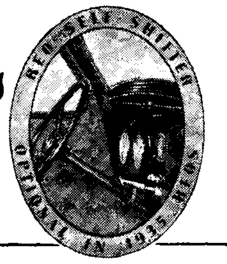
$795 FLYING CLOUD 2-DOOR SEDAN
REO ROYALE $985 AND UP
Prices F. O. B. Lansing
Special equipment and tax extra

THIS CAR HAS ALL FINE CAR FEATURES . . .

THE SELF-SHIFTER (*Optional at new low price*) —The Reo Self-Shifter makes driving easier and safer. Gearshifting is automatic bringing a new freedom to motoring.

WRITE for Proof Booklet based on actual experiences of Self-Shifter owners.

plus +



REO
MOTOR CAR CO.
LANSING, MICHIGAN

Ladybird

Continued from page 16

to her boss pilot that day, veteran Horace Stark.

More than fifteen million people make up the annual travel within the United States. Less than half a million of them use the air lines; and of these many are repeaters. The aviation industry has held up many alibis for the failure of its general public acceptance and use to keep pace with the development of its technical efficiency. It has blamed you for being afraid to fly; but has muffed its job of selling you. It has told you flying is safe—but continued to hold great shows and circuses that prove to as many as 50,000 spectators at a time it can be hair-raising. Recently, at Miami, Florida, a major of the Air Corps dove with his entire squadron dead at the grandstand, jammed with people, and left panic and skipping hearts in their propeller wash as they pulled up at the last instant before holocaust.

Demonstrations of sturdiness and speed and performance are one thing when given to professional audiences, or for military trials and tests; but quite another when they end in flaming wreckage before thousands of lay witnesses—few of whom can be impersonal enough to say: "This is special. This is stunting. When you fly on the air lines such things are not done."

In the majority of such onlookers the superman myth is perpetuated; the frowzy old notion that flying requires extraordinary qualities which are not found in average people. I doubt our American Pullman cars would have achieved their present yearly fifteen billion miles, if earlier models had been displayed looping the loop at the Columbia Exposition, or in Coney Island's Dreamland Park.

A Milepost on the Airways

It is a fantastic note that an industry like aviation, which is predicated on speed and modernity and the promise of the future, should have combinations of Barnum complexes and horse-car minds at some of its executive desks.

All this has a great deal to do with Helen Richey's job of flying the air mail. When the airmen of two generations hence look back at the aeronautical history of this momentous year I believe they will not read most significance, in light of the marvels existing in their day, in the air-mail cancellations or in the MacRobertson race or even in the speed triumphs of American plane designers. Instead, they will memorialize Eugene L. Vidal's campaign to encourage private flying; and Helen Richey's pioneering climb to the controls of a scheduled mail, passenger and express air liner.

Helen Richey was born twenty-five years ago in Pennsylvania—in McKeesport, of which Pittsburgh is a suburb. She was one of five children. Beside the home fires in the 2000 block on Jenny Lind Street today she is a heroine to her older relatives; but Gene Gamble, her ten-year-old nephew, better tells the modern opinion. He thinks she is just plain lucky to be able to do all that flying—and get paid for it! He is a charter member of the Junior Birdmen of America. He is a little put out because Aunt Helen builds nicer airplane models than he can; but explains that she has the advantage of experience.

Helen's father, Dr. Joseph B. Richey, is superintendent of schools in McKeesport—and has been, since a decade before Helen joined the family. He figured she would carry on his traditions with ferule and ink eraser. He managed to urge her through freshman year at Carnegie Tech before she left him on the ground, blinking up. If Pa Richey felt pride along with his disappointment when McKeesport papers, early in her career, began to call Helen the "Tube City Lindbergh," he kept his own course. Lately, however, Pa suspects that perhaps Helen is destined to be a teacher on a grander scale and in a realm of education that he never envisioned. Anyway, long ago he should have taken warning that her thoughts were a-wing, because her most cherished pet was a red hen that she used to take riding on the handle bars of her bicycle.

The Song of the Eagle

Helen's girlhood home stands near the Pittsburgh airport. The front porch was an enchanted rock to a dreamful girl; you sat there, and the argosies of a continent's skyways came to your feet, while the song of their motors told a young heart of far, brave places. One summer day, when the air was particularly alive, she rose from the porch and coaxed a chum, who had been sitting there with her, to go adventuring. They drew all their money from the bank, figuring it would give them a round trip to Cleveland, and one evening's good time there. But they were held five days in Cleveland by thick weather. Each night they moved to a cheaper hotel. Each day they jaunted to the airport; got to know the pilots, and bummed free local flights. Helen was bewitched. When she got home she made her parents feel the wing stubs on her shoulders. Ma was enthusiastic, and Pa was a good sport—he paid for her lessons at Bettis Field. Helen soloed on April 29, 1930, after six hours of instructions. Pa Richey bought her a small plane when she got her private license. He flew in it—once, with another pilot; and has never flown with daughter. Ma Richey, on the contrary, has flown often with her. Indeed, every time Helen turns her back, Mother climbs in and begs a ride. Helen expects her to show up as a stowaway on the passenger line, some day.

Helen now has a thousand hours or more logged. In her air-mail jobs, she adds some eighty hours a month to her book. There are women pilots with more time; but none who has flown more smartly, or with saner purpose. She has barnstormed in her flight toward her present renown, only because there was nothing else open to a bright young girl pilot. Although she has won her share of races and set her quota of marks in the record books, she does not believe in stunt flying for its own sake.

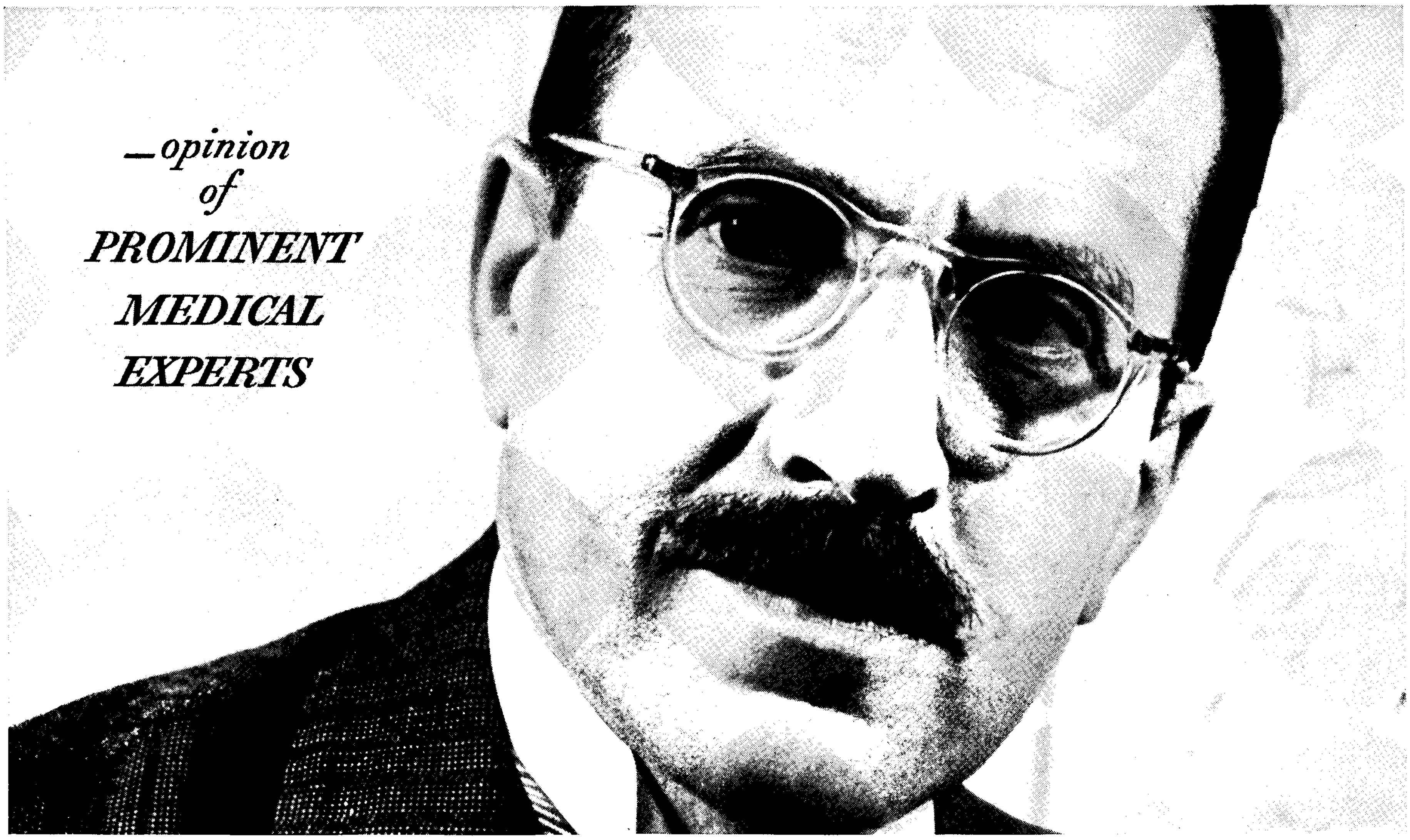
Sinister Customers

She maintains that one day of her scheduled flying job is worth more to the cause of aviation than the endurance record for women, which she made jointly with Frances Marsalis. She has never had a mishap; never dented herself or a plane. Naturally, in her itinerant days she had lots of interesting experiences. However, she insists that you too might have had any one of them without being scared a bit; indeed, that you should have enjoyed them quite as much as she did.

There was, for example, that day when she was too disheveled to go into a hotel in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania—although she was dying to find out what was going on. The affair had started

(Continued on page 43)

"*This new Yeast* is the biggest advance in treating constipation in a generation!"



—opinion of PROMINENT MEDICAL EXPERTS

"NEVER A YEAST LIKE IT!" . . . Dr. André Cain (above), the noted constipation authority and co-author of "Disorders of the Intestines," is one of the world-famous doctors astonished by this new XR yeast. "I have never *seen* such *sure* results from yeast!" reports this medical leader.

What doctors are saying about this new yeast is* IMPORTANT!** ***Read how it will help you break the "Cathartic Habit"...

IN YEARS . . . never such excitement over a discovery for constipation!

This new, more effective yeast was discovered by a great American scientist.

It's a different "strain" of fresh yeast that speeds up digestive juices and muscles!

Thus it strengthens and *normalizes* your entire digestive tract, from your stomach right on down through your small and large intestines. Then you digest your meals better; keep food softer and moving faster; have regular eliminations . . . you quickly feel better—have a keener appetite, more energy.

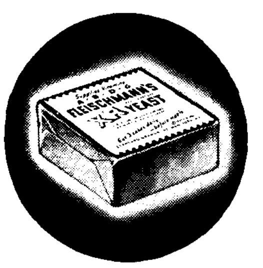
And, as the great clinician, Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says: "It is astonishing how it acts to correct *skin eruptions* and *headaches*, resulting from digestive disorders."

It combats *colds*, too, with its Vitamin A! And its richness in Vitamins B, D and G—*four* vitamins in all—plus minerals and hormone-like substances—aids health in many ways.

OVER THREE MILLIONS ALREADY EATING FLEISCHMANN'S XR YEAST!... Won't you find out what it can do for *you?* The first effect noted should be a gain in energy . . . "pep." But *keep on* eating it. It's a *food*, you know, not a violent drug. Follow the directions and it should make you feel really great again!

Don't go on taking pills or nasty liquids for constipation. *After only a few days on this yeast, cut down gradually on cathartics. Then, as you keep on with the yeast, you should be able to discontinue laxatives entirely!*

Go to a grocer, or to a restaurant or soda fountain and get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast. Then eat 3 cakes a day—plain, or in ⅓ glass of water—preferably half an hour before meals. In almost no time you'll be on the "up-and-up"—with so much more "go." Eat Fleischmann's XR Yeast at least 30 days—or until your troubles are really *corrected*. Won't you start to eat this wonderful new fresh yeast *right now* . . . today?



(As good as ever for baking)

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A Low-priced Six

for those who put quality above all else!

"IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS"

Even if you can afford to disregard cost, you will be interested in the new Pontiac Six. For this *low-priced* car has just as much appeal to people whose only thought is the highest possible quality. Pontiac's exclusive use of silver-alloy bearings is a case in point. It is our honest belief that no other bearings are quite so dependable. Certainly there is plenty of evidence to show that they are twice as durable as the ordinary type. The same emphasis on quality is apparent everywhere. The hydraulic brakes are the finest money can buy and are triple-sealed against dust and moisture. The bodies are the safest kind built today—solid steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher. And the engine's exceptional smoothness and liveliness is combined with gas and oil economy that is nothing less than phenomenal. The six that came this year from Pontiac's great modern plant is not just another low-priced car. At first sight America named it *the most beautiful thing on wheels.* And owners add that in everything it has and does, it ranks with the very finest cars built today.

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

NEW PONTIAC SIXES *and* EIGHTS $615*

A General Motors Value

Highlights of Pontiac Quality for 1935

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Solid Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher ▪ Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes ▪ Speedlined Styling ▪ Completely Sealed Chassis ▪ Silver-Alloy Bearing Engines ▪ 10-Second Starting at Zero ▪ Even Greater Economy ▪ No Draft Ventilation ▪ *Knee-Action ▪ Luggage and Spare Tire Compartment.

**On the Eight and De Luxe Six Models.*

**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Available on easy G.M.A.C. Time Payments.*

Ladybird

Continued from page 40

on the field in Pittsburgh, and was just the sort of thing calculated to drive a woman mad with curiosity. Helen, owning her own plane, was forever on the lookout for charter jobs because she figured those were more worth-while than exhibition flights. One day, when she was servicing her ship, and her face as well as her little monkey suit was covered with grease, four men drove up. They wanted someone to fly to Harrisburg; call at a certain hotel there for an envelope; and fetch that back to Pittsburgh. That was all. No strings —simple directions, and eighty-five dollars cash in advance. They would stick around to await her return. Helen was puzzled.

No Laws Broken

The men, to say it mildly, looked more like mugs than like important business folk who ordinarily make expensive gestures. Oh, well, at least they could not hide a body in a small envelope; it might be a murder plot, or a gangster deal—but there was the cash, and Helen and her plane were for hire, and hers not to reason why. One proviso: they were in a great hurry, and would not give her time to spruce up. She took along the cleanest mechanic she could find, sent him into the hotel at Harrisburg for the envelope; and all the way back to Pittsburgh burned to know what it contained. The mugs ran forward with shouts of joy, grabbed the envelope, and hurried toward their car. One paused, then came back to Helen. "By the way," he said, "you done us a good turn. Come down and see us tonight—everything on the house, for you!" They were opening a night club, and the envelope held their liquor license!

Incidents of that nature—many such ornament her diary—did not get Helen into the newspapers; except in McKeesport. She is not of the clan known to airmen as "headline flyers." The endurance record flight was an exception. "Now I know what the most vexatious problem of flagpole sitters is," says Helen, "and what they think about." But she won't explain. Cross her heart and hope to die, she will never do it again.

Her participation was unplanned, accidental; in response to a call from a friend in a jam. Gives you a chuckle when you recall that the flight was sponsored for advertising reasons by a firm of cosmetic makers—and Helen never uses cosmetics.

Viola Gentry had started the flight with Frances Marsalis, but was taken ill. Frances in Miami phoned to Helen in McKeesport, and put it up to her.

Mending Wings Instead of Socks

It was December of 1933. Helen forsook her Christmas shopping and headed south. She handled the refueling. Thousands of feet above Biscayne Bay, sometimes in very rough air, she thrust her body through a hatch in the roof of the plane and fished in space for the heavy nozzle of a crazily swinging hose, which might flick her pretty head off as neatly as a machete if she forgot to duck, or yank her from the plane if she was slow to let go. Tanks filled, then she had to wait for a 55-pound bundle of oil, fuel, and necessities that would be let down by rope from the refueling plane daily. On the seventh day when there were two bottles of beer in it the package got away from Helen—served the topers right!—and knocked a big hole in the fabric of a wing.

The flight, but a few hours short of a new world's record, appeared doomed. But Helen rummaged around the cockpit, found cloth (devotion to facts overwhelms my story instinct and compels me to say the patch was not cut from Helen's underwear nor Frances') and needle and cord and glue and dope. Then she went out and sat on the wing and stitched up the hole as neatly and calmly as you might repair a tear in your brother's overalls.

The girls spent Christmas Day in the air and intended to fly straight through into the next year, but their manager got a crick in his neck and ordered them down after they had been up about ten days.

Her resourcefulness, as exemplified above Miami, the manner in which her varied experiences have always been salted with fine common sense, the richness of her cross-country and night flying, won the air-mail job for Helen over eight other candidates, all men. Helen believes there is a definite place in transport aviation for girl co-pilots who are able to build up the necessary qualifications. On lines that have no provisions for stewardesses it is customary for the co-pilots to double. If you have ever had awkward country boys with big, hairy, freckled hands adjust your pillow, or rub away a headache and give you a crushed skull in its stead, or serve your meals aloft, you will agree with Helen that girls might do a more restful job.

A Lady in Command

Co-pilots, of course, eventually become chief pilots. How would that set with passengers—and with male co-pilots, who might find themselves under a girl captain? Helen sees nothing illogical, and points out that many offices have women executives over men. When you argue there are no girl locomotive engineers, or shipmasters, Helen reminds you those professions were rooted in a traditional man's world; thought has changed; there is no reason why skilled women should not walk bridges or rule cabs, but conditions have not permitted them to get the training; anyway, science has taken the emphasis off strength. Helen is too feminine to be a feminist; but her eyes have an unusual quality that arrests your confidence. Normally they appear steeped in inextinguishable placidity; but in a wink they pop from owl eyes to hawk eyes. It's as though a fire were suddenly lighted within her head. You are sure she will lick that chief pilot problem all right when she comes to it.

Her work is hard. No time for parties. She flies into Washington at three in the morning and sits at the lunch counter for a cup of coffee before she goes home. There are compensations, though. The frequent health examinations pilots are compelled to undergo keep her fit. She does not have to watch her diet.

"Have you ever noticed," Helen said, looking admiringly at your reporter's athletic figure, "that you never meet any *fat* pilots?" A look I returned with interest. So would you.

Her thousand hours aloft have not been productive of a scratch. She had an accident once, though. It landed her in Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh. Dressed as a farm girl, she went on a hayseed party in an old-fashioned country wagon. A front wheel came off, dumping Helen into a ditch, where a rear wheel passed over her knee. Now she cannot abide that song about wagon wheels.

QUICK *Action* BY LONG DISTANCE CLOSES *Sales*

LIKE many businesses, a Maryland manufacturing company answers inquiries from prospects by Long Distance telephone service—because it is *fast*, direct, inexpensive—and gets results. The Secretary reports his company "very well pleased," and cites two typical cases from their records.

1. **Inquiry from Waterloo, Iowa. Telephoned at once. Three-minute conversation produced $2400 order at cost of $4.20.**
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The regular use of Long Distance will help make sales for you too. Let the local Bell Company show you how it's done.

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Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

More than 400,000 families have found the answer to these questions with the help of

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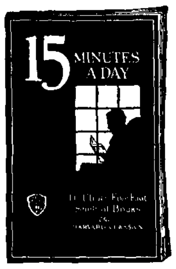
Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free book tells about it—how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.



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Name { Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address....................................

Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 24

The girl stopped and waited. Cardwell came up, panting a little.

"On second thought, Miss Gray, I think you'd better stay here with us till we get in touch with your brother."

"That would take too long, Lee." She stood with her eyes lowered, running her fingers back and forth along the top of a fence.

"No, it wouldn't. Ma says you're a great help to her. She likes you very much."

"But it's your house."

Cardwell shifted and looked uncomfortably off across the street.

"Well, I'm asking you to come back."

"Why?"

"Does there have to be a reason?"

"Anyway, one of those newspaper boys is waiting for me. Mighty kind of him, I think."

Cardwell snorted:

"Do you really think that?"

"Well, I hate to have him waiting there. I'd better go."

Cardwell took her firmly by the arm.

"Let him wait."

They walked back to the house in silence and up the steps. Ma opened the front door.

"Made her come back, did you, Dr. Cardwell?"

Cardwell cleared his throat.

THAT evening after supper Cardwell went uptown to attend a meeting of the Minute Men but found that it was postponed until the next night. Not knowing what to do with himself, and not wanting to spend an evening at home more or less under the eyes of Ma Ganson or Josephine, as he was still a little ashamed of his actions of the afternoon, he went into the Palace Movie Theater for the last show.

It was eleven o'clock when he came out. He drove home slowly, relishing the mild spring night, and feeling better than he had felt for a long time. He began to have hopes for the future. Today had been what used to be called a "red-letter day"; why, he had never found out! Late in the afternoon the phone had rung and he had answered it. A man was spluttering at the other end. It took Cardwell quite a while to find out who the man was and what he wanted. It was Ben Suggs. His daughter, Caroline, was so improved that he and his married daughter, Kate, were going to take her to the movies that night. Ben was overwhelmed. "My gosh," he said, "I could hardly believe my ears when she asked me to take her. As a rule, we don't even bother to ask her to go any place any more, as she never will. Doc, you're all right. Keep up the good work."

Cardwell smiled at the thought. This meant prestige in Big Bend. And then in the afternoon mail he had got his monthly check with a letter from his father's lawyer. The check was nearly double what he had expected it to be and, besides, the lawyer's letter was very reassuring; things were looking up; some of the companies which had passed dividends were reorganizing; in the near future he might be getting as much as he had got in the past.

After he had put his car in the little garage at the back, he came round the house whistling softly, something he hadn't done for a long time. All the lights were out in the house. Groping about for the hat rack, he dropped his hat on the floor. Just as he was stooping to pick it up, he heard a faint movement, like the slow and cautious slide of a foot. He listened for a moment, then quickly turned on the hall lights. The door to his room was shut, which struck him as strange. Looking down, he noticed that no light showed under the door. He stood scratching his head; then, smiling at himself for his uneasiness, he shrugged and pushed open the door. Once inside, he was sure there was somebody in the room. The door swung quietly shut behind him and the lights were switched on. With a start he saw Lefty Croker sitting in the chair by the work-table. Cardwell glanced over his shoulder. A big man with a cap pulled low was standing with his back to the hall door.

"Howdy, Doc," said Lefty, grinning. "Don't get scared. Just a friendly visit, but we had to take things easy, understand? That big lug there is my buddy, Al. He's strong as a bull but harmless."

"Howya, Doc," said Al, grinning.

Cardwell glanced at them, then sat down without a word. He regretted ever having anything to do with these thugs. He should have reported Lefty to the police; he shouldn't have taken any money from him. But Lefty had caught him at just the right time; low in spirit, feeling ill-used by the town and defiant, and worst of all, needing money.

"You look a little down-hearted, Doc," said Lefty. "Still need jack?"

"Look here," said Cardwell. "You'll have to get another doctor. I can't do anything more for you."

"Huh?" Al exclaimed. "Hey, Lefty, I thought you said this guy was O. K."

"He's O. K. Don't worry. Just got the jitters a little on account he jumped us up like this. Eh, Doc?"

Cardwell noticed that Lefty's eyes were glittering in a peculiar way. The fellow was perfectly capable of killing him and laughing about it. He'd better go a little more slowly. Lefty didn't have a girl with him this time and it was apparent in his manner. He seemed much harder, much more deadly. Cardwell remembered the rattle of the machine-guns with a start. No, it wouldn't do to be too abrupt.

"All right, Doc," said Lefty. "You've had long enough, ain't you? There ain't nothing to be a-scared of. We're your friends. Eh, Al?"

"Sure. Sure."

"All right," said Cardwell, "let's see the arm." He got up and went slowly to the cabinet for his medicine case. He didn't know just what to do and he was sparring for time.

AL WATCHED him for a second, then he jerked a gun.

"Hey," said Lefty, "nix, nix."

"Well, I can't see what he's doing over there," said Al. "And I ain't taking chances. Red told me to be careful, so I am."

"Say, I'm handling this."

"All right, all right. But I know what Red told me."

Lefty grunted, then turned.

"Say, Doc, you got me wrong. It ain't about my arm. My arm's O. K. But you'll need the bag. Take plenty of iodine and bandages. Some of the boys are shot up pretty bad."

Cardwell turned.

"What?"

"Come on," said Al roughly, "we ain't got all night. Red said to hurry. Listen, saw-bones, we got plenty of dough. Red said he'd give you five hundred for the trip. That's what I call big-hearted."

"Trip?"

Lefty turned swiftly.

"Take a peek out in the hall, Al. If it's O. K. grab the Doc's hat. Now, Doc, I ain't got all night to explain. But Red wants you to come out and patch up some of the boys. It's only about fourteen miles. We'll take you out and bring you back. Now step on it."

Cardwell stood staring, helpless. Al came in with Cardwell's hat, shutting the door softly.

"Everything under control, I guess," said Al.

"All right," said Lefty. "Now, Doc, there's two hundred coppers of one kind or another looking for us. This is serious business—get the idea? So we got to play it careful." He turned to Al: "Gimme them bracelets."

Al took a pair of handcuffs out of his coat pocket and handed them to Lefty, who pulled the bag away from Cardwell and whirled him around. Cardwell protested but Lefty paid no attention.

"All right, Al," said Lefty over his shoulder, "blindfold him."

"Wait a minute," said Cardwell. "What's the idea of all this?"

NEITHER of the men spoke. Al tied a black silk handkerchief across Cardwell's eyes, then pulled a stocking-cap down over the handkerchief. Cardwell stood in the middle of the room, helpless. His hands were handcuffed together behind him; everything was black. He was in for it, that was all. He would just have to do the best he could.

Al went out into the hall and turned off the light.

"All right," he whispered.

They led Cardwell out the door, which they shut carefully, then down the steps.

"Got the bag and his hat?" asked Lefty.

"Yep."

"Now, Doc," said Lefty, as they walked along. "We got a car parked around the corner here. Just get in. Don't make us no trouble. You're as safe as if you was with your mother. We just got to play safe, is all. Red don't want anybody to know where his hideaway is, see?"

"Hey, don't tell that guy anything," muttered Al.

"Pipe down. 'Tend to your own business."

"All right, all right. But Red says . . ."

"Oh, damn Red!"

Al gasped.

"Why . . . why . . ."

"I didn't mean nothing against Red," Lefty said hastily. "I'm getting tired of hearing you say 'Red says,' that's all."

Cardwell noted the fear in Lefty's voice. It made him very uneasy. Red Bastian was assuming enormous proportions in his imagination.

"Here we are," said Lefty. "Step up. Now sit back. There you are."

Cardwell heard the door slam shut, then in a moment two more doors slammed and somebody stepped on the starter. He was evidently in the back seat of a sedan. He drew back suddenly; a soft hand was patting his face.

"Got you all tied up, ain't they, Doc?" said a woman's voice. "Say," she went on, as the car started off with a jerk, "I thought you lugs was never coming."

The car turned a corner, the tires shrieking; then in a very brief time it turned three more corners. Cardwell was completely at sea; he had no idea where they were or in which direction they were going.

"Doc," said the girl, "I'm Dublin. You remember me?"

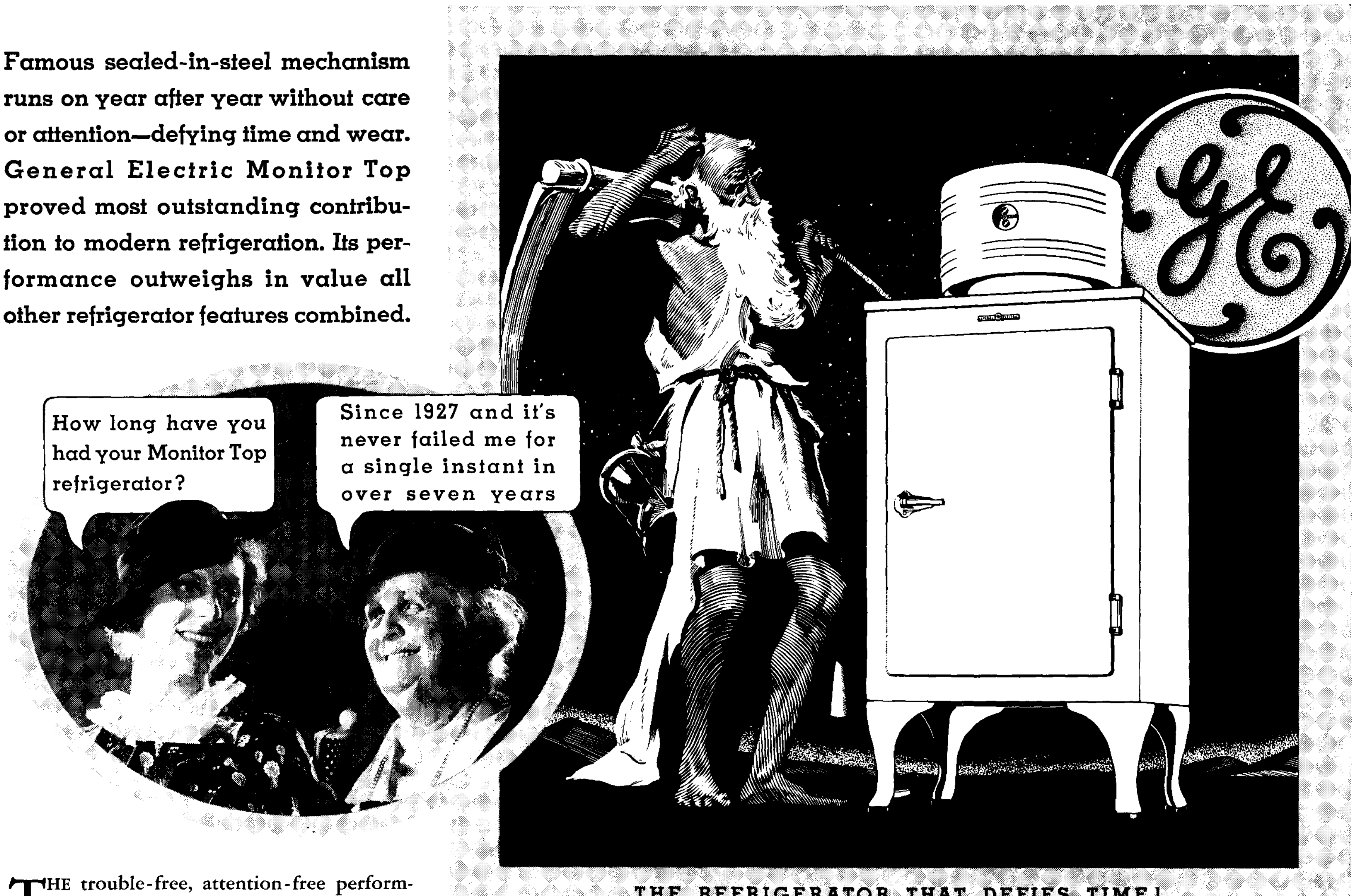
"Yes. Certainly."

"Say, I told these lugs they didn't

(Continued on page 46)

OWNERS AMAZED AT G-E "AGELESS" REFRIGERATOR

Famous sealed-in-steel mechanism runs on year after year without care or attention—defying time and wear. General Electric Monitor Top proved most outstanding contribution to modern refrigeration. Its performance outweighs in value all other refrigerator features combined.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Since 1927 and it's never failed me for a single instant in over seven years

THE REFRIGERATOR THAT DEFIES TIME!

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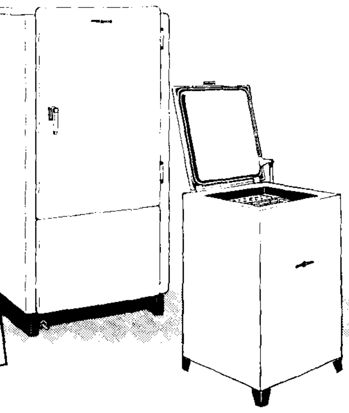
Hundreds of thousands of G-E Monitor Tops in use *over five years* are as good today as when first bought. At the General Electric Research Laboratories Monitor Tops have been cut apart after six and seven years use in homes, and found to be in such first class condition that it is impossible to place a limit on the years of service to be expected from this matchless mechanism.



Now all 3 types with G-E sealed-in-steel mechanism: Monitor Top, Flatop, Liftop, f. o. b. prices as low as $77.50

5 Years Performance Protection for only $1 a Year!

Performance is what really counts in a refrigerator. Look to the mechanism *first*—that's what determines how long and how well a refrigerator will serve you. A General Electric not only lasts longer but the operating cost is lower. In addition to the standard 1 year warranty, the General Electric sealed-in-steel mechanism carries 4 more years protection for only five dollars!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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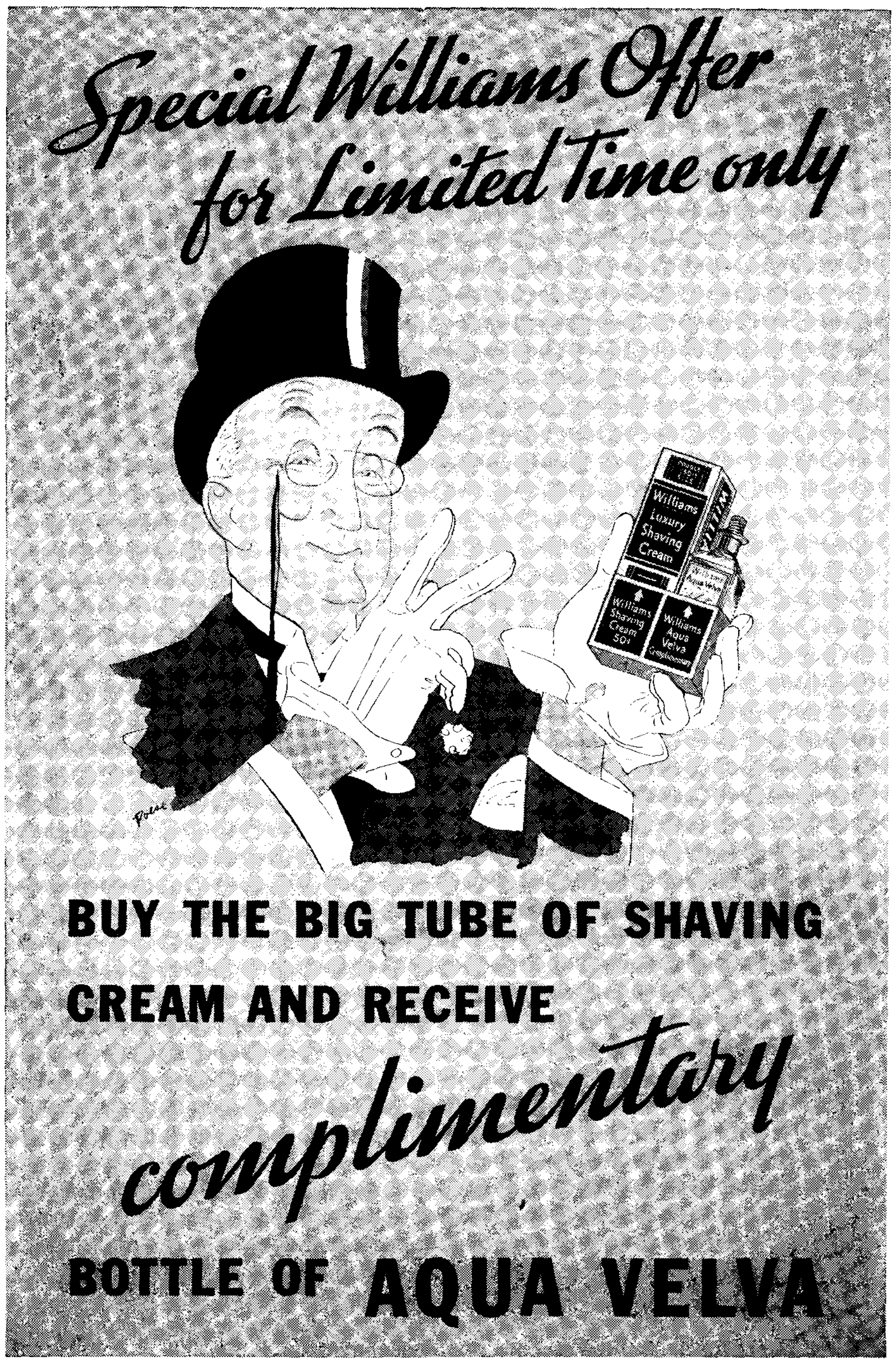
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The double-size tube of Williams Shaving Cream always was an economy Now, it's a positive bargain — if you act without delay.

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Williams' generous white lather softens the beard quickly, stays moist, and leaves your skin feeling fine and fit. Then—invigorating Aqua Velva, scientific after-shaving preparation—the perfect ending for a perfect shave.

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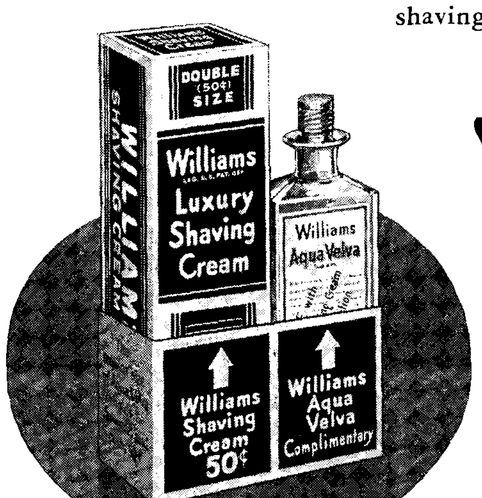
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Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 44

have to tie you up and all that business but that's the way they are. They got to do everything some funny way. I says to them: 'Why, Doc's all right. You don't need to . . .' "

"Aw, pipe down," said Al. "Your tongue's too long; you remind me of my first wife."

The men were in a better humor now. Lefty laughed.

"Trying to get next to Doc, eh, Dublin?"

"Aw, gwan."

"Yeah," said Al. "Well, there he is, Dublin. All tied up and everything. Can't help himself. Go to it."

Dublin leaned forward and knocked Al's hat off.

"You big lug! Don't pay no attention to them, Doc. They ain't got no manners."

Al laughed.

"Dublin, the big-time gal. Listen, Doc, she learned all her manners in the Girls' Industrial Home. Ask her what she was sent up for."

Both Lefty and Al roared with laughter.

"Pigs!"

CARDWELL felt a little easier and tried to relax. But he could not lean all the way back against the seat, as his manacled hands were in the way. Finally he sat sideways, rested his shoulder against the seat, and braced himself with his feet.

Dublin talked incessantly and Al began to sing, trying to drown her out. In a little while Lefty said:

"All right. Pipe down. It won't be long now." Turning, he went on: "Doc, this is going to be a little rough, so hang on to your bridgework."

"I'll watch out for you, Doc," said Dublin, putting her arm around him to steady him.

Al turned and laughed.

"Well, all I got to say is if she was my gal . . ." Then he subsided as Lefty began to hit the ruts.

Cardwell bounced and rolled, but he kept himself pretty well braced with his feet, and Dublin helped him. After what seemed to him an interminable stretch of the roughest road he'd ever been over in his life, the car stopped with a jerk, and Lefty and Al opened the door and helped him out.

"All set," said Lefty, cheerfully. "We'll have them bracelets and blinkers off in a few minutes now, Doc. How you making it?"

"I'm all right." He turned, trying to locate Dublin. "I want to thank that girl . . ."

"I'm right here, Doc."

"Well, thanks for your kindness."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Always willing to do a good-looking guy a favor, eh, Dublin?" said Al. "I'll bet if we drug Doc Ginder out here you wouldn't be so nicey-nice."

"Don't pay no attention to him, Doc. He's just ignorant."

They led Cardwell up a long flight of rickety steps; then he felt or sensed that a door had been opened; there was a whispered consultation, and a man said:

"Red was getting jittery, you guys was so long."

"Doc was out."

They walked interminably. Cardwell heard doors open and close, many of them; then they went up a long and winding flight of steps. Cardwell was bewildered. He had the vague notion that they were in some kind of an institution; no house could be as big as this place seemed. Then suddenly a door opened and he heard a hubbub; the door closed; the handcuffs were unlocked and removed; somebody jerked off the stocking-cap and untied the handkerchief. He stood blinking.

At first he couldn't get his bearings, then he began to realize that he was in a huge, dimly lit, and partially dismantled ballroom. All the big windows—and there must have been a dozen of them—were boarded up and some of them were covered with blankets. Tables, cots, and chairs were scattered all over the big room; it was lit by coal-oil lamps which cast huge round spots of light on the distant ceiling. The place looked like the temporary billet of an army.

"Well," said a rough voice, "you finally got here, eh? Red was having fits. Wait, I'll get him."

There was a short silence, then everybody began to talk at once. Cardwell saw two girls get up from a cot and join the group of men crowding round him. One of them was slim and very young and not bad-looking. She smiled when he looked at her and said:

"Howya, Doc?"

"That's Red's Tommy," said Lefty, nudging him. "Nice, eh?"

Dublin shrugged, then she turned to Cardwell, smiling:

"We had a nice ride, eh, Doc?"

The men roared and Dublin made a face at them. But the uproar stopped suddenly. Cardwell turned. He saw a short, stocky little man with tremendous shoulders swaggering toward him across the long ballroom.

"That's Red," said Lefty, nudging him.

"Hello, Doc," said Red in a hearty voice as he came up. "We was beginning to think you wasn't coming. Howya like my joint, eh?"

Red held out his hand and Cardwell took it, wincing at the grip.

"Well," said Red, "I got a couple of pretty sick boys. As a rule the lead just bounces off of these guys, but tonight they left their rabbit's foot at home. Lefty, take the Doc in."

"Where are they?"

"I got 'em in there in my place, out of all this draft and noise: This joint out here sounds like a bird store most of the time. What's the matter with you lugs, don't you never sleep? We call this joint the mare's nest, Doc. Me, I got my own room and I live like a king."

CARDWELL studied Red. He noticed the careless, somewhat comic gestures; the swagger; the unbelievable complacency. Red was unmistakably American and had a plain, homely, farmer face. All over the Mid-West men with faces like that were following a plow or driving a tractor. But Red's eyes weren't right. At first Cardwell couldn't make out what was wrong, then he realized that Red's eyes were slanted slightly, that they were a shade or so too pale, and that they were very brilliant and flashing. These shrewd, cunning, ruthless eyes did not go with the homely mid-western face.

"Lefty," said Red, "take Doc in to see the boys. When he gets through bring him out here. I'm going to have some grub rustled up for him. What's your drink, Doc? We got most everything."

"Coffee."

Several men snickered, but Red glared at them and said:

"Coffee she is." Then he turned and faced the slim young girl. "Muggsy, get rustling. Doc and me is going to have chow pretty soon."

The girl obeyed without a word.

Lefty took Cardwell into Red's room.

(To be continued next week)

Fable of the Dog and his Shadow

[MODERN VERSION]

The story below is dramatised from an actual experience related in an unsolicited letter from John A. McKee of Durham, N. C.

1. "I had an experience lately that reminds me of the old fable—you know, the dog and his shadow? It begins with the fact that I'd always prided myself on taking good care of my car."

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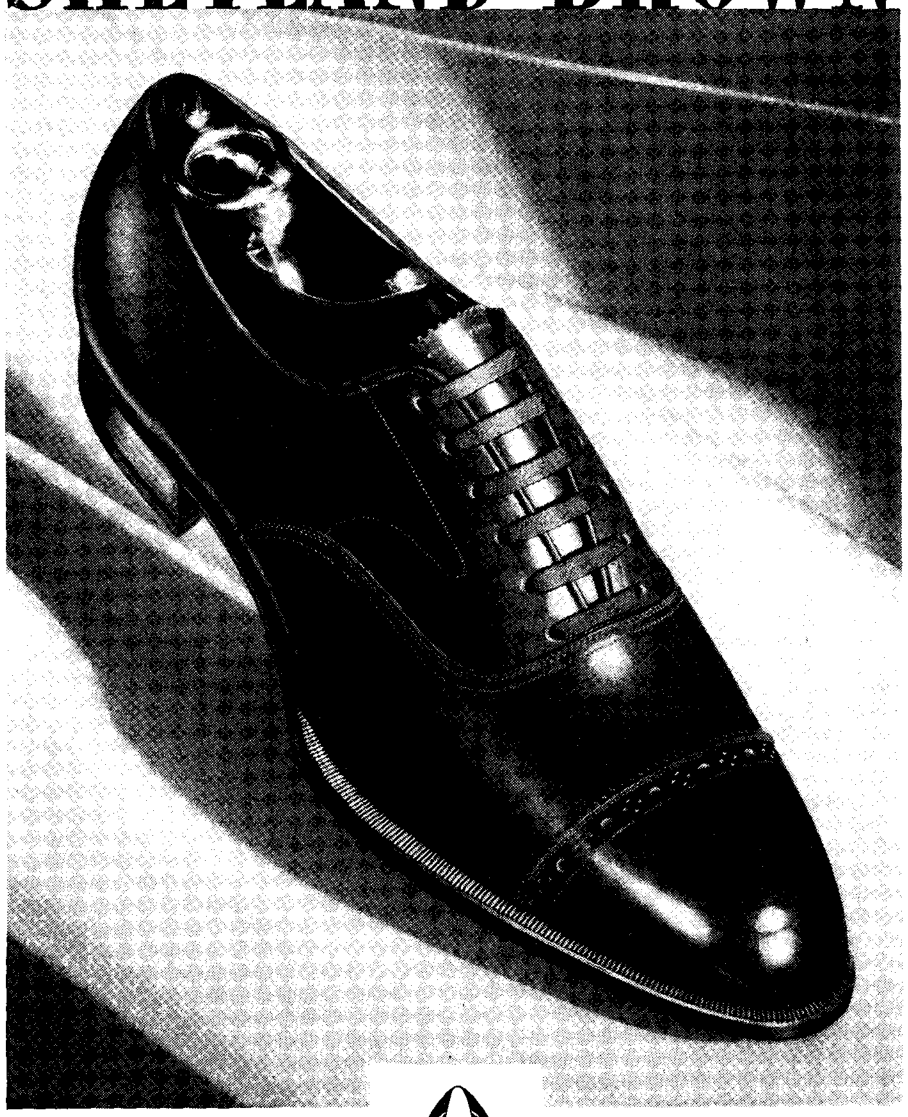

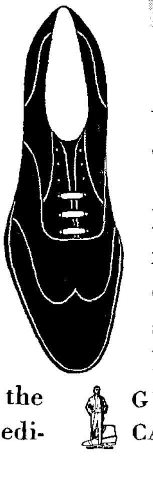

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»WALK·OVER«

Nervous Breakdown

Continued from page 11

and sat beside her. "How are you?" he inquired.

"Oh, fine."

"Working?"

"Just today. I haven't been called yet."

"I tried to find you."

"Why?"

"I wanted to see you."

Josephine giggled. "I thought I bored you till you fell asleep."

"*You didn't bore me. I like a quiet* evening."

"Hey, Johnson," bellowed an assistant director. "On the ballroom set."

Josephine rose from her chair with the grace of a cat.

"Goodby," she said.

"Where do you live?"

"Hotel Clairmont. Goodby."

AFTER she had gone George lay there contentedly. Let Jake do his worst. Let him delay the schedule. To hell with the picture and Jake and Mammouth. A hand on his shoulder awakened him.

Jake was smiling down upon him benignly.

"George, old feller," he said. "You work too hard. Nobody ought to burn himself up the way you do. I been over hopping up some of Manning's lines but it's a swell script and it's going to be a hit fillum."

"Why, thanks, Jake," said George. "You're the boy who can put the punch in the right place." So he went off, arm in arm with Jake, who never dreamed how near he had come to having his nose busted in.

Being a young man not devoid of gratitude, George acknowledged freely that the presence on the lot of Josephine was all that had prevented him from making a fool of himself and ruining his career, and the least that he could do was to see that she secured some employment.

"The girl's a sedative," he told himself. "And a sedative is just what I need. Say, I ought to pay her a salary to be round when I'm fed up with things. Maybe I will."

He chuckled. "She hasn't got a brain in her head and she probably hasn't an emotion nor an impulse. Bovine, that describes her. Bovine but beautiful. But why isn't a woman like that exactly what a man of my temperament requires? Well, I'll call the Clairmont tomorrow or next day and date her up."

But night work intervened and it was three days before he called the Clairmont and asked for Miss Josephine Johnson.

"She doesn't live here any more," stated the clerk.

"But she left an address?"

"Well," said the clerk, "the fact is she couldn't pay her rent and we had to lock her out, so we don't know where she went."

George called the casting director who told him that she lived at the Clairmont—obsolete information—Josephine had disappeared again.

And, because he couldn't find her, Josephine became an obsession with George. Every time a nerve rang a bell, he blamed it upon the unattainability of Josephine. As a child yearns for his mother he yearned for the cool, calm, placid, beautiful person of Josephine. He wanted to lay his head upon her smooth shoulder and weep. He wanted her to soothe him to sleep. Each day the violet of her eyes, the pink and white of her skin, the softness of her hands, the bromidic effect of her personality seemed more desirable.

He saw no other girls. He went home nights and walked the floor and drank too many drinks and didn't go to sleep until all hours. And one afternoon, driving home from the studio about five-thirty, his heart thumped violently and his eyes stuck out of his head.

There was Josephine, standing on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street holding a battered suitcase. He jammed his car between another and the curb to the fury of the other driver.

"Josephine," he cried. "Where are you going?"

"I'm waiting for the red car," said Josephine with her slow smile.

"Get in."

He thrust open the door and Josephine got in beside him. He darted forward. "I've been looking for you everywhere," he said.

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to see you."

"Oh," said Josephine.

"I had a job for you," he added, feeling some explanation of his eagerness was necessary.

"It's too late," said Josephine. "I'm going back to Salt Lake."

In his agitation he stepped too hard on the gas and almost rammed the car ahead.

"What for?"

"My mother sent me the fare home. I'm washed up here," she said tonelessly.

"Look here. I'll get you work."

"No. I'm taking the eight-thirty train tonight."

There was silence. George was thinking ferociously. He absolutely had to keep this girl in Hollywood. Without her the nervous breakdown was inevitable. Keep her on any terms. Even marry her. Why not? What a home he would have to return to! Home to this lovely, sweet imperturbable woman—nerveless—passionless—placid.

"You're not going home, Josephine," he said firmly. "You're going to marry me."

"Let me out," commanded Josephine, frightened.

"No, no, I mean it. I want to marry you."

She grew pink, gazed at him obliquely. "You mean you love me?"

He laughed wildly. "Sure. Certainly. I'm crazy about you."

"But you don't know me. Was—was it love at first sight?"

"It was," he assured her. At the moment he believed it.

The girl sighed. "I like you," she said. "All right. I don't really want to go back to Salt Lake."

"We're taking a plane for Agua Caliente. We'll be married in a couple of hours," he cried joyfully.

IN Agua Caliente the service is perfect. Within a half an hour of arrival at the Mexican resort, a clergyman married them in a charming suite in one of the world's loveliest hotels.

"I hereby pronounce you man and wife," he said and departed. George took his bride in his arms and for the first time kissed her ripe red lips. She sighed, trembled, then stiffened in his arms. Suddenly she thrust him away. She opened her mouth and from it came one of the most piercing, penetrating screams that ever came from mouth of woman. It was followed by another and another. George backed away, terrified. Her eyes were staring. She was twisting, writhing. Her hands were like claws. With a howl of dismay, he rushed from the suite and demanded the hotel doctor.

When he returned with the doctor they heard insane laughter in the suite.

"Stay outside," commanded the physician.

George paced the corridor, sick at heart, horrified at his own rash act. He had married a lunatic.

Finally the uproar subsided and, after a long while, the doctor came out, a smile on his face.

"It's all right, now," he said. "She's asleep. I've given her a sedative."

"Is she out of her mind?" faltered the bridegroom.

"Young man," said the physician, "your wife is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown."

The mouth of George Holt dropped open. His eyes popped. "But—but that's impossible," he gasped.

"Certainly not. Lots of people have them. They always recover."

"Sure, I'm on the verge myself, but not Josephine. You don't know her, Doctor. Why, nothing bothers her. She's the most amazing person in the world. She has no emotions, no nerves."

"You telling me? I've just seen her."

"But she's the most placid person that ever lived."

"Still waters run deep. The girl, obviously, has been under a terrific mental strain for a long period."

"But she has nothing to trouble her. We're just married. I make a large income—"

The doctor laughed. "That explains it. Reaction. People can fight as long as the battle is on but go to pieces when it's over. When she wakes up in the morning she'll be all right but she must have rest and quiet. You'll pardon me, but she looks undernourished. Her nails, her eyes, a certain pallor, indicate anemia. Has she had a hard time?"

"I reckon she has," said George with a sigh. "Come to think of it, the poor kid has had a hell of a time."

He hired another room for the night and about nine the next morning entered the suite.

Josephine was awake, looking like a lily in her little bed. Her eyes filled with tears when she saw him.

"What must you think of me?" she asked pitifully. "I went to pieces, didn't I?"

"You've had a complete nervous breakdown," he said gently. "You have to be very quiet."

"If—if you want a divorce, you can have it."

"I don't want a divorce," he said. "I lay awake all last night, Josephine. I think you're the bravest girl in the world."

"I stuck it out three years," she said slowly. "It was killing me inside but I tried not to let it show. I went without food for days at a time. I had to sleep in fields, often. I just stuck out my chin. And, then, when I was licked, I didn't break. It was because you loved me and we got married so suddenly and it came to me I didn't have to worry any more—"

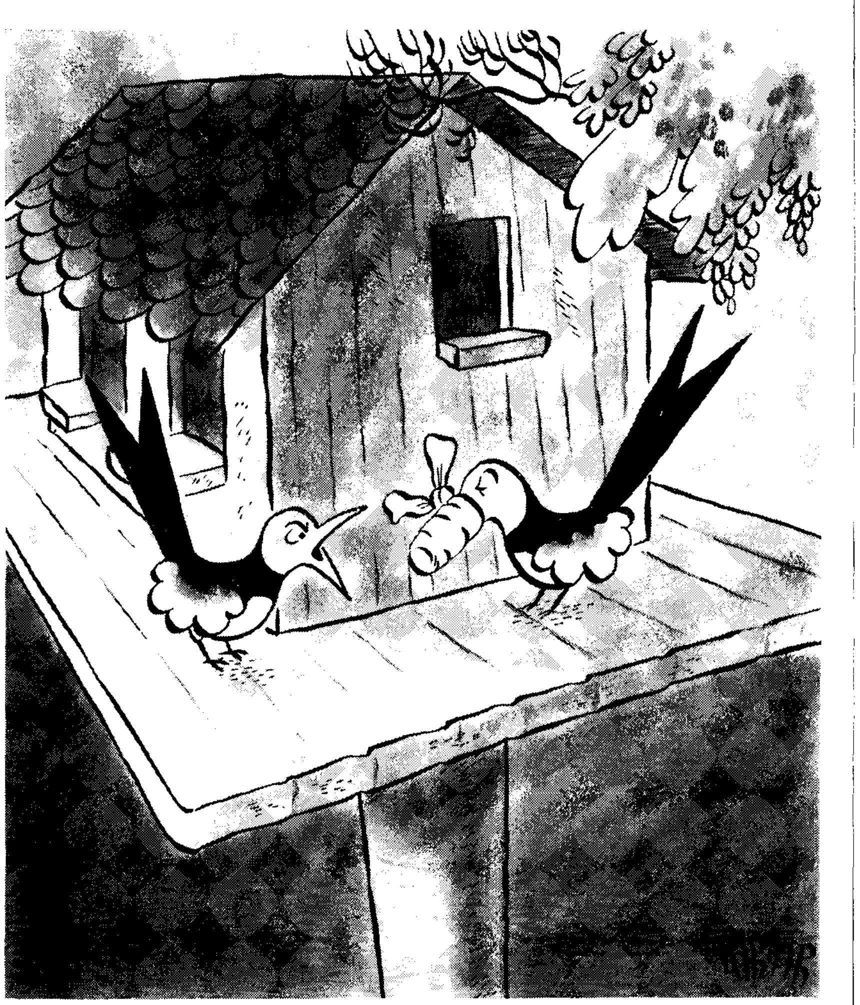
GEORGE bent and kissed her lips. He had lied in Hollywood when he told her he loved her—he just wanted her because he thought she was good for what ailed him. And all of a sudden he knew that nothing whatever ailed him—he was an actor indulging in temperament. What impudence he would have had to take on a nervous breakdown.

When he kissed Josephine, he adored her.

"You're going to take it easy for a month or two, dear," he said. "Rest, good food, nothing to think about. We're going to be very happy, Josephine—that is, if you can put up with me. After all, you don't know me very well."

She smiled fondly. "That night you fell asleep, you looked just like a baby," she said. "I fell in love with you then. So maybe we'll get along if you really do love me."

"Just let the cockeyed world watch us get along," he challenged.



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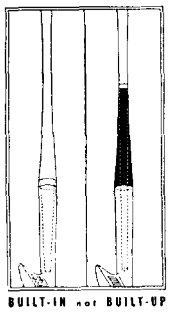

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Kroydon CLUBS FOR BETTER GOLF

Grand American

Continued from page 15

rear. Up by the Chelsea docks a giant liner had braced herself across the river and was slowly turning downstream, her whistle echoing in a deep, thundering roar. The Nystad crept down the bay, clothed in a bored and apathetic silence.

"Adventure," said Dick Clade aloud. Then he laughed, very oddly, and turned away.

She was sitting there, in the center of the cabin, on the piled-up heap of her luggage.

Dick grabbed at the door jamb.

"Chris," he cried.

She looked up at him, startled. Her face went suddenly white.

"Darling, you've come to me."

Chris was looking at him steadily.

"You have, haven't you?" he asked, a little uncertainly.

"I have not." She pointed at the carryall. "Is this yours?"

"Of course."

"Well, please get it out of my cabin."

"But, sweetheart . . ."

"My name," said Chris coldly, "is Miss Dennis, and I'm not so sure that I even want you to call me that. See, here are my tickets."

"The rat," said Dick, "he's trying to get a little graft by selling it twice."

"That," said Chris evenly, "is between you and Mr. Whosis. He told me this cabin was vacant and I bought it. Now please get this thing and yourself out of my cabin."

DICK stepped in and slowly closed the door behind him. He looked, at that moment, a great deal as he had on the window seat in the library.

"We might," he said, "as well get this straight. You got my messages and you finally decided to come, didn't you?"

"I got your message," said Chris pointedly. From under her glove she pulled a small, folded square of paper. "I received your lovely wire."

Dick said, with desperate casualness, "Oh, yes, the wire."

"A bit of thoughtfulness," said Chris. "Perfectly splendid. Just the touch."

"And so when you called and found I'd said I wouldn't be going you thought you'd show me up. Is that it?"

"For once," said Chris, "you're almost right."

"Well, here we are," said Dick brightly. "Two jolly little adventurers."

"Here I am," corrected Chris. "And—"

There were several knocks at the door and Mr. Wilem shoved his bright smile through the crack.

"Hello," he said happily. "I see you got wife now."

"You see no such thing," began Chris, when Dick interrupted her.

"Please," he pleaded, "don't criticize Mr. Wilem's observations. They may not always be accurate but they're always in grand American." He turned to the first officer. "Miss Dennis," he explained, "is not my wife."

Mr. Wilem again showed his philosophy.

"No wife," he said brightly. "That's nice."

"But don't you see," cried Chris angrily, "that we both can't stay in this cabin?"

Mr. Wilem seemed at last to see. Poking his head around the door he squinted at the washstand. "Uh-uh," he clucked. "Just one towel. I'll fix that." Then he added wistfully, "You'll like me."

"The Finns," observed Dick, "are a delightfully simple people."

Chris ignored him. "Look here," she demanded. "You've got to do something about this. How about the other couple? Can't we arrange it so that the two women can share one cabin?"

"Two ladies in port cabin," said Mr. Wilem. He smiled delightfully. "Maybe I can fix it. Both nice ladies."

The Nystad did a little curtsy, and Chris stood up very suddenly.

"Don't bother, please," she said wearily. "I'll see the captain."

"And I," said Dick, "will follow Mr. Wilem and leave you to the privacy of our cabin. You'll probably find us in the palm room at cocktail time."

He stayed on deck till, just at dark, they slanted around the tossing radiance of the Barnegat Lightship. Out there alone, listening to the boom and the slither of the dark sea as it slapped the Nystad about, he tried to decide upon an attitude to take with Chris. He felt angry and hurt. He would, he decided, freeze her into submission with his aloofness. He would be polite—bitterly polite. He thought of all the fine, right, things he would say. And then, in the middle of his planning, a wild happiness at the picture of her there in the cabin clouded everything and he started beating the rail and shouting into the cold wind.

He went back to Chris humbly. He smiled a meek, sacrificial smile into the white glare of the cabin and said:

"Chris, dear . . ."

She turned quickly from the open bag.

"Cheap," she said with a cold intensity. "Cheap stuff . . . to trick me onto a boat where nobody speaks English."

"But I didn't trick you," he started, and then he saw the futility of it.

"The washstand," he said wearily, "will be yours on alternate Mondays, even Tuesdays and all day Sunday."

The Nystad gave a lurch and they both grabbed for support. Hanging to the upper berth, Chris said:

"You're more than insulting. You don't think I'd stay in this cabin with you, do you? I'm getting off at Curaçao, but till then the cabin's mine."

"And where do I sleep, Miss Dennis?"

Chris snorted. "An adventurer like you," she said, "shouldn't worry about that. In the coal bunkers, I suppose."

"Wrong again," said Dick. "I paid to sleep here and here I sleep."

That seemed to call for an exit and so, somewhat against his better judgment, he backed out the door to the deck. A gust of rain slapped him in the face. Walking an uphill, downhill, zigzag he made his way carefully around to the port side. Gradually everything was crystallizing into a terrible anger. It was like a strong drink—that anger. It filled him with a peculiar, careless happiness that seemed to be balanced within him on a knife edge. Through it twined the echo of that soft laugh which had trickled out of the port cabin. He decided, finally, what he was going to do. He was going to make Chris jealous—horribly jealous. In that lay his salvation and his revenge. When, suddenly, he remembered dinner, he rushed down the deck as though he were going to battle.

IT WAS a jolly table. The five officers lined one side, their faces scrubbed and shining. Their nails had a white, pared look and the buttons of their uniform coats glistened in small circlets of golden light. After one look around the table Dick knew that they had scrubbed and shined not for the port, but for the starboard, cabin.

Chris sat on the captain's left, composed and lovely. Next to her were sitting the ladies of the port cabin. Mr. Wilem arose to do the honors.

"Mr. Clade," he said graciously, "the ladies, Mrs. Speer and Miss Rosa."

Mrs. Speer said, "You may sit down, young man." Miss Rosa smiled feebly. The Nystad upended to climb a wave and Dick found himself in his seat. He looked at Mrs. Speer, hawk-faced, wrinkled and small-mouthed. Mrs. Speer, it was plain, was a stern, cold woman of great purpose and no frivolity. He looked at Miss Rosa. Miss Rosa was staring at her soup with the horror bred of violent rocking motions. Miss Rosa was glassy-eyed and slightly green about the ears and had the appearance of a lady who would be definitely uninterested in romance for several days. He sighed and then he leaned forward smilingly as Mrs. Speer spoke.

"I was under the impression," she said, as one who would apologize, "that there were only two cabins on this boat."

Mr. Wilem beat them to it.

"Only two," he said, beaming.

"But then . . ." Mrs. Speer looked first at Chris and then at Dick. "Oh, of course—you go by your maiden name, Miss Dennis."

Chris smiled demurely.

"Always," she agreed.

MRS. SPEER thought about this. She made a rocking motion and then remembered where she was. "I've often wondered," she said, "what my dear husband would have said . . ."

Chris said sweetly, "Mr. Clade isn't my husband"—and then she added: "Not by a long shot."

Mrs. Speer definitely deserted her soup. "But . . . both in the same cabin. I don't understand."

"Mr. Clade," Chris explained patiently, "just came down to see me off. He's staying for dinner and then—then he's going to swim back."

Mr. Wilem, listening intently, appreciated that. He laughed, slapping the table till the dishes jumped. The five officers laughed, blankly but uproariously. In the middle of it Miss Rosa made a strangling noise and then for a moment the cabin was in a turmoil. When it was over, Mrs. Speer, Miss Rosa and Mr. Wilem were absent. The first officer came back a moment later, rubbing his hands cheerily.

"Nice ladies," he said. "One sick. The Nystad, she acts funny when it blows up."

The rest of the meal was eaten in comparative silence. The wind and the slashing of the rain upon the windows drowned even the determined Mr. Wilem's attempts at light conversation in grand American. Chris smiled at everybody but Dick, ate with apparent appetite, and at the conclusion of the meal accepted Mr. Wilem's invitation to look at the storm. After a decent interval Dick followed them. He found the first officer alone at the rail.

"She's gone," he confided. "I think she's got trouble."

"You mean she's sick."

"No—here." Mr. Wilem placed his hand over his heart.

"Impossible," said Dick. "She has no heart." He looked hard at Mr. Wilem and suddenly, in the troubled face before him, he realized he had found that which is most dear to the heart of an unhappy lover. He had found a confidant.

"Listen, Wilem," he said, "I got something I want to tell you. Where can we go where it's quiet?"

Sitting on a chest in Mr. Wilem's cabin Dick told the whole sad story. The first officer, his rubicund face sol-

(Continued on page 52)

ROYAL
announces a new portable typewriter with
TOUCH CONTROL

At last, a home-sized typewriter which adapts itself to you—to your own personal touch! One of the most radical improvements ever presented in a typewriter—Touch Control—already successful on the new office Royal, now distinguishes the Royal Portable for individual typing.

This amazing device, exclusive with Royal, is so flexible that one Royal Portable can actually be individualized to meet the finger pressure of each member of your family. And it is so simple to operate! You merely move the Touch Control lever to the proper position and—*presto*—the machine responds as though it were "custom built" for you.

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So take the whole family to your nearest dealer today. See the new Royal Portable. Observe its new streamlined beauty, its Finger Comfort Keys with white letters on black background, its enclosed key action to minimize eye-strain, its many other important improvements.

Try this new writing machine in your own home. You will agree that when a portable includes such a host of special conveniences—PLUS exclusive Touch Control—at the same price as other makes, there can be no question . . . the new Royal Portable is *the* typewriter you should buy!

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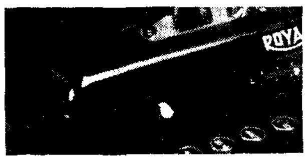
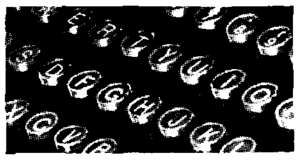
FULLY ENCLOSED. Protected against dust and dirt. Designed to give a lifetime service.



FINGER COMFORT KEYS scientifically protect the delicate nerve-ends of the finger tips.



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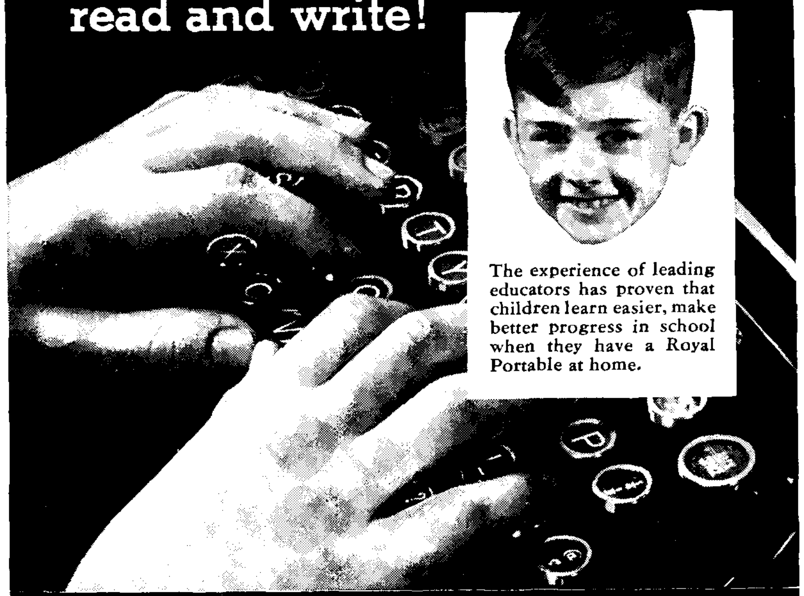

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For many years the Royal Portable has been the choice of professional writers. It has the same keyboard and touch as the famous office Royal.

INSTANTLY ADJUSTABLE to your fingers!

You, for example, type lightly; another person "thumps" with heavy fingers. Touch Control enables you both to adjust the keys to right tension.

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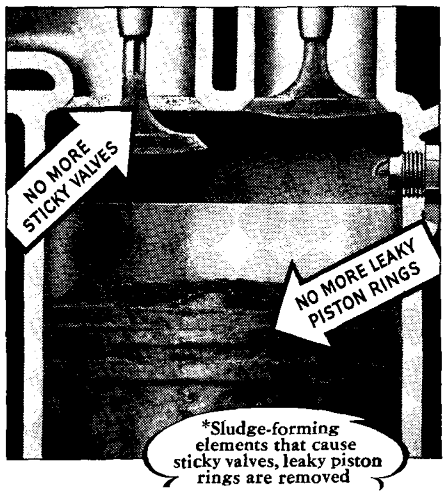

*Sludge-forming elements that cause sticky valves, leaky piston rings are removed

By reducing valve and piston ring troubles, New Pennzoil saves oil and gasoline

HOW WORLD'S FASTEST MOTOR OIL

1. Cuts valve and piston ring troubles 75% to 90%
2. Cuts oil consumption up to 50%
3. Saves up to 15% on gasoline

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Modern car manufacturers had already eliminated most of the mechanical difficulties that sent cars to the repair shop early. But one big problem remained—sticky valves and leaking, sticky piston rings, due to *sludge*—*that sticky, gummy substance that forms in *plain* motor oil after it has been run for a time. Until now no refining method was able to remove the elements that cause sludge.

Cuts Driving Costs

But now Pennzoil *solves* this problem with an utterly new *kind* of motor oil—a motor oil from which sludge-forming elements are removed. Results: New Pennzoil actually cuts your driving costs in 3 important ways. Here's how:

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THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER . . . FASTER . . . SAFER

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Grand American

Continued from page 50

emn with sympathy, listened with a dolefully shaking head. It was, he agreed, a terrible thing—this grand love. But it was so all over, even in Finland. Whereupon Mr. Wilem described the great cross he had been bearing for many years—but he did so with an air of apology, as though he acknowledged that no affair of the heart could be as important as that which was at present being checkmated in the starboard cabin. Mr. Wilem, in short, was an ideal receptacle of woe. He even suggested, hesitantly, that if there was anything he could do Mr. Clade had but to call. Mr. Clade thanked him and said he couldn't see anything. Mr. Wilem, looking thoughtful, said you never could tell, you never could tell.

A few minutes before eight he performed several remarkable acrobatic feats and emerged in his oilskins. The cabin was dancing around like dice in a cage. At the door he paused.

"My watch," he apologized, "for four hours. Be strong, Mr. Clade. One should be strong with the ladies. Then it will blow over, like this storm. You'll find books in the mess room."

ARMED with two books and a renewed determination to be strong, Dick fought his way along the decks to the starboard cabin. Chris was sitting on the lower berth, her bags piled around her. He laid one of the books at her side.

"Here," he said. "Something to help pass a quiet evening at home."

Then he wedged a chair in the corner and settled down to the French Revolution. For two hours he turned pages and there was no sound but the periodic, liquid roar of the seas coming over the rail—as though someone were turning a strong fire-hose against the cabin wall. When at last he looked up Chris was staring at the window. Her face was white and set and for one moment he felt a stab of pity. Then he remembered Mr. Wilem's advice.

It was she who broke the silence.

"It's—it's gotten worse, hasn't it?"

"Nothing at all," he said. "Don't be afraid."

It was unfortunate advice. Chris looked at him.

"Yellow," she said bitterly, and then she grabbed for the wall brackets as the Nystad shook off a huge sea.

There was another period of silence—a silence which this time was filled with a nervous, tense waiting. Something had happened, for the little ship now began to take the weather on her bow. The seas hit her with a hollow boom and ran with a distinct shudder along the length of the keel, ending in a moment of tortuous vibration, during which every rivet seemed to be screaming in agony as the screw was lifted out of water.

Mr. Wilem came into that nightmare with the suddenness of a rocket. There was the slam of the door, a gust of cold spray, and then he was before them in his dripping oilskins. His smile was gone, his lips a thin straight line, and his voice tight with excitement. He was dragging two life belts.

"Put these on," he ordered. "You know how—yes? Good. I'll be back." He turned and then he stopped, twisted around, and leaned wearily against the door. "I might as well tell you," he said. "You're nice people. It's bad. We may not last much longer. We're going to try to get the port-side boats over."

There was a moment of silence. The Nystad plunged and stopped with a jolt.

"Going to *try,*" echoed Dick hollowly.

Mr. Wilem raised a hand. "We'll do it," he said sternly. "The Finns, they are the best sailors in the world. Of course, when we will be picked up . . ." He shrugged. "It is too bad. Two young people like you—in love—to be maybe separated forever without . . ." He wrenched at the door. "I'll be back," he said. "We may have to wait while they try oil."

For a while after he had gone neither of them moved. They clung to the berths, looking stupidly at the wet life belts in the middle of the cabin floor. A wave sluiced along the deck.

"It'll be cold," said Dick. "Better put your fur coat on. Here, I'll help you get into this thing."

After a struggle they got the belt over the coat.

"Now, hold on to this one. It'll help you if—if you have any trouble."

Chris looked blankly at the second belt. "But you—what about you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I can swim and it would just get in the way."

Chris held out the belt. "Put it on," she said firmly.

"I will not. Who got you into this, anyway?"

"Nobody got me into this and you're going to put this on."

"I am not."

"You are."

They glared at each other. They stepped apart, looked stubborn, and prepared to fight to the finish. And then suddenly Chris was crying.

"You—you think I'm afraid," she sobbed. "I'm not, honest I'm not, Dick. I'm not afraid of anything—except that I don't want to go out there without you. Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry about everything. I really did want to come with you but somehow . . . I'm just a nasty—"

"You are," said Dick, "just perfect. I'm the one who's been a stubborn idiot." He advanced upon her.

THEY had it all settled when Mr. Wilem burst through the cabin door. Mr. Wilem stopped, his eyes wide.

"Well . . ." he said. Then, "We got to wait. There's not much chance. Only with oil."

"You mean—just stand around, doing nothing?" asked Dick.

"Nothing," said Mr. Wilem gravely.

"Well, say then, I wonder if we could do something—that is, have something done. We were wondering if maybe the captain could marry us while we were waiting. It's a funny thing to ask, I suppose, but we're both sort of sentimental and we'd feel better if we could have it that way if anything happened."

Mr. Wilem's worried face cleared magically. "Everything settled?" he asked.

"Everything settled." The two heads nodded.

And then Mr. Wilem did a very peculiar thing. Quite deliberately he started stripping off his oilskins. His fat cheeks were creased with a merry smile.

"Fine," he said. "Then you got a wife. Give me a coat and I'll wake the captain."

"Wake the captain," screamed Chris.

"Sure." Mr. Wilem flashed a brilliant smile. "A lazy fellow, he is. Sleeps through all these little blows. Don't you worry about the Nystad. She take ten like this one. I just thought that maybe something like this would . . ." He shrugged apologetically. "You know—" He smiled. "Now you'll like the trip. You'll like me, too, I hope."

Still smiling, he backed out the door.

The Bat Flies Low

Continued from page 9

habitually gloomy expression became that of a boy just home for the holidays.

"Lincoln!" he cried, and literally sprang forward.

"Paddy! Good to see you!"

Their hands became locked in a grip which would have extracted howls of agony from a normal townsman. They grinned into each other's faces with a gladness only possible in deep friendship.

"You've got it, Paddy?"

With his left hand, for Lincoln Hayes still grasped his right, Captain Rorke pointed to the dispatch box upon the big table.

"There must be millions in it, Lincoln; there have been three attempts upon me since I got it—"

"MR. STEFANSON."

Lurgan stood aside and Ulric Stefanson came into the library.

Stefanson was a young man with a mane of limp, blond hair—so blond that in artificial light it appeared to be white.

He paused in the doorway as Lurgan went out, staring vaguely in the direction of the big table. He saw a sheet of faded papyrus pinned upon a drawing board, with some sort of manuscript lying beside it; then:

"Evening, Stefanson," said Hayes. "Rorke's got a problem for you."

Stefanson came forward, shaking hands with his host and with Captain Rorke. He appeared to be utterly bewildered. He was very shortsighted, so that even through the powerful lenses of his spectacles he peered continuously. He wore ill-fitting dinner kit, and his tie was a ghastly parody. He was loose-limbed and tall, but stooped much.

"G-good," he replied, for he was afflicted by an impediment in his speech. "I l-l-love problems."

It had called for the inherited acumen of Lincoln Hayes to discover inside this unprepossessing exterior a scientific genius.

"You don't know anything about this, Stefanson," said Rorke, pointing to the papyrus pinned to the drawing board. "But tonight you are going to know everything about it."

"G-good," said Stefanson.

Lincoln Hayes walked across to the fire and leaned upon the mantel, staring down into the flames. There was a moment of silence only interrupted by the crackle of a log. Stefanson was peering at the papyrus. The door opened, and Lurgan came in carrying a large ice bucket in which were three long-necked bottles of wine.

"It may not be cool enough for you, sir."

"Qu-quite cool enough."

With deft efficiency Lurgan opened a bottle, poured out a glass of wine for Mr. Stefanson, replaced the bottle in the ice, and withdrew.

"You remember," said Rorke abruptly, "the experiments which you made two years ago with a fragment of an Egyptian lamp which I brought back, and which is now in the Metropolitan Museum?"

"I re-remember per-fectly. I s-spent s-several months on the s-silly thing."

"Not silly," jerked Lincoln Hayes, without turning around.

"This papyrus—" Rorke pointed, his light, flexible voice giving no indication of the seriousness of his subject—"should enable you to continue your experiments."

Although not much above medium height, Captain Patrick Rorke, late Royal Engineers, was built upon such finely slender lines that he appeared to be as tall as Stefanson. Far short of forty, his wavy hair was quite gray, but his thick Irish lashes retained their original color, lending extraordinary luster to cold blue eyes, which nevertheless were capable of softening. He wore a close-cut "regulation" mustache. His lean face had a sort of ascetic beauty as he watched the scientist. Here was a poet or perhaps an actor. The sun had baked his pale skin dark brown.

Stefanson moved to the side table and poured himself out a glass of wine.

"I do-don't follow," he declared.

There was a rap on the door and Lurgan came in. He addressed Hayes:

"Excuse me, sir, for interrupting you, but Miss Wayland would like to speak to you for a moment."

"Is she there?"

"Yes."

Ann Wayland came in.

"Mohammed Ahmes Bey has been called by phone to return to his hotel immediately," she said, glancing about her and nodding smilingly to Stefanson. "He is awfully sorry, but he must go."

"Rude on my part, matter of fact," Hayes muttered. "Excuse me." He started for the door. "Where is he?"

"He came back from the telephone to the museum; I suppose he's still in there."

Hayes hurried through to the big, lofty room which enshrined the treasures of the Hayes Collection. He took very long strides, leaving Ann behind. He was conscious of a breach of hospitality.

The door was open, and he burst in, looking right and left. It was a strange apartment, resembling the second Egyptian Room in the British Museum.

There were rows of cases along the center of the parquet floor, some containing mummies, notable either for their state of preservation or because of their historic importance. In others were scarabs, rings and various kinds of Egyptian jewelry. In the wall cases were sarcophagus lids, statuettes, examples of furniture, arms and domestic utensils.

ABOVE the cases, framed upon the wall surrounding the entire museum, was a perfectly executed copy in colors of the Hayes Papyrus. The original was in the Metropolitan Museum. It was a curious variation of the usual ritual, discovered in the Theban tomb of a Prince of the Fourteenth Dynasty by Captain Rorke's predecessor. Lincoln Hayes, Senior, had been actually present at the opening of the tomb. He had purchased the papyrus from the authorities on the understanding that it should never be re-sold except to them.

The place was lighted by many hanging lamps. Haggard outlines beneath saffron-colored wrappings stared up at the lamps: bright colors gleamed from wall cases. The strange, silent apartment otherwise was empty.

Lincoln Hayes turned to Ann, who had entered behind him.

"Must have gone. Very strange!"

"He told me the message was urgent, Lincoln."

"Maybe Lurgan knows."

Hayes pressed a bell. Following a lapse of less than twenty seconds, the butler appeared in the open door.

"Did you see Mohammed Bey out?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"I last saw him in here, sir—in this room. He was called to the phone, and I showed him the way. Miss Wayland

(Continued on page 54)

MAY I PRESENT MY DAUGHTER?

I'd have given $1,000,000 for a clean shave

"How do you do, Miss Blake... please forgive my appearance . . . I'm not always careless about shaving"... It's unfortunate, but apologies can't erase bad first impressions. And embarrassment is one of the smallest penalties men pay for failing to keep clean-shaven. Stubble, in fact, can cost the respect and affection of friends and family alike. That's why everyone agrees you can't get by without shaving.

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We know that a better blade than the Gillette "Blue Blade" cannot be produced. Try it and see.

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The ARISTOCRAT —New Gillette One Piece Razor

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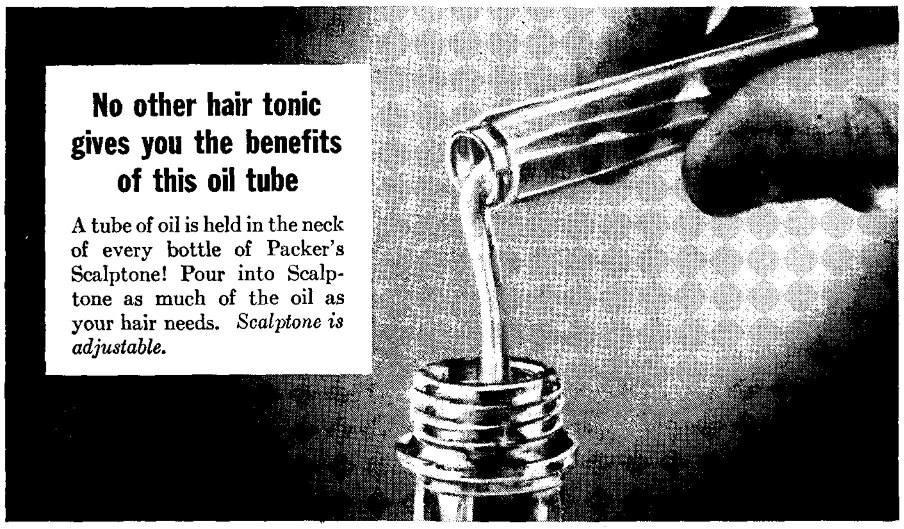
A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

NEW!

adjustable hair tonic

checks Dandruff



No other hair tonic gives you the benefits of this oil tube

A tube of oil is held in the neck of every bottle of Packer's Scalptone! Pour into Scalptone as much of the oil as your hair needs. *Scalptone is adjustable.*

keeps hair in Place

Here's a hair tonic that does *both* the things you want it to:

Packer's Scalptone gives you

1. *healthy* hair—free from dandruff
2. *good-looking* hair—hair that stays well-groomed, without a greasy, plastered-down look

Packer's Scalptone is a *doctor's prescription*. Not just a "slickum." But a hair tonic that is *adjustable to the needs of your own hair.*

You see, in the neck of every bottle of Scalptone there's a tube of a fine vegetable oil. You pour into Scalptone as much of this oil as you need to keep your hair looking the way you want it.

And Scalptone contains 6 ingredients that are beneficial to the strength and health of your hair.

When you massage Scalptone in, you feel its tingling goodness wake up your scalp, ridding it of dandruff. At the same time you give your hair a natural richness that keeps it neat and orderly.

Begin to use Packer's Scalptone today. Help yourself to the healthy, well-groomed hair that this *personal-prescription* tonic gives.

GOOD-BYE, UNRULY HAIR!

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PACKER'S *Scalptone*

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(Continued from page 53)

then rang and asked me to tell you that Mohammed Bey must leave, and I came to the library. I haven't seen him since, sir."

"Did Slim drive him?"

"No, sir. Slim is outside now."

Lincoln Hayes glanced sharply about. It was not in his breed to doubt the honesty of a guest.

"Annoying," he muttered. "These people very touchy. Away too long."

"His hotel is not more than four minutes off, sir. He probably decided to walk."

"Call through. Hold him if you get him. Don't stay up, Ann."

Lincoln Hayes returned to the library.

"VERY mysterious," said Rorke; "but Mohammed Ahmes Bey is a highly mysterious bloke. He's well known in Cairo where, I believe, he has a villa. He has some sort of official standing. I have never actually met him to speak to. Where did you bump into him?"

"Theater tonight. Jim Patterson introduced us. He was in a box facing me. Very pretty woman with him. Flame-colored hair. But I was watching the eyes of Mohammed Ahmes Bey."

"What was strange about them?"

"They gleamed in the dark like the eyes of a cat."

Captain Rorke crossed to the fire, tossing the end of a cigarette in among the burning logs.

"Flame-colored hair," he muttered. "Not just red hair, or golden hair—but flame-colored?"

"Yes. Very unusual," said Lincoln Hayes. "No better way of describing it."

Rorke turned.

"I am beginning to wonder," he declared.

"What about?"

"About the origin of the several attempts which have been made upon me since I acquired that."

He pointed to the papyrus pinned to the drawing board.

"I d-don't think," said Stefanson, "th-that you make yourself t-too clear."

"Had the story, Stefanson," said Hayes, "before you arrived. Important you should know. Give Stefanson a brief outline, Paddy."

"Right."

Patrick Rorke selected a cigar with careful discrimination from a large cedar-wood box on the table, nicked it and lighted it with the care due to a cigar of its pedigree. He settled himself back in the big writing-chair placed before the table. Hayes crossed and leaned upon the mantel. Ulric Stefanson sat facing Captain Rorke and bending forward, peering, wine-glass in hand.

"You know my theories," Rorke began, "about the lamp fragment in the museum. I am by no means the first man who has believed that the Egyptians possessed a system of lighting of which, today, we know nothing. This theory has a rational basis. The wonderful wall paintings in some rock tombs, far removed from natural light, can only be appreciated by the employment of magnesium ribbon, for instance. Since those paintings were done on the spot, what light was used by the painters?"

Stefanson crossed to the ice bucket and replenished his glass.

"I could s-suggest s-seven alternative th-theories," he remarked and sat down again.

"Very possibly," Rorke replied; "but when you have heard me out, I don't think you will consider it necessary to tax the tired brain."

Lincoln Hayes rang a bell. Lurgan entered almost immediately.

"Open the other bottles."

"Very good, sir."

The other bottles being uncorked, Lurgan withdrew and Rorke continued:

"I have been working recently at no great distance from the Great Pyramid. There is a big discovery there waiting for the man who is clever enough to make it. I used to spend any spare evenings I had in Cairo, putting up for a night now and again at Shepheard's. It was during this time that the very curious document on the table came into my possession. I won't go into details—Hayes already knows them—except to say that I acquired it. I realized at once that I had got hold of something unique in the history of Egyptology: part of a chapter of the fabulous Book of Thoth—and the chapter was entitled Temple Lamps! . . .

"It is purely and simply a scientific formula for preparing a certain kind of light," Rorke added.

"Sci-scientific," echoed Stefanson, engaged in pouring wine from the third bottle.

"I said 'scientific.' It contains signs unfamiliar to any student of Egyptian hieroglyphics, but the text which I have translated makes it clear that these are really diagrams. I have assembled them imperfectly. Here is the result." The casual voice could not conceal his enthusiasm. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, this is a figure of a complete lamp, similar to that of which there is a fragment in the Metropolitan Museum. And the text—" he brought his muscular hand down upon the papyrus—"describes the making of such a lamp!"

Stefanson, glass in hand, came to the big table, almost pushing Rorke aside as he bent, peering, at the written notes.

"You see what I mean, Lincoln," Rorke went on; "I realized that this wasn't just an archeological treasure—it was a practical discovery which might revolutionize the lighting systems of the world."

STEFANSON was in the chair now, busily scribbling on a pad of paper. There came a rap on the door. Lurgan entered.

"I got through to Mohammed Bey's apartment at the hotel, sir," he reported, "and a lady—his secretary, I presume—requested me to offer the Bey's apologies, but he was summoned to a vital conference. He will call you, sir, directly he is disengaged, to apologize in person."

"Good," Hayes said.

"The man from whom I got the thing—he wanted the money to escape from Egypt—was hauled out of the Nile the same night."

"Goo-good God!" muttered Stefanson, without looking up from his task.

"It was my custom to lock the papyrus in that dispatch box"—Rorke pointed—"which I had bought for the purpose, and to lodge it in the hotel safe. But my notes and translation, upon which I sometimes worked until very late at night, usually lay upon a writing-table near the window. I had one of the old rooms with a wooden balcony overlooking the gardens. And on the night in question, I suddenly woke up—"

"G-g-good God!" Stefanson exclaimed, "this is rev-revolutionary!"

Both men stared at him sharply. He was absorbed in his work, penciling at feverish speed.

"—A man wearing a half mask was bending over the writing-table, and was reading, as far as I could make out, my notes which lay there, by the light of a torch which was dimmed in some way!

"I suppose I awoke with a start—at any rate I disturbed him. He came around in a flash, and just before the light went out I saw that he held a pistol in his hand. I couldn't reach my own gun in time. The shutters were ajar. He went through and out over the balcony, dropping into the garden below.

He hadn't touched the notes; they were intact—”

“You mean,” said Lincoln Hayes, slowly, “the man was not an Arab; he wore European clothes?”

“Exactly. That's the queer feature. Naturally I didn't report the matter—I didn't want to draw attention to what I was doing. The thing was beginning to develop. I saw where it was leading me. The second attempt was more curious than the first. I was—”

A cry rang through the house—the scream of a terrified woman!

Stefanson sprang to his feet. Lincoln Hayes turned and exchanged glances with Rorke. In three strides Rorke was at the door.

“It was *Ann!*” he said.

FROM beyond the door came a sound of running footsteps, a dull groan—a thud . . . Rorke's hand grasped the doorknob. Stefanson, stoop discarded, stood bolt upright by the big table. . . .

There came a blinding flash—and complete darkness.

“Who turned the lights out?”

The voice was Stefanson's.

“I can't open this door!” cried Rorke; “someone's holding it.”

Lincoln Hayes, in the blackness of the library, began to grope his way towards another door. He bumped into someone. He grabbed—but touched nothing.

“Who's that?” he cried sharply. “You, Stefanson?”

Stefanson's voice came from the other end of the room:

“I haven't moved—I da-daren't.”

“Paddy?”

“Still at the door. There's a dead weight behind it.”

Sounds of movement ceased. Hayes reached the other door, but the corridor beyond was in complete darkness. He groped for the switch—found it . . . and discovered that it was depressed!

“Main fuse or blow-out at power-station,” he commented. “The switch is on. But *someone else* is in the library!”

Then the stutter of Stefanson came:

“I've got a flashlight in my p-pocket.” A moment of silence, and: “Da-damn! The thing won't f-function!”

“D'you mean to say,” cried Rorke angrily, “that you can't switch your light on, Stefanson?”

“S-simply can't.”

“Uncanny.” Lincoln Hayes' tones were quite even. “Going to grope my way out to the lobby. Can't imagine what has become of Lurgan and others. . . .”

“Get around back of this door,” said Rorke. “I'm afraid to shove. There's—something *inert* there. . . .”

Familiar with the way—he had been born in this home—Lincoln Hayes went blindly—along the corridor which led to the Venetian lobby. When he knew, by instinct, that he had come to the end, he pulled up.

Movement.

“Who's that?”

He grabbed—and caught a man!

“Only me, sir!” Lurgan's voice was hysterical; Hayes' hold was like that of a bear. He released it. “There's something very funny going on. Who screamed out, sir? All the staff are upstairs in their rooms.”

“Been to the main switchboard?”

“It's in my room. But I can get no light. I've burned my fingers with matches—but got no flame I could *see!* I'm terrified, Mr. Hayes! I believe I've *gone* blind!”

“Brace up!” Lincoln Hayes' cool voice was a sedative. “All in the same boat.”

“Do you mean *you* can see nothing, sir?”

“Absolutely. If you're blind, we're all blind. Where's Miss Wayland?”

“I don't know, sir. . . . By heaven! I'm beginning to *see* again!”

“Keep cool. Light's coming on. Stay where you are.”

As through a mist the distinctive features of the Venetian lobby began to manifest themselves to Lincoln Hayes. He saw Lurgan—more pale than usual, rubbing his eyes and glancing about him. Hayes set out.

In twenty seconds he was at the door of the library. Lighting now was nearly normal.

Ann Wayland lay on the polished floor—still, and deathly white.

Hayes stooped, gathered her up in his arms, and stepped back.

“Paddy!” he called.

THE library door opened—and Stefanson stood there.

“M-my God!” he exclaimed, staring wildly. “R-Rorke r-ran out when the l-light came up. *But the pap-papyrus has gone!*”

Came a sound of racing footsteps across the lobby. Rorke ran up, pale under his sunburn.

“Ann!”

“Stand clear, Paddy.”

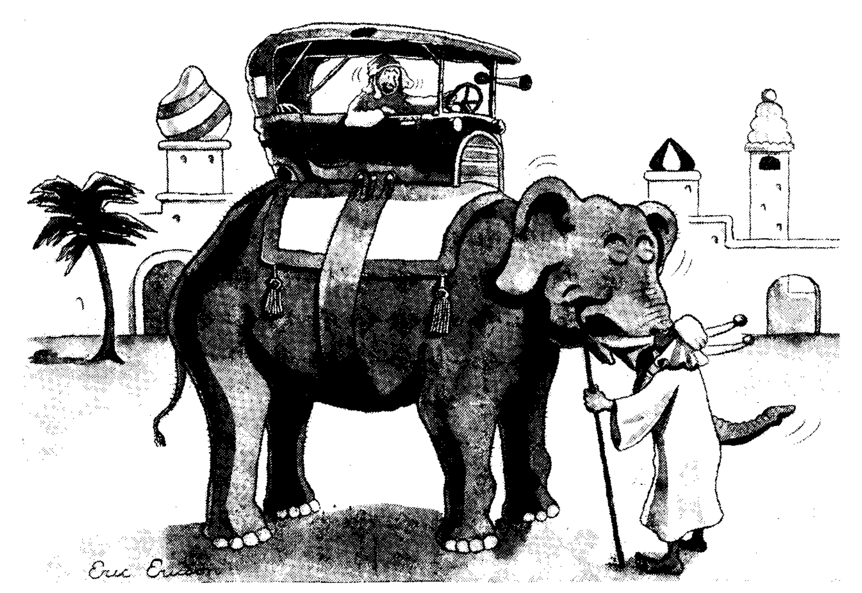
Lincoln Hayes carried Ann Wayland across the lobby and laid her gently upon the divan set between the silver candelabra of Benvenuto Cellini. Lights now were perfectly normal.

“Lincoln—she's dead!”

Lurgan stood, pallid, watching. Stefanson came out. There were hushed voices on the higher staircases.

“Lurgan,” said Hayes, “get Dr. Brodrick. If away, Dr. Müller. Then get police headquarters. Have them call District Attorney Maguire.”

(To be continued next week)



“I picked it up in a junk yard!”

ERIC ERICSON

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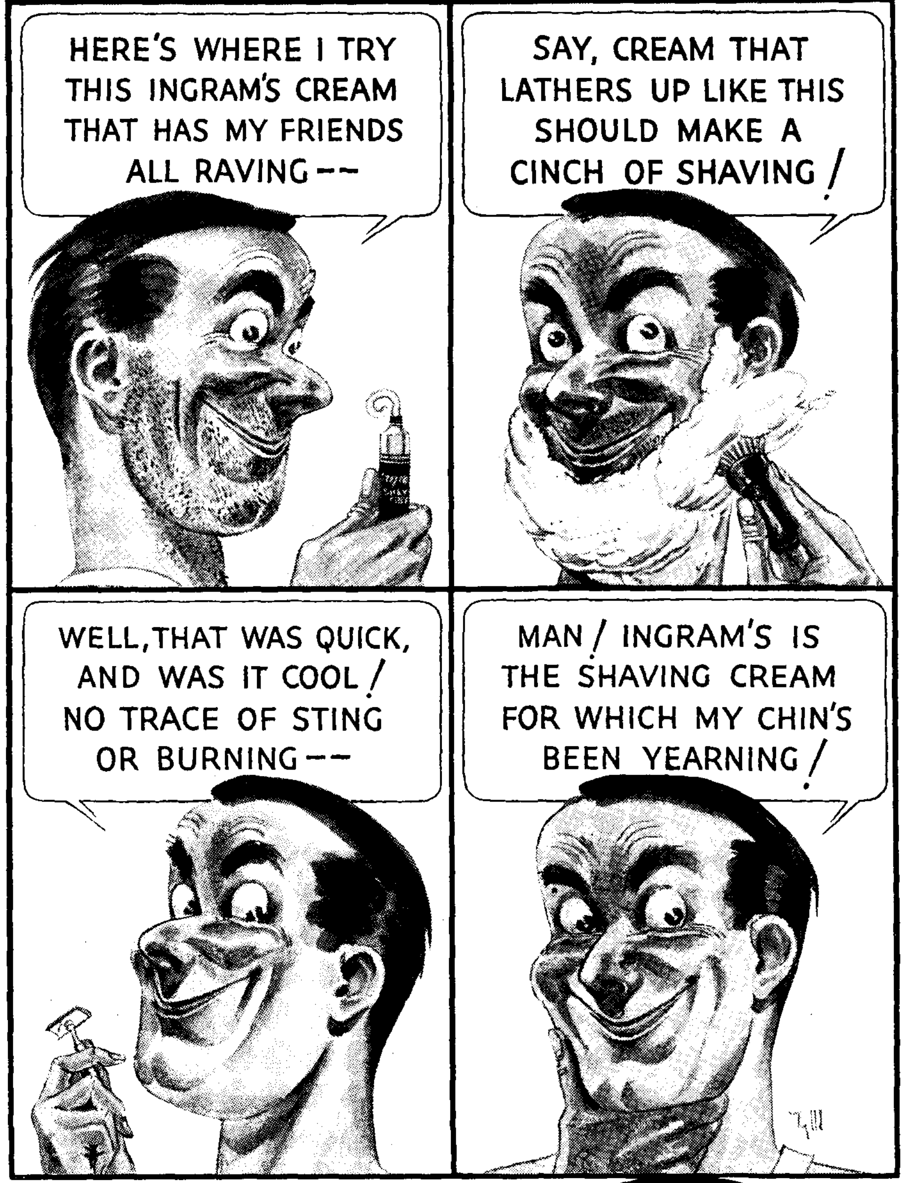
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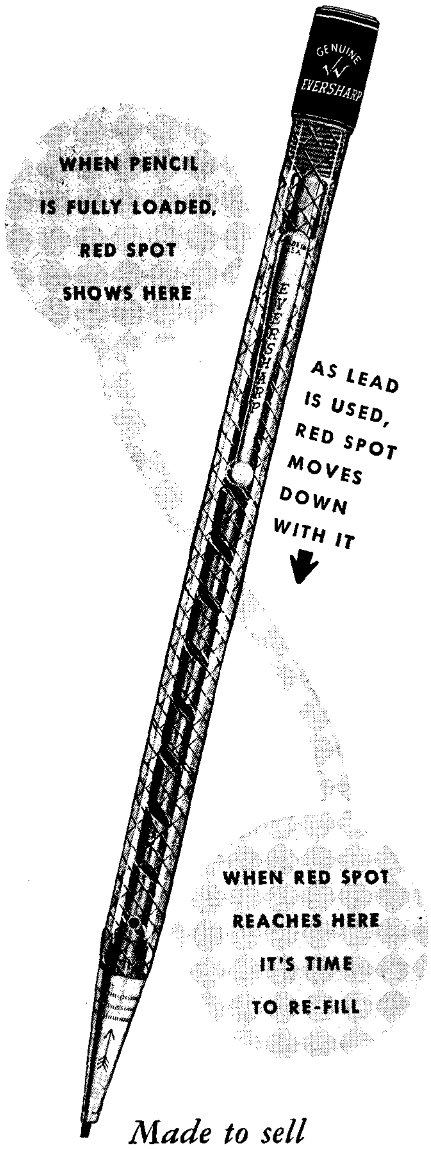
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What's Wrong with American Tennis

Continued from page 26

mad. They took part in the Queens Club tournament, at the same time still indulging in a little practice at Wimbledon. They battled hard in the Wimbledon championships, singles and doubles, and after that they were sent to the coast for a rest before the European Zone final against Australia. They returned to London soon afterwards and had more practice.

As soon as the result of the U. S.-Australia matches became definite on Wednesday, with an American victory, they rushed out to drill some more. The day before their match with us, Shields and Sidney Wood had a hard set-to on the center court and even on the Sunday and Monday of the meeting with us—the days on which there were no singles scheduled—Shields practiced his head off for hours.

Mug-Hunting in England

There is an old axiom which says "Practice makes perfect." But there is a rider to this—"Too much practice makes for staleness, particularly mental staleness."

When the American team lost to us in 1933 there was a hue and cry about overtraining and staleness. And, it appears to me, that criticism was justified. They were overtrained and stale because they practiced too much—in fact, they had practiced themselves silly. And to me the same procedure was evident this year. It may not be any one person's fault in particular but all American players are the same—they play entirely too much.

Why is it that this condition should affect American players more than those of other nations?

In my opinion the invitation tournament system in the United States has a lot to do with the inability of recent American Davis Cup teams to lift the Cup. Another point which must be considered is the size of your country—and its relation to international competition.

To start with, there are players developing in the East, the South, the Middle West, the Southwest and on the Pacific Coast. One can always reach a certain standard of tennis ability by play in one's own section. But international competition is necessary to finish off one's tennis education.

In Europe we just take a day's journey and find ourselves in a different country. In the United States that is seldom possible. In our country we have to get permission before we can go abroad unless it happens that we are sent as representatives of our country by our association. No matter what tournaments we play in England itself, we must pay our own expenses no matter how good or bad players we are. Unless he is a Crœsus a player must watch his expenses and so, for most of us, the number of tournaments at home is limited.

As our players must foot their own bills, they always try to choose a tournament at which they have a reasonable chance of winning—call it "mug-hunting" if you like. But, after all, there is logic in it. In this manner our leading players (by that I exclude the members of our Davis Cup team, who get little chance to do even any gentle mug-hunting) are spread over the tournaments, with the result that the tennis, although plentiful, is not too hard on any individual player.

In the United States, as I see it, the system is different. All the leading players move East from their home areas early in the season and stay East until the national championships have been played in September. That gives them six months, at least, of continuous and gruelling tennis—and not more than five or six of the entire group represent their country in Davis Cup play, though they all expect some day to "make the team." Most of the tournaments are invitation affairs. Therefore, as each club has to expend a considerable amount of money for hospitality, they naturally want to get some financial return.

With this object in view the clubs invite all members of the first ten available to participate. This means that nearly every tourney is almost as difficult to win as the national championship. All these players feel forced to do their utmost to win because, should they lose, they are faced with two or three days of idleness at their own expense until the next tournament begins.

The trek to the top is far harder in American tennis than anywhere else, with the possible exception of Australia.

The European players of the present era are considered young—yet most of them are in the region of twenty-six. We have very few players of repute who are in their teens because we do not encourage boy wonders. Most of your American players are considered veterans at twenty-one.

At whose door can the blame be placed for the inevitable failure of the great young players to become champions? Partly, I feel, it is the fault of the players themselves and partly the blame can be placed on the invitation system. So long as these boys can travel about America playing lawn tennis, having a grand time, meeting the best people—and doing it with little financial outlay of their own—so long will they play every day of every week of every year until they have burned out and become passé.

There is a new ruling of the International Tennis Federation, put into record at the last meeting, which may lend a helping hand to American players generally. The rule says that no amateur lawn tennis player shall play more than eight tournaments per year—and have his expenses paid. This means that unless a player represents his country he is going to have a little bill-footing to do on his own account. How can these youngsters expect to continue their past schedules unless they have money behind them?

Hit the High Spots

This may mean that they will play less competitive tennis and that they will practice more, so that what mistakes they may discover in play will be fortified and strengthened in practice. However, there is still danger to American tennis development. As far as I can understand, national rankings depend upon turf court play almost entirely. There are seven outstanding grass-court tournaments — Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Crescent-Hamilton Club at Huntington, Westchester Country Club at Rye, Meadow Club at Southampton, Newport Casino, Longwood Club at Brookline and the national championships at Forest Hills—so that the players will concentrate on the East for those seven weeks of struggles and the strain of successive weeks can still tend to cut down on the ultimate capacity of a player to reach the top.

Why not have the national rankings contingent upon play from April to

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose constipation miseries vanished in one week when she found this safe, simple method

"WHEN little Junior was born on my birthday three months ago," writes Mrs. C. E. Nuniviller of 548 East Columbus Street, Bellefontaine, Ohio, "I thought my joys were complete, but soon I became nervous, constipated, the pain in my side was terrible, my abdomen was swollen to twice its size, gas crowded my heart. I could not eat or sleep, sick headaches would come on with the slightest exertion. I thought it was the beginning of some terrible disease. The baby too became constipated, irritable; he did not gain as he should.

"Then I thought of the way my mother taught me, the *Nujol Way*. Within a week the whole world changed for me. Nujol did not only regulate but healed and strengthened me. The pain in my side disappeared, no more headaches. The baby is his old sunny self again and is two pounds overweight.

"You can see by the picture (of the baby and myself) we are a happy contented lot. Thanks to Nujol."

Now, if constipation is making the whole world seem wrong for you, if it is losing you friends, if it threatens to disrupt your happiness completely, change to Nujol!

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Nujol has solved the problem for millions—once you try it, you'll never want to go back to harsh laxatives again. Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms: plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

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September, as we have in England? Our rankings are based on results on all court surfaces over a period of six months. Just because a player is best on one particular surface—be it grass, clay, *en-tout-cas,* cement or wood—it does not follow that he is the champion. To be such he must prove himself on all surfaces.

But because of this necessity of proved superiority on all surfaces it does not follow that excessive tennis is necessary. One need participate only in the major tournaments. After all, if a player can win in the outstanding events, there is no particular reason for appearing in the minor ones.

There have been instances of serious physical let-downs as the result of excessive tournament play. Little Bill Johnston, as fine a player as ever hit a forehand, suffered for many months after that memorable set of matches at Germantown when he and Big Bill Tilden lost the Davis Cup to France in 1927. There was fear for a time that he would be permanently physically disabled. Rest, fortunately, pulled him through. But his tennis career was at an end.

Someone Should Have Stopped Her

Wilmer Allison, who gave me a real tussle at Forest Hills this year, is still very much on top in American amateur tennis. Wilmer, in the opinion of his closest friends, has never attained his full tennis development because of a certain match he played several years ago against his doubles partner, Johnny Van Ryn, at Seabright. It was a terrifically hot day for any match, least of all a final. It lasted more than three hours—Johnny and Wilmer battled like a pair of wildcats—and Allison, his energy fully spent, had to default. The strain of that match years ago has taken its toll on one of the finest men that ever took part in sport.

Probably the most flagrant case of too much tennis is that of Alice Marble—the most unlucky of America's ranking players—who was twice selected for the Wightman Cup matches against the Englishwomen and on each occasion was forced to withdraw. Although selected for the team matches at Forest Hills in 1933, Miss Marble still participated in the East Hampton invitation—singles and doubles—a few days before the internationals. A grueling day's tennis, under a broiling sun, inflicted its damage, with the result that sunstroke kept her on the sidelines at Forest Hills.

The physical strain of those East Hampton matches—she played 108 games of singles and doubles in one day—sapped her strength and resistance. The same thing happened to me in Australia, but I immediately quit play for a week and did not again swing a racket until it was absolutely necessary.

A winter's tennis in California, followed closely by other matches, earned for Miss Marble a Wightman Cup selection in 1934 for the matches to be played in England. The French championships came first, however, and during that time it was decided to put on a United States-France match in Paris for practice reasons. Before Miss Marble was scheduled to oppose Mme. Henrotin in singles she came to me and told me that she wasn't feeling well, that her head ached and that she felt unsteady on her feet.

The two physicians, always in attendance by arrangement with the French Association, were immediately summoned. Miss Marble was made to lie down while ice packs and other appliances were produced in abundance. She recovered sufficiently to go out and play the match.

But I believe there was no necessity for her to have taken part in the match, since it was only of a friendly nature and she was definitely in no condition to play it. She was in Europe primarily to help win the Wightman Cup. What happened is already history. Her collapse was so complete that she was removed to a hospital and later sent back to America without touching a ball in defense of the trophy.

It would have been an easy matter for Miss Marble to have stayed out of that match with Mme. Henrotin. But I can quite understand her predicament, for, after all, she was eager to fulfill an obligation—one not of her making. But she should have been *forced* by someone in authority to stay on the sidelines. Whoever was in a position to stop her should have done so. But no one did.

European players always seem to take a rest when they feel that a rest is needed, and the leading players of England, who come more distinctly under the control of their home Association, are not allowed to play in tournaments whenever there is a Davis Cup or Wightman Cup tie looming in the offing.

Our tournaments are not invitation, so we play just when and where we want to appear. With your players the outstanding stars go to the invitations and, should they choose a tournament of lesser importance, someone in authority wants to know the reason why.

The players should be allowed to play when and where they want to—within a reasonable limit—but I think that, without question, if there were fewer invitations there would be less temptation to play. Some athletes thrive on play which would be excessive for others. For them it is different, but, believe me, there are extremely few of them in this world. I play a great deal, but half of the matches I take part in are not of a very serious nature, so I gain relaxation even though playing.

All the clubs are anxious to make money in any country—that is one of the ideas behind the conduct of tournaments. But throughout the whole week the only real crowds that appear are for the semi-final and final round matches. So what is the necessity, when you choose to analyze it fully, of having more than, say, four of the ranking players appear in any one tournament? They would thus have a chance, early in the week, of one or two rounds through which they could coast and thus save themselves for the end of the week. Surely that would make the last two rounds of the tournament much better. In this way two or three tournaments in different sections of the country would be able to make names for themselves and the players would still get their important matches in for their ranking. This alternation of appearances would aid the players and the clubs at the same time.

Less Play and More Gain

The foregoing is what I consider a frank discussion of a question that has been put to me many times on my most recent and pleasant visits to America. I have replied honestly—and with no thought other than a spirit of honesty in return for the fine consideration I have received from Americans. Actually, I believe tennis in the United States is of a higher grade than in any other country. But lately the leading players have just failed in the pinch. Maybe it is through no fault of their own but it seems to me, and again it is a purely personal opinion, if they had played fewer and less difficult matches during the American season they would be more mentally and physically fit for the great task—and it is a great one—that faces them in Europe, the regaining of the Davis Cup.

An artist friend volunteers a message

Dear Gentlemen:

I'm sore. I'm sore at that new Arrow Mitoga Shirt of yours. It cost me a cool ten bucks!

I had built up a reputation as "Death-on-Shirts" Holman. I could make any shirt look like part of the costume of an old-time burlesque comedian. The best shirt made was just comic relief when it got on my back.

If a friend had a grudge against a shirt-maker, he'd send me around to buy some shirts. It drove a couple of tailors mad. In fact, it got so shirt-makers would lower the blinds and pretend it was Sunday, when they saw me coming. It was all capital fun -- and you had to go and spoil it.

The trouble started when a friend of mine told me he had discovered a shirt that would look good even on me. Said it was designed to follow the lines of the body. It was, of course, your Arrow Mitoga.

I scoffed at his absurd fancy, so he bet me $10. I got an Arrow Mitoga. I put it on, and to my dismay it fit me beautifully. Worse yet, it still looked good at the end of a day's wear.

I asked for one more chance. "Let me have it laundered."

"O.K." said my friend, with a confident twinkle in his eye. When it didn't shrink (thanks to your Sanforizing process) -- when it still fit perfectly and looked great after laundering -- I gave up.

I've lost my reputation as a shirt-spoiler. I've lost the power of striking terror into the hearts of haberdashers. I've lost my ten bucks. And I blame it all on your new Arrow Mitoga!

Surlily yours,

Bill Holman

NRA CODE

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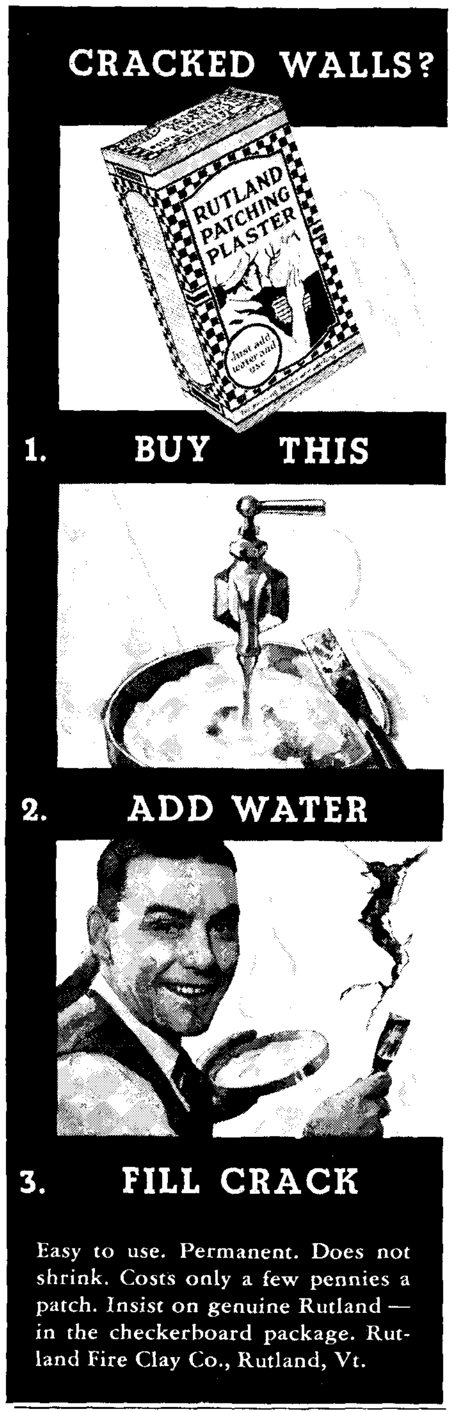
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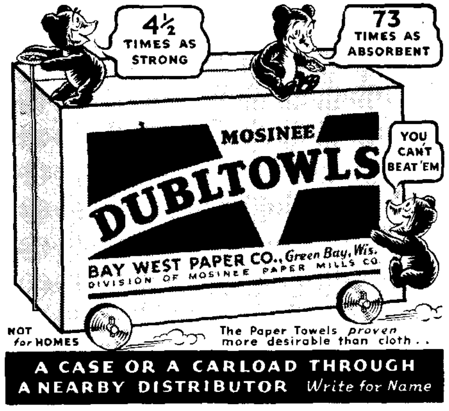


NOT for HOMES

The Paper Towels proven more desirable than cloth . .

A CASE OR A CARLOAD THROUGH A NEARBY DISTRIBUTOR Write for Name

Almost as Good

Continued from page 25

are filled with new joy at every increase in the consumption of homemade substitutes for raw materials from abroad; to them, it is one more step along the road toward national emancipation. These substitutes, steadily growing in number, of which the whole German nation is immensely proud, are lumped together under the general name of "Ersatz"—which is why I give that name to Fritz, typical front-line fighter in this new Nazi economic battle.

To appreciate the importance to the Germans of the battle of Ersatz, it must be borne in mind that, though Germany is one of the world's leading producers of manufactured goods, she is exceptionally poor in the raw materials required by her manufacturers. In past years, she has been compelled to import 100 per cent of the cotton consumed by them, 100 per cent of the silk, 100 per cent of the rubber. Despite energetic endeavors to increase domestic supplies of motor fuels, she has been forced to buy abroad 80 per cent of these; also about 80 per cent of her wool and copper, and about 70 per cent of her iron and iron ores—to mention only a few staples. Small wonder that the war against these conditions is being waged in the Fatherland with such furious intensity!

Only in a few cases do the Germans dream of actual economic independence. Even the most ardent believers in Ersatz and its possibilities realize that Germany must, for many years to come, get some of her raw materials abroad. But they are determined to cut down imports by increasing home production of raw materials; by piling up stocks of these; by reclaiming waste; by rigid governmental control over manufacturers and their methods; and—most important of all—by utilizing to the utmost synthetic substitutes for foreign raw materials.

Being dependent for most of her motor fuel on foreign lands is most painful to Germany's pride. So she has set the inventive geniuses among her sons to work with such astonishing success that many Nazis are already dreaming of a day, not at all far distant, when every German motorist will be able, like Fritz Ersatz, to go careering over the roads of his native land in cars using power derived entirely from home-produced raw material. In fact, with the exception of food—in which Germany is already practically self-sufficient—it is in the realm of motorization alone that Germans foresee actual 100 per cent economic independence.

Vistra and Wollstra

In the years just prior to 1934, Germany consumed an average of some 2,000,000 tons yearly of motor fuel, of which only about 650,000 tons, or less than one third, was produced at home. The total consumption was made up, roughly, of about 1,500,000 tons of benzine and 500,000 tons of Diesel oils. Since the advent of Hitler, he has been prodding the chemists of the Third Reich to invent substitutes. And they have responded so efficiently that, when I was in Germany early this year, it was estimated that the total domestic output of Ersatz motor fuel was already 1,250,000 tons of benzine per annum, or four fifths the required total.

With regard to Diesel oils, however, the situation is not so rosy. It is admitted that less than one sixth of the amount of these required in Germany annually can be produced there, under existing conditions. But high hopes are entertained of utilizing, as a substitute, gas derived from wood. I was told of successful experiments with this new power in the operation of heavy trucks, which had been run smoothly at a cost of about 75 cents per 100 kilometers (62.1 miles).

One day, when I was in Germany, I saw an autobus chugging through a town, with a big contraption attached to its back, out of which came smoke and strange noises.

"What a funny stove that is," I said to a German acquaintance.

"Stove?" he snorted. "Nothing of the sort! It's part of the motor! That bus is one of our new wood-gas users. Soon—"

And he launched into the enthusiastic prophecies typical of believers in Ersatz.

Devotees of the great god Ersatz are especially ambitious in the domain of textiles. For many years Germany has been paying huge sums to foreigners in exchange for raw materials required in her textile factories. Now, however, she aims to change this disadvantageous state of affairs by combining Ersatz production with a system of selling abroad only to countries which agree to take, in exchange for raw materials, a corresponding quota of German-made wares.

In 1933 Germany used in her textile plants about 850,000 tons of raw materials, especially cotton and wool. Of this, about 780,000 tons, more than 90 per cent, were imported from abroad. "All wrong!" growl the Nazis. So they are cutting down this dependence on foreigners anywhere from 10 to 50 per cent—you can hear estimates running all the way between these extremes, according to the degree of optimism felt by the Nazi with whom you happen to be talking.

Of one thing there can be no doubt: thanks to the ingenuity of her chemists, Germany within the last few months has placed on her home market two Ersatz textile products which may possibly revolutionize the textile situation heavily in her favor.

They are known as Vistra and Wollstra. The first is a substitute for cotton, the second for wool. Both are made from wood, of which Germany has enormous supplies. They can be woven together with other fibers, such as cotton, flax, wool and silk, and have already been perfected to a point where they closely resemble some of the fabrics to which we are accustomed.

So far, Vistra has shown itself superior to Wollstra, especially for women's wear. Some of the Vistra sports fabrics for women, which may be seen nowadays in any Berlin department store, are really quite attractive. But the salesgirls, with engaging candor, confess that the colors in some of the new materials have a tendency to fade quickly; and they warn purchasers of possible unpleasant surprises should they get caught in the rain while wearing Vistra outfits.

All this is doubly true of Wollstra. Garments containing this newfangled stuff are far from equal to the real thing in wool. I saw a lot of Wollstra in Berlin, and I fingered it and compared it with bolts of the genuine article.

To me it seemed to lack substance and thickness.

"Doesn't it lose its shape very soon?" I inquired.

"Yes," sighed the salesman. "But, every day," he hastened to add, "our factories are improving their product. Soon Wollstra will be as good as real wool."

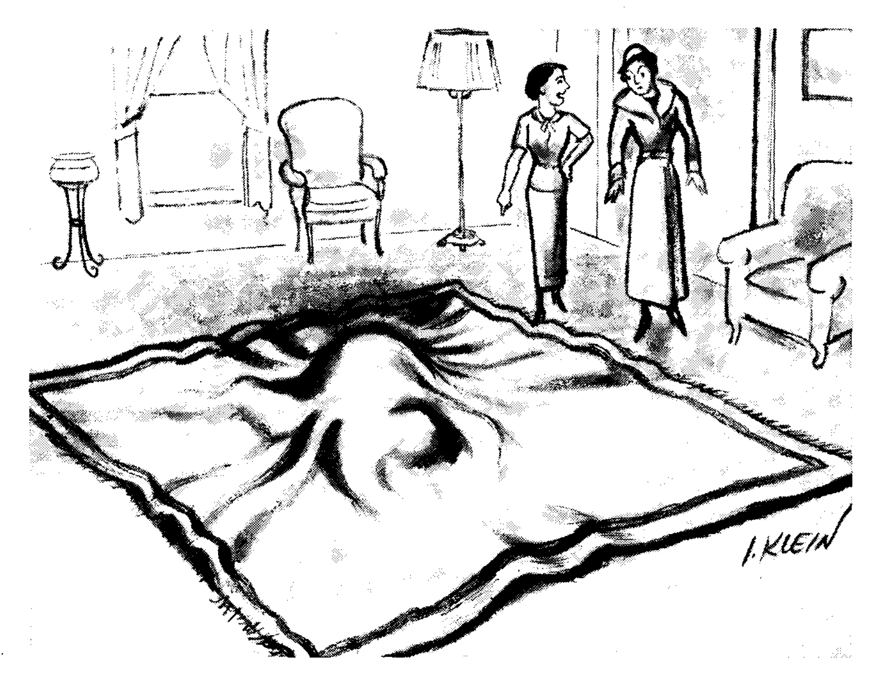
To Boycott Boycotters

Which may or may not be true. As for the behavior in wet weather of Wollstra garments, at the stage of development which they had reached when I saw them, a Berliner, speaking from bitter personal experience, thus admonished me:

"If you ever should be wearing one of these synthetic suits or overcoats on a rainy day, get under cover just as quickly as you can. Otherwise you'll find a shapeless, shrunken pulp sticking clammily to your skin. And, whatever you do in a rainstorm, keep out of crowded subway trains or street cars or buses, where people can rub against you. If you get into one of these, you'll run the risk of having your synthetic clothes *rubbed off* you!"

He added:

"Ever wear a suit of 1935-brand, all-German pajamas? No? Well, if you ever do, *don't smoke in bed!* A pinch of hot cigarette ash dropped on those pajamas may make you a candidate



"That's Bill's dark room—he does his own snapshot developing" I. KLEIN for the attention of the fire department."

What he said was borne out by a little story told me apropos of a recent fire in a German clothing shop. About that fire there were certain suspicious circumstances. So the proprietor was accused of having set it himself.

He denied the accusation with indignant eloquence.

"You say you don't know how the fire could have spread so fast otherwise?" he exclaimed to his accusers. "Simplest thing in the world! My shop was full of this new Ersatz stuff!"

As has been pointed out already, no matter what she may do in the substitute line, Germany must apparently resign herself to importing a large proportion of her textile raw materials. But, simultaneously with her Ersatz drive, she proposes to import such raw materials in growing quantities from countries willing to meet her halfway in barter and clearance agreements and to cold-shoulder those nations which discriminate against her.

This latter course of action is being applied most particularly to the United States. As a result, exports of American cotton to Germany dropped from 628,000 bales, for the period between the beginning of August and the end of October, 1932, to 517,000 bales during the corresponding period in 1933, and to a mere 160,000 during the same period last year—roughly, one fourth the total of two years before!

On the other hand, German imports of cotton, from countries which once hardly figured at all on her textile horizon—such as India, Brazil and Persia—took a big upward jump. Moreover, contracts for 1935 deliveries, involving many thousands of bales of cotton, have been made by exporters in these countries with German textile interests.

Germany is especially up against it with regard to iron ores. This state of affairs is most galling to German militarists. But, try as they will, in co-operation with the best of German chemists, they have as yet found no way out.

Despite intensive development of recent years, domestic ore deposits produce only a small percentage of the country's needs. So there has been nothing for it but to give up dreams of self-sufficiency in this direction and turn to collecting stocks of iron, curtailing waste in factories, reclaiming old iron and steel, and continuing to hope against hope that some day German inventors will come through with inventions which will free the Fatherland from subservience to foreign iron magnates.

That Ersatz Complexion

As for rubber, also enormously important in peace and war, German chemists have been working for a long time trying to find really satisfactory synthetic substitutes. Rumors were floating around Berlin some weeks ago to the effect that experiments in this direction had been crowned with great success.

Questioning, however, was fruitless. When approached, those reputed to know closed up like oysters. The time is not yet ripe for Nazi boasts about Ersatz rubber.

And now we come to soap. This useful article, as we know it, contains a lot of fat. But Germany's fat production lags far behind her requirements; nor have her chemists been able to discover the Ersatz fat of their dreams. However, by ruthless reduction in the proportion of admixture of foreign material, German soap-makers have managed to cut down imports of these to a marked extent.

A patriotic German of my acquaintance, who persists in using a locally manufactured brand of shaving soap, rails bitterly against it, now that Ersatz rules in Germany.

"Every morning," he complained once, "it makes more of a smell and less of a lather. I haven't decided yet whether to wear a gas mask or grow a full beard!"

Other Germans, however, get more enjoyment out of the situation. For instance, apropos of Hitler's sermons against German women who use powder and cosmetics, waggish Berliners like to buttonhole foreign visitors, and ask:

"Have you heard about the wonderful new Ersatz complexion which women now display in Germany?"

"No. What is it?"

"Their own."

Germans not quite so patriotic as Fritz Ersatz can still drink genuine coffee, thanks to the fact that Brazil, which is glutted with coffee which she can't sell, has been shipping some of it to Germany in exchange for German machinery. And the Germans recently bartered a flock of locomotives for a big shipment of nitrate from Chile.

And, speaking of nitrate—

Any time a believer in the new drive for freeing Germany from dependence on foreign raw materials gets a bit discouraged, any time economic laws rise up and hit him in the eye, he just sits down and remembers what Germany did, during the World War, about nitrate.

Out of Test Tubes

Threatened with military and economic collapse because she was barred by the Allied blockade from importing Chilean nitrate, indispensable in the preparation of nitrogen for munitions and fertilizer, she never rested until her chemists discovered how to extract nitrogen from the air. As a result, Germany met her nitrogen requirements to the full, and bucked her enemies four years instead of cracking up in a few months; while Chile, whose people had come to believe that the nitrate monopoly which had made them rich would last forever, went crashing down to bankruptcy.

"If we could do that yesterday with nitrogen, why not today with other raw materials?" ask the Nazis.

And, while they shake their fists at the outside world, and dream their dreams of economic self-sufficiency, feverish research goes on without respite in chemical laboratories all over Germany. There, fuzzy chemists toil all around the clock—men who think nothing of enjoyment, nothing of profit, who seldom speak and rarely sleep, who would gladly give their lives for just one infinitesimal bit more of scientific knowledge.

Out of these laboratories occasionally come weird fizzing sounds, loud explosions, new and awful smells. Up rushes a research expert, eyes gleaming with hope. He peers at the chemical mess seething before him in bottle or retort or vat. Then, running one hand through the jungle of hair on his head, he plucks with the other a fellow chemist's sleeve.

"That new Ersatz I have, after months of never-to-be-forgotten experiment, at last, and in the most completely-successful-and-for-all-time-to-be-famous form, found!" he exclaims—in his simple Teutonic way.

"Heil Hitler!" shouts his colleague.

And, meanwhile, German militarists—gathered together at army headquarters and officers' clubs and regimental barracks—watch with grim satisfaction the march of their country toward economic independence from other lands. They, better than anybody else, know what such independence would mean to Germany should she get mixed up in another war!

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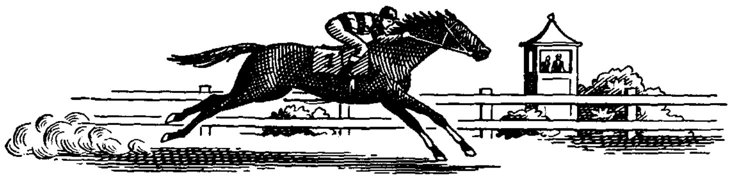

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Wall Street Under the Flag

Continued from page 13

that at the last session of Congress almost all the changes asked by these critics of the act were made through a series of amendments. And since then the Commission itself has made various reductions in the amount of data required in registrations so that now I think any fair-minded man can have no reason for not sponsoring an issue of securities, provided his corporation has the credit and needs the money.

To Revive Confidence

As to the Stock Exchange Act, I want to submit the opinion of one of the leading Wall Street lawyers, who vigorously has opposed the Securities Act. This is Mr. Eustace Seligman of the great Wall Street firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. Speaking of the Stock Exchange Act to the Harvard Economic Society last November, he said:

"It would seem that, with certain exceptions—namely, the provision imposing accountability for profits by insiders and those giving power to the Commission to prohibit short selling, pegging and options—the provisions of the act are reasonable and constitute a justifiable extension of governmental control without undue interference with the activities of the individual."

We have certainly had very little financing. But does any reasonable man believe that was caused by these laws? Every form of borrowing has ceased, including all those forms not in any way touched by the act. Cities and states not affected by the act have made no fresh loans save for relief, and then but small ones. Railroads not included in the Securities Act have not made loans. Loans for building construction of all sorts are at their lowest ebb and this cannot be blamed on the act. The banks make no loans. That cannot be blamed on these acts. A large Baltimore bank with $150,000,000 in deposits has loans of only $10,000,000. Why? No one with credit wants to borrow. Corporations with credit have already more plant capacity than they need. They don't want to borrow either.

Personally, I believe the Securities Act is a real aid to financing if there were any around. What things in America were most hit by the collapse? The bankers and the investment profession. A year ago we had outstanding $7,000,000,000 in foreign loans and $2,900,000,000 discredited. As to foreign private corporation securities, we had $3,222,000,000 outstanding and nearly half of this in default. There were 986 bond issues in default on all exchanges, 324 in the New York Stock Exchange.

I am not attempting to assess any blame for this. But after experiences like these, what is necessary before the American people will invest again? You have to revive confidence in the banking and investment fraternity. People will not pour their money into these discredited hands until they believe again that they will be safe. The Securities Act was a proclamation by the government in effect that it had undertaken to drive the adventurers out of the market place, to end abuses in investment, to hedge the investor around with certain safeguards, to enable him to learn all he needed to know about proposed investments and to make it dangerous for promoters to deceive him and to enable him to hold responsible for his loss those who refused to toe the line.

That act was the greatest single blow struck for the rehabilitation of the investment business. All that is needed now is for the investment bankers to recognize this important fact and to capitalize it.

No one can say that the personnel of that Commission is made up of men who do not realize the importance of the enormous task which lies before them and its possible influence on the public. I had the privilege of sitting for nearly seven months with my colleagues on the SEC, to work with them daily and to form an estimate of their abilities and intentions. There is a wide variety of talents there.

The chairman, Joseph P. Kennedy, is a business man with a wide experience in the practical affairs of Wall Street. I did not see any Wall Street brokers or experts come down to Washington who knew any more about the mechanisms of the Exchange and the methods of the Street than he does. Commissioner James Landis has been a student of the whole field of corporate law and investments and had a practical experience of more than a year on the Federal Trade Commission in charge of the Securities Act.

Commissioner Matthews is an economist with many years' experience administering the securities laws of Wisconsin and a year as Federal Trade Commissioner, as a colleague of Commissioner Landis. Commissioner Healy was a judge in New England, and then performed a great service as the counsel of the Federal Trade Commission in the study of the corporate structures of utilities, whose findings are incorporated in that monumental series of reports on Utility Corporations which runs to sixty-three huge volumes.

The Commission has its headquarters in Washington but has established branch offices in all the important trading centers for the purpose of keeping in touch with all exchanges.

Better Banking Laws

Much of the work done so far affecting stock markets has been preliminary and tentative. The first important step in the direction of permanent recasting of our securities markets is, in my judgment, a guarantee of the character of the work this Commission will do. It has finished its study of the reorganization of the New York Stock Exchange. It has laid out a program of reorganization. It has issued no orders, but recommended to the Exchange that it make the changes voluntarily. And immediately the governors of the Association of Stock Exchange firms unanimously endorsed the plan. The plan proposes eleven reforms. Chief among these are larger representation of commission men on the board of governors, change in the method of nominations and elections to guarantee more representative rule, changes in the manner of handling complaints.

The Commission is now engaged in a whole series of studies. One relates to the troublesome subject of corporate reorganizations, in which there have been so many abuses. This is in itself a gigantic work. Another has to do with the little-understood subject of short selling. Still another concerns the problem of the functions performed by Exchange members and whether or not brokers will be permitted to trade for their own account.

Rules have already been announced for the listing of stocks on security exchanges. No serious complaint has been made by business about these. They will doubtless be developed as the Commission considers the matter. There is the obscure and puzzling subject of over-the-counter markets, those unorganized brokerage markets in which the securities are bought and sold without the use of an organized exchange.

The Commission is making a comprehensive study of this. By these studies I mean that experts—accountants, economists, statisticians, investigators, lawyers and men experienced in the practical side of all these subjects—are at work assembling data, interviewing brokers, bankers, investment bankers and experts with a view to making reports and recommendations upon which the whole Commission will act. I think it is a perfectly fair statement that no man engaged in any legitimate business, no stock broker engaged in the legitimate business of a broker and carrying on his business honestly, has anything in this world to fear from the Commission.

But the Commission, I am sure, is determined, as far as its powers extend, to rid our security markets and our investment agencies of those indefensible abuses which brought such vast losses to our people.

I think business men must also recognize that there are two or three subjects which have not yet been dealt with in any adequate way.

One of these is our banking laws. The grave evils which grow out of holding-company control of banks are such that this government cannot afford to ignore them any longer. While holding-company control of banking still persists, it is almost impossible to enforce compliance with the banking laws by banks thus controlled so that, while the honest groups may be safe enough, those who wish to violate the rules of sound banking practice can defy scrutiny by the banking authorities. Here, now, is a field for the banking fraternity to do something for itself. It could end the holding-company evil in no time if it were to take the lead. Instead, it remains quiescent and will wait until the government is driven to use its powers.

Another is the subject of the abuses of corporate powers. The corporation is a useful instrument. But it has been tortured and twisted out of its original and socially useful character and become a weapon in the hands of promoters as powerful as the machine-gun in the hands of the gangster. The corporation is designed to enable men to unite their resources in common business enterprise. But innumerable innovations have been imported into these laws by corporation lawyers to serve their clients which enable excessively acquisitive men to get hold of the resources of many men and to exploit them without let or hindrance for their own aggrandizement. No good business man ought to be willing to condone these practices. And hence there is a wide field here for business to begin reforms itself and take the lead in enforcing them.

Jobs within Reason

There is the question of multiple salaries of bankers, business men, executives of all sorts. The extreme case of this, of course, brought out in our investigation, was that of one great banker who got $250,000 a year from his bank as chairman of the board, $40,000 a year from one company, $20,000 a year from another utility company, $5,000 a year from the Finance Company in Great Britain, $3,000 a year from an investment trust, $3,000 a year from a paper manufacturing company, $2,000 a year from another industrial company, $1,500 a year from an investment banking house and $300 a month from a large sugar refinery. At a time when we are talking about a shortage of jobs and limiting workmen to thirty hours a week, we might well talk about limiting the number of jobs which men can hold. I think business itself should frown on these things and make them impossible.

Then there is the question which is at the bottom of so much that has happened. Personally, I want to say that I was, for one, profoundly shocked at the revelations which were brought out in the course of the Senate's investigation of our banks and financial institutions. I am not a puritan. I spent twelve years in the district attorney's office in New York, during which I prosecuted many of the most notable rascals that our great metropolis has produced. I can make allowances for men. I know through long contact with the seamy side of life how men can, by almost imperceptible stages, be drawn into shady transactions.

Facing the Searchlight

Those who know me know that I have never been a crusader or a romantic who imagines that the world is made up of sheep and goats, of heroes and villains. However, I was not prepared for the things which were brought out before our committee. Had these performances been the work of blue-sky salesmen or of unscrupulous adventurers, they would not have surprised me. But they were the work of men who were the leaders of business in many great cities.

Here was one of our great banks. It had deposits of $95,000,000. Of this, $36,000,000 was loaned to the officers, to directors and to corporations with which they were connected. It is not to be wondered at that such a bank should have collapsed under pressure. This is a good illustration of what I mean. This was a perfect example of the complete breakdown of the fiduciary relationship. That these funds belonged to many thousands of trusting depositors, that they constituted a sacred trust fund seems never to have occurred to these men. In our system business cannot possibly live in an atmosphere where the trust relationship is not held inviolable.

I would like to add a word about that well-worn subject—the utility of investigations. One hears it said over and over that investigations achieve nothing; that they cause a great storm of words and scandal and end by achieving nothing. Well, the investigation by the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency into financial practices cannot be charged with producing no results. They are so obvious.

First, that investigation cost the government $250,000 and resulted in the recovery of over $2,000,000 in income taxes from men brought into the investigation—income taxes they had already successfully evaded.

Second, it brought to light methods of income tax evasion, some of which have been corrected either by legislation or administrative action which should save the government many millions this year.

Third, it forced the adoption of the Glass-Steagal Act, the outlawing of bank affiliates, and numerous banking reforms.

Fourth, it brought about the passage of the Securities Act of 1933—the Truth-in-Securities Act.

Fifth, it ended in the adoption of the Stock Exchange Act, one of the most far-reaching pieces of legislation in many years.

Finally, it forced many business organizations to clean house. The Investment Bankers' Association, for instance, used the investigation revelations as a basis for the code it adopted in an effort to put an end to evils brought out.

It would be, indeed, difficult to measure the wide-circling influence of this attempt to turn the searchlight upon our whole financial structure.

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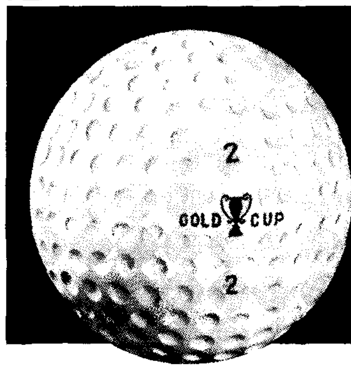

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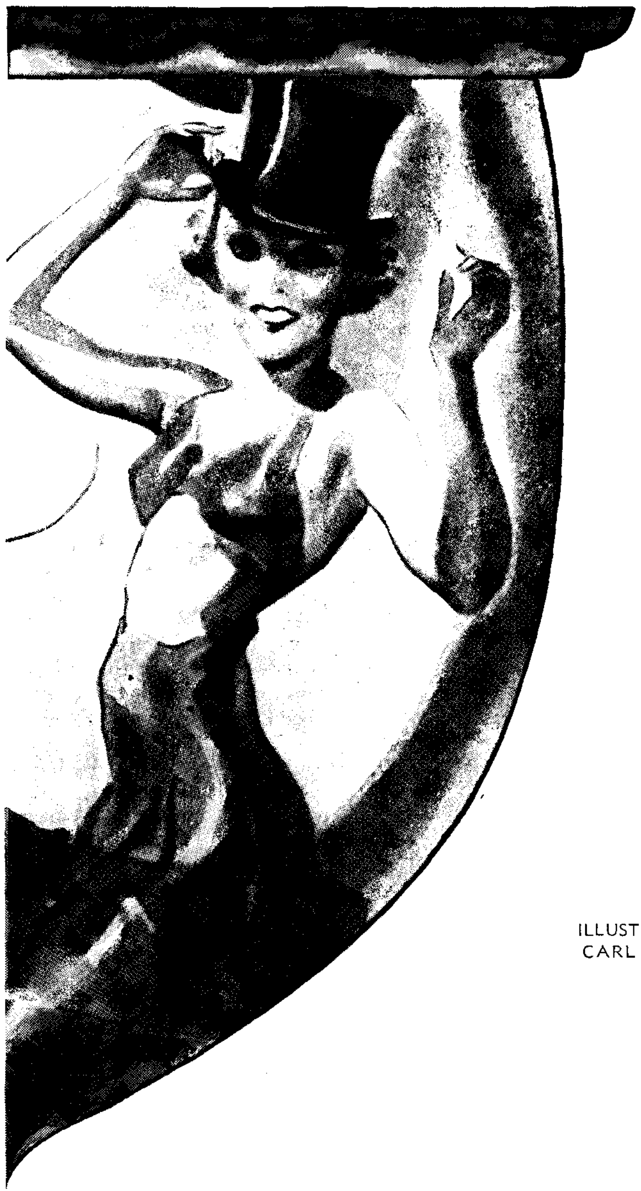

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Natural Causes

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By James Cannon

THE Dizzy Club reeked of yesterday's pleasures. It smelled of spilled drinks, stale smoke and a legacy of perfume left by departed ladies. It was a tomb of frivolity at noontime, a roaring temple of coarse laughter transformed into a graveyard of wine, women and song by the magic of the clock. There was a dust of confetti on the dance floor and a red spotlight made a garish twilight in the deserted upper salon.

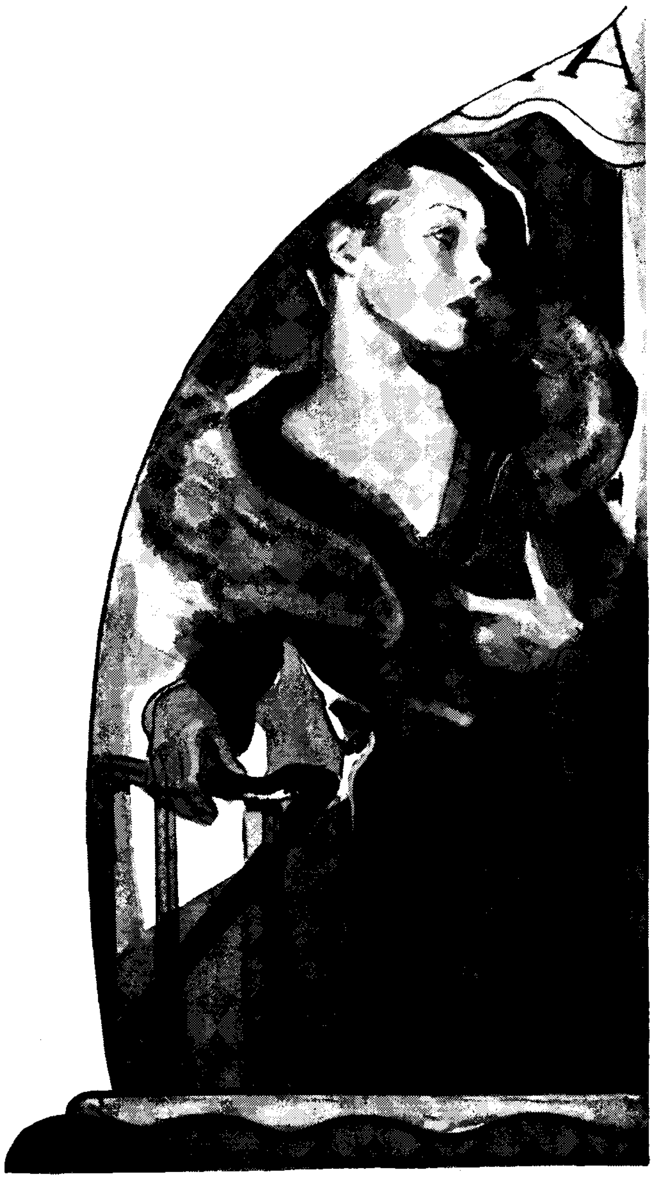
Three hundred and eighty-four show girls had marched into the spotlight's scarlet stare from dawn until noon. Twelve of them had been hired for The Dizzy Club Doings of 1934. The rest were hurried to the door by Max Fitz's corps of yes men.

Honey Allen had not been hired but she had not left either. She waited in the shadows beyond the spotlight's glow to speak to Fitz.

The sallow piano player left. The yes men left. The hired girls left after being instructed to report for rehearsals that midnight in a loft building down the street. The cleaners began to shove their long-handled brushes under the stacked tables, and only they and Fitz and Honey were left.

Honey didn't waste any time. She told him she needed the job, she was broke, that she had worked for him in shows and in night clubs off and on for the last five years.

Fitz scowled and was unnaturally interested in the noisy labors of the cleaners. He was a nervous gnome, fat and bald, and his face had the pink and white smoothness of an infant's. It was no secret along Broadway that he was convinced he was a genius of the song and dance, the spotlight and the backdrop.



"Honey," he croaked in his bullfrog baritone, "you're not the type I'm using."

But Honey had to hear him say it, pronounce the doom she had courted for a jobless year of heartbreak.

"Don't kid me, Max," she protested. "There's a bad rap against me. This is the third time I've been passed up at a call this week. I got to know what's wrong."

FITZ didn't answer right away. He stared down his thin nose, frowning and wrinkling his hairless face. He looked, Honey thought, like a depraved cherub and an ogre on whose face no beard dared sprout.

"I don't like to tell you this, kid," he said finally, "but you're begging me to. Honey—to put it bluntly—you're getting too old for this racket."

She had expected him to say that. But the shock dazed her for a moment.

"But," she blurted, "but, Max—I'm only twenty-six."

Max was putting on his shaggy yellow coat. They were walking up the steep, dark chute that led to the street.

"Now . . . now . . . Honey," Fitz kidded, "life doesn't owe you a dime. You've had a swell time. Find some guy and marry him."

"But," she said with an oddly calm hysteria, "I'm only twenty-six!"

"Yeah, baby," he answered absently. "But you've been around a long time. Say, do you realize you were in the 1927 Follies? Baby, that's a career. Any place I can drop you? I'm going uptown."

Honey said she wanted to walk.

Thoughts swirled through her shocked brain the way newspapers blow around a stage alley on a windy day. The images were blurred and clear. But they made sense to Honey. They made too much sense.

"I got to get a job. But I'm old. I'm old like that woman who sells apples on Broadway. I'm old like Grandma. I'm old like Abraham Lincoln. I'm older than Sarah Bernhardt ever was. She got a job. I can't. I'm old like Methuselah."

So Honey Allen, whose high heels were frayed and lopsided, whose yellow hair looked murky in the sunshine, whose stockings had runs in them, whose last year's hat was stained, walked home to the two-room apartment where she lived with Sonny King, who paid the rent.

Honey sat down at the kitchen table and swiftly wrote a note. She didn't weep and she hummed softly to herself a song she had chanted in her last show. Then she turned on the gas.

The note read:

"I can't live off you any more. I want to let you know I am grateful for the money you lent me. Max Fitz wouldn't give me a job. He once said I was the prettiest show girl who had ever worked for him. Today he said I was too old. Goodby, Sonny, and take care of yourself."

SHOW people trusted Art Arthur, who covered Broadway for a tabloid, so Sonny let him into the apartment after the police and the coroner were gone.

"Why did she kill herself?" he asked after he said how sorry he was.

"She didn't kill herself," Sonny said, defiantly.

"If I could," the reporter said, "I'd make it accidental. But I can't, kid. The police say she turned on the gas."

"Honey didn't kill herself," Sonny said softly as the mists gathered before her eyes. "She died of old age."

THAT LITTLE BIT OF BAD

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PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED

Princess to You

Continued from page 21

"Listen, Steve," she said. "I don't believe that at all. Not any of it. I think you're nice. We—we're good friends. We've had fun together and—and I'd love to go on. But I can't row with my family. I'm not the sort of person who can fool people and have clandestine meetings and things like that. Neither are you. That's why I had to tell you. After all, we've never been anything to each other except pleasant friends. You're not in love with me nor I with you. If we had been, I'd—I'd have done anything for you, Steve."

Her voice suddenly stopped imploring him, and her hands dropped from his wrists. There were thin white marks where she had held them. A sharp drizzle had begun to fall but they stood oblivious of it.

"You're a wonder," said Stephen Allen. "You're a wonder."

He took a step toward her, and when he spoke again his voice broke a little.

"May—may I kiss you, Evelyn? For goodby?"

"Of course," she said, and held her face up bravely. But when he bent to her lips, she turned her head quickly and gave him her cool, pale cheek. Then, as if penitent, she seized his hand and held it for an instant against the cheek that he had kissed.

"Goodby," she said, smiling at him, and before he could answer she was off down the path, running through the thin November rain as fast as she could run.

SHE never told anyone about this meeting. For some reason, which she failed to define, the thought of it weighed on her heavily for several days, so that she woke up in the mornings with a troubled, uncomfortable feeling, but, like most troublesome things in her life, it faded soon enough. With it went all but the vaguest memory of Stephen Allen. Certainly, when she ran into him at a dance in Greenwich nearly two years later, no one could have been farther from her mind.

Her instinctive reaction at the sight of him was a breathless and not altogether unpleasant dismay. She was a well-poised person at twenty, and she managed a very good smile in answer to the solemn bow he gave her across the room. When he cut in on her a few moments later, she realized that he was more than a little drunk.

"Fancy dancing with Miss Evelyn Hunt," he said for an opener, and she knew she had been right to feel dismay.

Quickly she said, "What have you been doing with yourself? All these years, Steve?"

"Going straight to hell," he answered sweetly, and she remembered how unpleasant his smile could be.

Finally he said, "What did you think I'd been doing? Or didn't you think? That was a nice little push you gave me yourself."

"Must you really be so disagreeable?" said Evelyn impatiently. She had forgotten completely that you never argue with drunks.

"Well, it was a nice push. A nice big one. Wasn't it?"

"I'd never be so frank with you now," she said hotly. "I've grown up."

He nodded his head slowly three times. "You were plenty grown-up when I knew you," he said.

She felt as though she had been slapped in the face.

At that moment someone cut in on her.

"Thank Heaven," said Evelyn to her deliverer. "If you ever see me dancing with that man again, come quick."

She was angry, and mixed with her anger was the blind hurt of a child who has been treated unfairly.

Stephen hadn't finished with her. He found an empty window sill and sat there, glowering after her as she danced until she thought that she must scream. His intense glare was noticeable and the men she danced with found it funny.

"Who," they said, "is your little friend?" or "What have you done to the poor guy, Evie?"

At last she took refuge in the garden, but when she returned to the house he stood waiting for her in the doorway.

"Will you dance with me, Evelyn?"

"No," she said, and her white and gold skirts swept by him haughtily.

"Princess!" said the man who was with her, but Evelyn wasn't amused.

Irrationally, her eyes filled with tears. She remembered suddenly how pleased she had been when Stephen had told her she was like the Far Princess. She remembered how she had read Rostand.

"Ah, don't call me that," she cried pitifully. "Don't call me that."

It was then, perhaps because she was so beautiful when she was sad, that Carson Wright fell in love with her.

Evelyn looked up at him.

"Would you mind," she said, "—I'm staying with the Parsons—would you very much mind taking me home?"

"Would I mind!" he said.

As they went through the door they found Stephen again, lounging darkly on the veranda.

"Wait a minute," said Evelyn.

She left Carson Wright and went to Steve with her hand outstretched.

"I want to say good night, Steve."

He looked at the hand but he didn't take it.

"That man," he said, and she saw that he was speaking carefully, "is he the current cavalier?"

Anger flared at his implication and almost quenched the sentiment that had prompted her to speak to him. She forced it down.

"I've never seen him before tonight," she said gently.

"Evelyn," he said, "will you let me come to see you?"

"Oh, Steve," she answered him despairingly, "how can I?"

"No," he said, "you're right. What for?"

And his horrid little smile followed her down the steps.

AFTER that the thought of him made her shudder a little. In a strange way, the thought of Stephen even made her feel a little guilty when she began to like Carson Wright so very much. By the end of the summer, however, she was so wildly in love with Carson Wright that she stopped thinking of anything else.

They made a particularly charming couple. They were both young, good-looking, rich and popular. He was exactly the man girls like Evelyn Hunt are predestined to marry if they are lucky. They were married not quite a year from the time of their first meeting, and on their third wedding anniversary they were still so much in love as to be a source of amusement to their more cynical friends. It was about then that Evelyn met Stephen Allen for the last time.

This time she didn't see him at once. He came up to her as she stood talking with a rather large group of people.

"Hullo, Evie," he said. "There are some very fine chicken sandwiches."

He looked like nothing short of hell. Her father had called him a worn-out wastrel. She hadn't seen it then, but now it was there for the world to see. She was horribly shocked.

"Hullo, Steve," she said. "Do you think you can find me some?"

She was wondering if he only seemed a little dirty. He had always looked so scrubbed.

"They're over here," he said, and maneuvered her into a corner.

"I want to tell you something," he said very fast. "I've always been sorry about that time in Greenwich. I was drunk."

"That's all right, Steve," she said. "I knew you were drunk."

"I was beastly to you. Beastly. I can't wonder that you wouldn't see me."

"You weren't so bad," said Evelyn, trying a little laugh.

"I want to tell you something else," he said. "While I have the chance. I still think you're the loveliest thing I've ever seen or known. When you came in that door, Evie, I nearly died because you were still the same."

IT OCCURRED to her that he must have thought of her often to be calling her Evie. He had never called her that.

"That's your husband, isn't it?" he asked her, and she saw that he was looking at Car.

"Yes," said Evelyn.

"He's the man, isn't he, who was in the garden with you that night?"

"Yes," she said. And then she added, for no reason she could understand: "But I'd never seen him before then."

Stephen struck his head lightly with the palm of his hand.

"Even then," he said, "even then it was time. If only I'd been in my senses."

He failed to see how puzzled she looked, and how the puzzlement turned a little to pity and horror.

"You're happy," he said. "Aren't you?"

"Very happy," she answered, and wondered to hear herself describe what she felt for Car in those two mild words.

"I'm glad," said Steve. His voice was hoarse now. "You had to be happy. I'm glad it came out for you. He looks a nice boy. It didn't come out so well for me. I never found anyone else."

"Anyone else?"

"Than you," said Steve. "Ah, Evie, I'm glad you're all right—but if—if no one had interfered we could have been happy. Both of us. Couldn't we? Couldn't we?"

She wanted to shriek denial at him. She wanted to shout, "There was nothing. You know there was nothing. You never loved me nor I you. How could I? How could I love you?"

But his poor, pleading eyes were on her.

"Couldn't we?" asked Steve softly.

She looked at Car, standing proudly across the room, and she knew all at once that he and she were the happiest people on earth. Steve had only a memory he had invented that Evelyn Hunt—a girl like Evelyn Hunt—had once loved him. And he wasn't even quite sure of that.

"Couldn't we?" said Steve again.

In her hands she held the only lovely thing in his poor life. She had to make him sure. It was all that she could give him. It was what he wanted most. She had to make him know forever that Evelyn Hunt had loved him. Uncontrollably she shuddered.

But she turned to Stephen Allen and smiled into his eyes.

"Ah, Steve," she said, "I think we could have been—so happy."

90TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

DECEMBER 31, 1934

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY FOUNDED IN 1845 INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

To the Policy-holders and the Public:—

On the occasion of the ninetieth annual report of the New York Life, it is fitting to review briefly its record of accomplishment since it began business on April 12, 1845.

Founded when this country was young and sparsely settled, the New York Life has forged steadily ahead, spreading the benefits of its protection over millions of people and contributing, through the investment of its funds, to the Nation's development. Having always been a mutual company, it has declared over one billion dollars in dividends payable to policy-holders. Since 1845 it has met every obligation through every panic, war and epidemic.

During the past year the Company paid or credited $157,000,000 to living policy-holders, and $70,000,000 to the beneficiaries of those who died.

The Company's assets were $2,109,505,224 at the close of 1934, an increase of $98,562,112 over the previous year. The gain in assets during the single year 1934 is greater than the total amount which the Company accumulated in assets during the first forty-four years of its history.

During the year 1934 our investments in Government, State and Municipal Bonds increased $146,918,786. A decrease of $17,000,000 in policy loans and an increase of over $60,000,000 in new insurance issued during the year reflect the general improvement of business in 1934.

The following table shows the diversification of the Company's assets at the end of 1934. All bonds eligible for amortization are carried at their amortized value determined in accordance with the law of the State of New York. All other bonds, including bonds in default, and all guaranteed and preferred stocks, are carried at market value as of December 31, 1934.

	Assets Dec. 31, 1934	Per Cent of each item to Total Assets
Cash on Hand or in Bank	$36,449,562.46	1.73
United States Government, direct, or fully guaranteed Bonds	208,726,056.38	9.89
State, County, Municipal Bonds	191,270,360.25	9.07
Public Utility Bonds	159,151,938.01	7.54
Industrial and Other Bonds	21,670,306.29	1.03
Railroad Bonds	341,910,539.57	16.21
Canadian Bonds	44,445,022.61	2.11
Foreign Bonds	2,067,183.26	.10
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	69,610,789.00	3.30
Real Estate (*Including Home Office*)	97,212,901.52	4.61
First Mortgages, City Properties	459,805,821.86	21.80
First Mortgages, Farms	12,527,521.11	.59
Policy Loans	396,467,101.27	18.79
Interest & Rents Due & Accrued	31,877,282.34	1.51
Other Assets	36,312,838.44	1.72
TOTAL ASSETS	$2,109,505,224.37	100%

The liabilities of the Company, which include reserves to meet all contractual obligations, were $1,994,134,579.

Included in liabilities, the Company has set up a Special Investment Reserve of $28,000,000 not required by law, and reserves of $45,734,207 for dividends payable to policy-holders in 1935.

Surplus funds reserved for general contingencies on December 31, 1934, amounted to $115,370,645.

Total insurance in force, represented by 2,649,953 policies, was $6,661,514,072. The total new paid for insurance in 1934 was $440,000,000. In addition, men and women paid $45,000,000 to the Company for annuities to provide a guaranteed life income.

April 12, 1935, marks the Ninetieth Anniversary of the New York Life. In view of its financial strength and its long record of fidelity in the fulfillment of its obligations, this mutual company continues to merit the confidence and patronage of its policy-holders and the public.

Thomas A. Buckner

President

A more complete report listing the securities owned by the Company, together with an illustrated booklet describing the Company's ninety years of service to policy-holders, will gladly be sent upon request. Write to the Company's Home Office at 51 Madison Avenue, New York, or to any of its Branch Offices throughout the United States and Canada.

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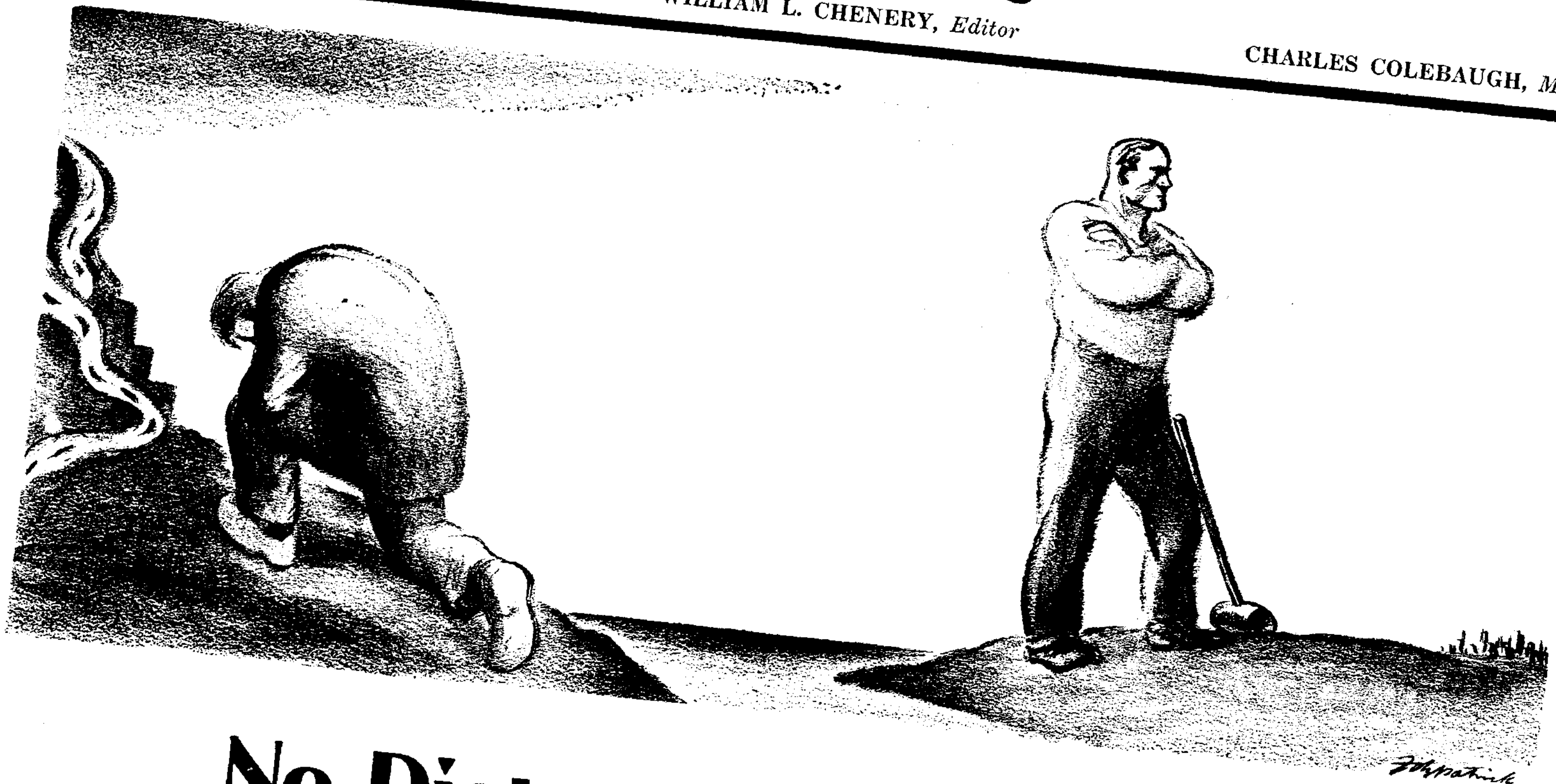

No Dictators Need Apply

WE SHALL have no dictators in this country. The troubled talk about the menace of a possible dictator is just so much moonshine. Nobody who knows dictators or the American people could ever fear seriously the imposition of a one-man rule upon the United States.

Three important countries are ruled today by dictators—Russia, Italy and Germany. Some less important governments are subject to one-man control. General Juan Vicente Gomez, the seventy-eight-year-old President of Venezuela, has lasted longest. For twenty-five years the ancient general has roughly ruled his Caribbean people.

Dictators in these countries have obtained power by military force. In no case has the dictator had a majority of the votes in any free election.

The Bolshevist soldiers won a skirmish in the capital and so secured control of the government. Later the Red Army imposed the will of the Moscow autocracy upon provincial Russia. Mussolini's Blackshirts marched as an army upon Rome and conquered the city. Hitler first formed an army which took control when the Nazi voters numbered not more than forty per cent of the German electorate.

Not in Russia, Italy or Germany was the tradition of popular representative government well established. The Russians have submitted to autocratic rule during the last thousand years and longer. A Communist dictator merely supplanted a Czar representative of the nobles. Modern Italy was a recent amalgam of antagonistic little kingdoms and principalities. Representative government was talked to death by rival politicians in Rome before Mussolini grasped power. Germans accustomed for generations to the ridiculous pretensions of Kaisers who proclaimed a God-given right to rule were familiar enough with the ways of an autocrat.

Even in these countries, with their traditions of autocracy, acute economic disorganization was required to usher in dictatorship. Bankruptcy preceded the creation of a receiver. Rebellious military power was requisite to put the dictator in power.

Where is the similarity between these situations and the conditions existing in the United States?

We have a tradition of self-government and representative government going back centuries. We have in Washington a strong Administration and independent legislative and judicial establishments. Our economic affairs have been improving during the past two years.

No one doubts the authority and the independence of the elder statesmen who compose the Supreme Court. Today, as always, since John Marshall firmly established the judicial authority, the Supreme Court has the last word upon any governmental policy. The Supreme Court can be overruled by the people; as, for example, when the income tax amendment was written into the Constitution. But until the people have deliberated and spoken the judgment of the court prevails.

The Supreme Court would first have to be overthrown or debauched before a dictatorship were possible. Then it would be necessary to get Congress out of the way. Ours is a spacious country and members of Congress represent a majority of the voters in nearly five hundred districts located in forty-eight states.

At the present time the Democrats have huge majorities both in the Senate and House, but Mr. Roosevelt has not found this Congress subservient. On the contrary, he has found much opposition, not always well founded. Congress shows no signs of surrendering to a dictatorship.

Our Army is essentially non-political. It could not conceivably be used by any man or any group which aspired to autocratic power.

The conversation about dictatorship arises from the European examples, the increasing governmental control over business and the antics of Huey Long.

Governmental control over business has been vastly extended during the past two years because of the neglect of the previous ten years. On the whole, the government controls business because business invites public supervision. This certainly is not a drift toward dictatorship.

More than any political boss in recent years Huey Long does dictate to Louisiana. The methods of the Long machine are precisely similar to those of other familiar bosses and the purposes are the same. Long differs little from the traditional Tammany boss. He controls the election machinery and the police and the courts. He has the power to lower the taxes of his friends and to raise the assessments of his opponents. He attacks corporations and, as in the case of the Standard Oil Company, makes an extralegal agreement to undo what the legislature has done.

Anybody who thinks Huey Long can extend the control he now exercises in Louisiana over the United States simply does not know his own country. The Louisiana boss is a candidate for the presidency. Many political bosses and campaign orators have aspired vainly to that office or honor.

Aaron Burr founded Tammany and sought the presidency. Better men of great gifts had the same ambition. Henry Clay was a great orator but he was never President. Nor were Daniel Webster, James G. Blaine, William Jennings Bryan. The Populist orators appeared and vanished without approaching the White House.

It does not do to underestimate the intelligence or the character of the American people. Bosses and shysters seldom get beyond their own state. So far none has reached the presidency, much less the absolute power of a dictator.

On the banks of the Rio Grande*

SUMMER, 1934

by Philip Kerby

Day after day a fiery sun moved mercilessly across a cloudless sky. Heat and drought swept the Rio Grande with a shrivelling desert-born breeze.

For ninety days the border country sweltered. In June, heat records for 47 years were shattered.

Here in one of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, Frigidaire with its great contribution to modern refrigeration, the Super Freezer, was put to the severest test.

"During a blistering hot summer with the temperature boiling every day," said Mrs. Van G. Chumley of El Paso, "we knew our food was protected perfectly . . . we have no fear of any summer that may come in the future, for we know our Frigidaire will afford real refrigeration with quietness and at a minimum cost."

Today they tell how, in hundreds of other homes along the Mexican Border, the Super Freezer demonstrated its remarkable efficiency—how homes with Frigidaires became natural gathering places—how neighbors came to get ice cubes . . . and mothers with babies brought feeding bottles to be kept safely cold.

News of the Frigidaire Super Freezer spread as neighbor told neighbor how it froze great quantities of ice cubes on the hottest days—how all worry about food preservation was removed—and how new usefulness had been added to the service of electric refrigeration.

One of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U.S. Weather Bureau statistics.

Listen to Jack Pearl in a new show, with Freddy Rich's Orchestra, every Wednesday, 10 p. m. E.S.T., Columbia Network, Coast to Coast.

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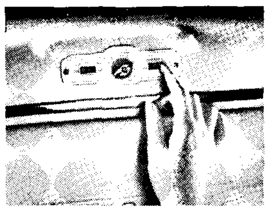
AND TODAY – EVERY MODEL OF THE FRIGIDAIRE '35 OFFERS THE SUPER FREEZER • SEE IT AT YOUR DEALER'S SPRING PARADE

New visions of convenience, dependability and usefulness are presented by the Frigidaire '35 with the Super Freezer. It gives a new idea of cold-producing ability and offers the five essentials that a refrigerator should have for complete refrigeration service.

The Super Freezer provides the right kinds of cold. Clear, chilly cold, below 50 degrees for food on the shelves . . . special cold storage for a reserve supply of ice cubes . . . moist, humid cold in the Hydrator to "refresh" wilted salad greens and vegetables and make them crisp and crunchy. In the Cold Storage compartment there is low, sub-freezing cold for meats, frozen desserts and other "frozen foods."

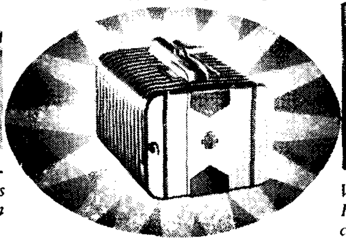
Large ice making capacity and fast freezing also are made possible by the Super Freezer. Ice cubes freeze rapidly and there are always plenty—no matter how high the mercury may soar.

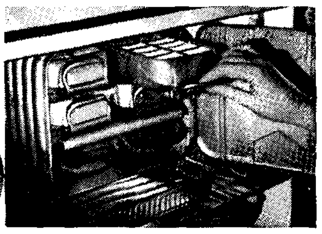
The Frigidaire '35, equipped with the Super Freezer, brings you many other advantages. Ice trays slide into your hands at the touch of a finger. The quiet motor starts automatically when defrosting is completed. There is more room for chilling tall bottles. And the Super Freezer is so remarkably efficient that only a small amount of electric current is consumed. But see the greatest Frigidaire series ever produced. Attend the Spring Parade of Frigidaire '35 at your first opportunity.



The Frigidaire '35 has Automatic Reset Defrosting. It turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed.

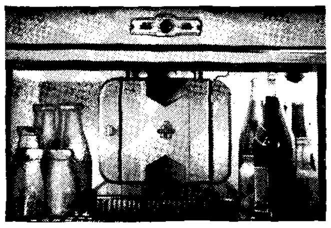
The Super Freezer provides greater cold-producing ability, greater ice capacity, faster freezing.





With Automatic Ice Tray Release the Frigidaire '35 gives you ice trays that come sliding out at the touch of a finger.

An interior light flashes on as the door is opened—and there's space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer.



FRIGIDAIRE '35

The General Motors Refrigerator

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